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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

BEAT THOSE DOLEDRUMS LOUD ISSUE

Interviews: Keith Richards, Ultravox, Fun Boy Three.

Costello LP. Cool Cats. Plus!

Marc Bolan Seance Special.

Dancin' Master Cassette Offer.

YOUNG UPTIGHT & LEFT OUT

THE DIARY OF A RIGHT TO WORK MARCHER

British youth tries to get a look-in / Pic: Kevin Cummins

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	5	**IT'S MY PARTY**	**D. Stewart & B. Gaskin (Stiff)**	3	1
2	6	BIRDIE SONG	Tweets (PRT)	6	2
3	3	UNDER YOUR THUMB	Godley & Creme (Polydor)	5	3
4	9	THUNDER IN THE MOUNTAINS	Toyah (Safari)	3	4
5	22	IT'S RAINING	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	2	5
6	1	PRINCE CHARMING	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	7	1
7	17	OPEN YOUR HEART	Human League (Virgin)	2	7
8	27	OH SUPERMAN	Laurie Anderson (Rough Trade)	2	8
9	11	JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH	Depeche Mode (Mute)	5	9
10	20	HAPPY BIRTHDAY	Altered Images (Epic)	2	10
11	13	WALKING IN THE SUNSHINE	Bad Manners (Magnet)	4	11
12	12	GOOD YEAR FOR THE ROSES	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	3	12
13	4	SHUT UP	Madness (Stiff)	4	3
14	2	INVISIBLE SUN	Police (A & M)	5	2
15	7	HANDS UP	Ottowan (Carrere)	8	4
16	14	ENDLESS LOVE	Diana Ross & Lionel Richie (Motown)	6	5
17	29	LET'S HANG ON	Barry Manilow (Arista)	4	17
18	10	SOUVENIR	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	8	3
19	16	QUIET LIFE	Japan (Hansa)	3	16
20	8	PRETEND	Alvin Stardust (Stiff)	7	5
21	(—)	HOLD ME	B.A. Robertson & Maggie Bell (Swansong)	1	21
22	15	TAINTED LOVE	Soft Cell (Bizzare)	13	1
23	28	GLORIA	U2 (Island)	2	23
24	(—)	ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS	Jam (Polydor)	1	24
25	(—)	LABELLED WITH LOVE	Squeeze (A & M)	1	25
26	(—)	WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN	Fureys (Ritz)	1	26
27	(—)	DEAD CITIES	Exploited (Secret)	1	27
28	18	MAD EYED SCREAMER	Creatures (Polydor)	3	18
29	(—)	TONIGHT I'M YOURS	Rod Stewart (Riva)	1	29
30	21	SLOW HAND	Pointer Sisters (Planet)	7	9

Squeeze in at No. 25 — *Glenn Tilbrook pic: David Corio*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**GHOST IN THE MACHINE**	**Police (A&M)**	3	1
2	5	SHAKY	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	5	5
3	2	MADNESS 7	Madness (Stiff)	2	2
4	6	IF I SHOULD LOVE AGAIN	Barry Manilow (Arista)	3	4
5	7	DEAD RINGER	Meatloaf	7	1
6	3	SUPERHITS 1 & 2	Various (Ronco)	5	3
7	8	TATTOO YOU.	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	7	2
8	4	ABACAB	Genesis (Charisma)	5	2
9	10	HOOKED ON CLASSICS	Louis Clark/RPO (K-Tel)	4	3
10	(—)	STILL	Joy Division (Factory)	1	10
11	9	WIRED FOR SOUND	Cliff Richard (EMI)	5	6
12	11	RAGE IN EDEN	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	6	3
13	12	CELEBRATION	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	5	10
14	14	DENIM & LEATHER	Saxon (Carrere)	4	14
14	19	PRESENT ARMS	UB40 (Dep Int)	20	1
16	16	PENTHOUSE & PAVEMENT	Heaven 17 (BEF/Virgin)	5	12
16	(—)	DARE	Human League (Virgin)	1	16
18	24	HAPPY BIRTHDAY	Altered Images (Epic)	4	18
19	(—)	HITS RIGHT UP YOUR STREET	Shadows (Polydor)	4	18
20	13	SECRET COMBINATION	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	21	3
20	(—)	OCTOBER	U2 (Island)	1	20
22	(—)	ROCK CLASSICS	LSO/Royal Chorale Society (K-Tel)	6	9
23	26	THE GARDEN	John Foxx (Virgin)	4	23
24	(—)	ISMISM	Godley & Creme (Polydor)	1	24
25	21	THE VERY BEST OF ANNE MURRAY	Anne Murray (Capitol)	3	21
26	22	TIME	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	11	1
27	(—)	KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	46	1
28	15	ASSEMBLAGE	Japan (Hansa)	3	15
29	(—)	DURAN DURAN	Duran Duran (EMI)	16	2
30	(—)	WALK UNDER LADDERS	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	5	10

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1 (1) **Everything's Gone Green** New Order (Factory)
2 (7) **Dead Cities EP** Exploited (Secret)
3 (2) **Thunder In The Mountains** Toyah (Safari)
4 (3) **Just Can't Get Enough** Depeche Mode (Mute)
5 (—) **Never Again** Discharge (Clay)
6 (4) **Police Story** Partizans (No Future)
7 (6) **All Out Attack EP** Blitz (No Future)
8 (5) **Reality** Chron-Gen (Fresh)
9 (9) **Barbed Wire Halo** Annie Anxiety (Crass)
10 (—) **Sunny Day** Pigbag (Y)
11 (22) **Saeta Vegas** Nico (Flick Knife)
12 (—) **Sweetest Girl** Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
13 (—) **Sexual** U K Decay (Fresh)
14 (12) **Puppets Of War EP** Chron-Gen (Fresh)
15 (15) **Message/Speech** Associates (Situation 2)
16 (24) **Stretch** Maximum Joy (Y)
17 (11) **Leather, Bristles, Studs etc** GBH (Clay)
18 (18) **Holidays In Cambodia (12")** Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
19 (10) **You Scare Me To Death** Marc Bolan (Cherry Red)
20 (—) **Kids Of The 80's** Infa Riot (Secret)
21 (13) **Hanging Around** Hazel O'Connor (Albion)
22 (14) **Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag** Pigbag (Y)
23 (20) **Neu Smell** Flux Of Pink Indians (Crass)
24 (—) **When You Were Sweet 16** The Fureys (Ritz)
25 (8) **Oh Superman** Laurie Anderson (R. Trade)
26 (29 **Mr Clarinet** Birthday Party (4AD)
27 (19) **I Don't Want To Live With Monkeys** The Higsons (Romans In Britain)
28 (16) **Release The Bats** Birthday Party (4AD)
29 (17) **She's In Love With A Monster Man** Revillos (Super Sell)
30 (23) **The Resurrection EP** Vice Squad (Riot City)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1 (22) **Still** Joy Division (Factory)
2 (1) **Wise And Foolish** Misty (People Unite)
3 (8) **Present Arms** UB40 (Dep International)
4 (5) **The Curse Of Zounds** Zounds (R. Trade)
5 (3) **Red Mecca** Cabaret Voltaire (R. Trade)
6 (2) **Present Arms** UB40 (Dept Int)
7 (16) **Punks Not Dead** Exploited (Secret)
8 (30) **Prayers On Fire** Birthday Party (4AD)
9 (9) **Early Years** Fall (Step Forward)
10 (13) **Closer** Joy Division (Factory)
11 (12) **Anthem** Toyah (Safari)
12 (25) **Deceit** This Heat (R. Trade)
13 (—) **Total Exposure** Poison Girls (Crass)
14 (6) **The Last Call** Anti-Pasti (Rondelet)
15 (4) **In Concert** T Rex (Marc)
16 (17) **Unknown Pleasures** Joy Division (Factory)
17 (18) **Snaz** Nazareth (NEMS)
18 (23) **Scientist Rid The World Of The Evil Vampire** Scientist (Greensleeves)
19 (7) **Playing With A Different Sex** Au Pairs (Human)
20 (11) **Penis Envy** Crass (Crass)
21 (15) **Motorhead** Motorhead (Chiswick)
22 (—) **Fruit Of Original Sin** Various Artists (Crepescule)
23 (20) **Signing Off** UB40 (Graduate)
24 (19) **In The Flat Field** Bauhaus (4AD)
25 (21) **Mark Of The Mole** Residents (Ralph)
26 (10) **Cover Plus** Hazel O'Connor (Albion)
27 (—) **Emotions And Motions** I'm So Hollow (Illuminated)
28 (24) **Fire Escape In The Sky** Scott Walker (Zoo)
29 (26) **Rock Until You Drop** Raven (Neat)
30 (—) **Sheep Farming In Barnet** Toyah (Safari)

Compiled by *NME* from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops

REGGAE

1. **Once A Virgin** Eek A Mouse (Joe Gibbs)
2. **One More River** General Plough (Black Originator)
3. **Blow Brother Blow** U. Brown (Bent Vibes)
4. **All Kind A Style** Yellow Man (Ruddy T)
5. **I Know (12")** Bob Marley (Tuff Gong)
6. **Why So Sexy/Spar With Me** Linval Thompson/Ranking Bryan (Jah Guidance)
7. **Tribute To All Mother (12")** Lone Ranger (Duracell)
8. **Push Lady Push** Ringo (Black & White)
9. **Different Style** Lee Van Cliff (Dance Hall)
10. **Africa Is Calling** Horace Martin (Musical Ambassador)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London, W.1.

FUNK

1 **Dont Send Me Away** Garfield Fleming (Beckett)
2 **Can You Feel It** Funk Fusion Band (WMOT)
3 **You Got The Floor (Inst)** Arthur Adams (Inculcation)
4 **Express Yourself** Exp Express (Precision)
5 **Happy Days** North End (Emergency)
6 **Distant Destiny 7"** Zoom (Polydor)
7 **Surrender To The Music (Inst)** Tyrone Henderson (Unidisc)
8 **No One Can Do It (Inst)** Carol Williams (Vanguard)
9 **Kilimanjaro (Ins)** Letta Mbulu (MJS)
10 **Call Me** Skyy (Salsoul)

Chart by Kevin Matthews
Spinning Disc, 15 Cross Street, Manchester

INTERNATIONAL

NEW ZEALAND

SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	**Bad Habits**	Billy Field (SEA)
2	(2)	**Boy from New York City**	Manhatten Transfer (Atlantic)
3	(3)	**Lady (You Bring Me Up)**	Commodores (Motown)
4	(6)	**You Drive Me Crazy**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
5	(4)	**Celebration**	Kool & Gang (De-Lite)
6	(9)	**(The Rugby) Deck Of Cards**	Laurie Dee (RCA)
7	(—)	**Hearts**	Marty Balin (EMI America)
8	(—)	**Making Your Mind Up**	Bucks Fizz (RCA)
9	(5)	**Turn Me Loose**	Loverboy (CBS)
10	(—)	**(Theme From) Great American Hero**	Joey Scarbury (Elecktra)

Courtesy 'Record Publication/Billboard'

ISRAEL

SINGLES

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	**Hold On Tight**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
2	(4)	**Tainted Love**	Soft Cell (Bizzare)
3	(7)	**Abacab**	Genesis (Charisma)
4	(—)	**Start Me Up**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
5	(3)	**Urgent**	Foreigner (Atlantic)
6	(2)	**Stars on 45 Vol 2**	Starsound (Mercury)
7	(6)	**Girls On Film**	Duran Duran (EMI)
8	(—)	**Japanese Boy**	Aneka (Hansa)
9	(—)	**One In Ten**	UB40 (Dep Int)
10	(5)	**Hooked on Classics**	Louis Clark & RPO (RCA)

Courtesy 'Reshet Gimmel/IBA/Billboard'

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Mississippi** Pussycat (Sonet)
2 **If You Leave Me Now** Chicago (CBS)
3 **When Forever Has Gone** Demis Roussos (Philips)
4 **Hurt** Manhattans (CBS)
5 **Summer Of My Love** Simon May (Pye)
6 **Howzat** Sherbet (Epic)
7 **Don't Take Away The Music** Tavares (Capitol)
8 **Sailing** Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
9 **Dancing Queen** Abba (Epic)
10 **Dancing With The Captain** Paul Nicholas (RSO)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Maggie May** Rod Stewart (Mercury)
2 **Witch Queen Of New Orleans** Redbone (Epic)
3 **Simple Game** Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
4 **For All We Know** Shirley Bassey (United Artists)
5 **You've Got A Friend** James Taylor (Warner Bros)
6 **Sultana** Titanic (CBS)
7 **Tweedle Dee Tweedle Dum** Middle Of The Road (RCA)
8 **Freedom Come Freedom Go** Fortunes (Capitol)
9 **The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down** Joan Baez (Vanguard)
10 **Did You Ever** Nancy Sinatra & Lee Hazlewood (Reprise)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Reach Out I'll Be There** Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
2 **Distant Drums** Jim Reeves (RCA)
3 **I Can't Control Myself** Troggs (Page One)
4 **Stop Stop Stop** Hollies (Parlophone)
5 **Winchester Cathedral** New Vaudeville Band (Decca)
6 **Guantanamera** Sandpipers (Pye Int)
7 **Bend It** Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich (Fontana)
8 **Have You Seen Your Mother Baby Standing In The Shadow** Rolling Stones (Decca)
9 **Time Drags By** Cliff Richard (Coumbia)
10 **No Milk Today** Herman's Hermits (Columbia)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Walkin' Back To Happiness** Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
2 **Girl In Your Arms** Cliff Richard (Columbia)
3 **Wild Wind** John Leyton (Top Rank)
4 **Sucu Sucu** Lauri Johnson (Pye)
5 **Hit The Road Jack** Ray Charles (HMV)
6 **You'll Answer Me** Cleo Laine (Fontana)
7 **Michael** Highwaymen (HMV)
8 **Bless You** Tony Orlando (Fontana)
9 **Mexican Rose** Karl Denver (Decca)
10 **You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby** Bobby Darin (London)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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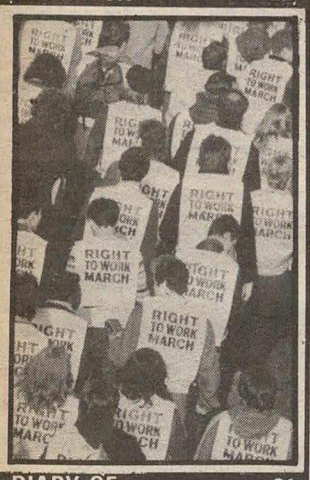

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Elvis plays the Albert Hall — with Royal Philharmonic

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions are playing three special concerts to showcase material from their much-publicised C&W album 'Almost Blue', which was recorded in Nashville during the spring and finally sees the light of day tomorrow (Friday) on F-Beat Records. Their first two dates are pre-Christmas shows at Guildford Civic Hall (December 21) and London Rainbow (23), then — after a brief visit to the States — Costello and the band team up with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra to play London's Royal Albert Hall on January 7.

The new LP, produced by Billy Sherrill, also features pedal steel guitarist John McFee — and he'll be joining them on three major U.S. concerts at Los Angeles Sports Arena (December 29), New York Palladium (31) and Nashville Grand Ole Opry (January 3). McFee then accompanies them to Europe for the Albert Hall show and a subsequent Paris concert — at the Theatre Des Champs Elysee on January 10.

Costello will be the first rock star to appear at the Albert Hall since the ill-fated Frank Zappa show, though the actual rock'n'roll content is likely to be minimal — the first half will be devoted to country music and, in the second set, Elvis will perform with the 86-piece RPO. The material in this second half will be varied but, said a spokesman, "will be maximised to use the full scope of the orchestra".

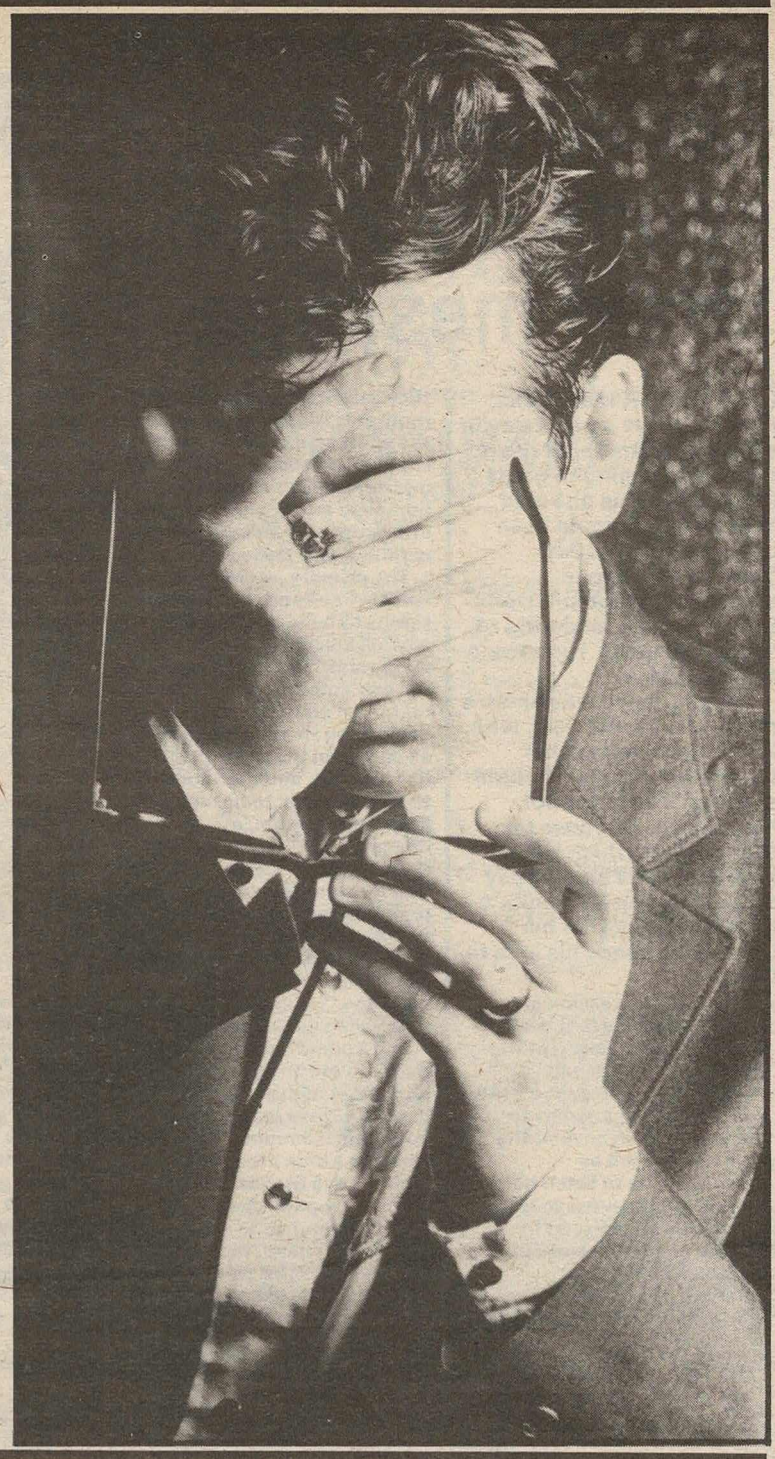
Meanwhile on November 8, London Weekend's *South Bank Show* screens an hour-long documentary — networked nationally — about the making of 'Almost Blue'. Directed by Peter Carr (who made the *City* programme about Malcolm Allison and Manchester City), it was shot mainly in Nashville, but also includes footage of the country show which Costello and the band played in Aberdeen earlier this year.

The LP contains 12 tracks, none of them Costello compositions, several of them country standards — 'Why Don't You Love Me' (Hank Williams), 'Sweet Dreams' (Don Gibson), 'I'm Your Toy' (Gram Parsons), 'Tonight The Bottle Let Me Down' (Merle Haggard), 'Sittin' And Thinkin' (Charlie Rich) and 'Honey Hush' (Joe Turner), as well as Costello's current chart single 'Good Year For The Roses'.

Tickets for the Albert Hall concert cost £9.50, £8.50, £7.50, £5.50, £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50, and they're available by post from the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, London SW7 (the box-office doesn't open to personal applicants until November 9). And audience members are requested to dress "formally", as the show is being filmed and recorded for posterity.

For the more usual Costello style, with a liberal dash of country music, Guildford tickets are on sale now all at £4. The Rainbow box-office opens this Saturday (24) with tickets at £5.50 and £5 — also available by post from the theatre, 232 Seven Sisters Road, London N4.

Inclusive tickets for the UK and Paris dates, as well as details of booking for the US shows, may be obtained from Elvis Costello Tickets, P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW — Enclose SAE.



Rainbow's 'Woodstock' punk marathon

THE PUNK resurgence continues, with the announcement of another all-day event — following last week's exclusive *NME* news of the 'Christmas On Earth' punk festival at Leeds Queen's Hall on December 20. The newly confirmed marathon is at London Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, November 14, starting at 2pm — and goes under the banner of 'Woodstock Revisited'. The Angelic Upstarts and Anti-Pasti headline the bill, which also features Splodgenessabounds, Vice Squad, Chron-Gen, The Wall, Charge, Kidz Next Door, Auntie Pus, The Insane and Eraserhead. All tickets are £4, available now from the box-office and usual agents.

Beat and Hazel launch new Jobs campaign — via BR

TRAINING FOR JOBS?

THE OUT-OF-WORKERS continue to tumble down from the North to the capital demanding a piece of the future. This time it's multi-ethnic youth on the rumble — starting November 23, when the 'Jobs Express' train leaves Newcastle with 125 unemployed young people on board.

En route to the capital they will stop off at ten major cities and each time pick up 25 additional recruits, have a dance, a rally, or whatever else is going on.

Main London events will be three no-charge evenings at Finsbury Park's Rainbow — Nov 27, 28, 29 — for which The Beat and Hazel O'Connor have been lined up. Ticketing arrangements are still being worked out, but it's expected to be a first come first served job at local SS offices and Job Centres.

Also on the 29th will be a mass march and rally starting from Jubilee Gardens on the South Bank and proceeding to Hyde Park Corner.

Prime movers of the campaign — called Jobs For Youth — are the Afro-Caribbean Organisation, the British Youth Council, the National Association of Asian Youth, the National Union of Students, Trades Union Congress and Youthaid. Dates to date:

Nov 23: Breakfast in Newcastle, lunch in Edinburgh, dinner in Glasgow.
Nov 24: Lunch Liverpool, dinner Manchester.
Nov 25: Lunch Sheffield, dinner Birmingham.
Nov 26: Lunch Swansea, dinner Cardiff.
Nov 27: Lunch Bristol, dinner London.

● **SHELTER**, the national campaign for the homeless, are to stage a series of 25 fund-raising benefit gigs between now and Christmas. Over 75 bands and artists will be involved, all volunteering their services without fee.

The series opens tonight (Thursday) at Cambridge Great Northern Hotel, with Viva headlining. Also confirmed are Red Shift, True Life Confessions, The Dispossessed, Standard Deviation and Mickey Murphy at London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (November 14); and Black Market and Red Shift at Canterbury Kent University (28).

Remainder of the shows are currently being finalised and will be announced shortly. But it's known that The Birthday Party will appear at Stevenage Bowes Lyon House, while Misty In Roots and John Peel are playing Leeds University, both gigs on dates still to be set. The tour will climax in an all-star bill at the Venue in London.

SLF: Reilly out Dolphin in

STIFF LITTLE Fingers are parting company with their drummer Jim Reilly after their current three-week French tour. He's decided to base himself in his native Ireland, and will be putting together a new band when he returns there. Meanwhile, SLF have already filled the vacancy by taking on ex-Tom Robinson drummer Dolphin Taylor.

The new line-up go into the studios towards the end of next month to start work on a new album, which is planned for release in the New Year. And at about the same time, the band will be undertaking a ten-date British tour which is currently being finalised.

● **Feelgoods, Gary U.S. Bonds on the road; Nils Lofgren visit; Doll By Doll tour called off . . . see page 43.**

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Tony Orlando songs from beyond the grave!

Telegram Sam sends back the latest message

Illustration: MARK FAIRNINGTON

LAST MONTH Marc Bolan joined Mozart and Presley in a growing number of dead musicians willing to grant interviews. This one was held on what would have been the singer's 34th birthday and began, according to medium Doris Stokes, with a rendering of 'Happy Birthday' from the spirit world.

In attendance was Bolan's mum, Mrs Phyllis Feld, who learned amongst other things that her son thought she was 'lovely' for not blaming Gloria Jones for the accident which killed him, that fame and money came too soon ("I couldn't handle it") and that his Uncle Stan sends his love to Caroline.

Details of the session are carefully reported in the latest issue of *Psychic News* (Motto: "Death Is The Gateway To Life"), who had access to a tape recording. Stokes claims to hear voices from beyond the grave and her job as 'clairaudient' is to listen hard and pass on the messages. Sometimes spirits tend to mumble and so 'Rolan' Bolan starts as 'Rose' before becoming "a boy's name beginning with R". Sometimes they cock it up altogether. Elvis' mother is Gladys not 'Grace' as the spirit said. Otherwise they can deal in crossword clue style information which the bereaved anxiously interpret into proof of their loved one's continued existence.

The primary intention of spirits that frequent seances seems to be to portray the after-life as some happy playground where the good, the bad and the ugly are at last united on equal terms. The underlying theology is that we all end up in the same place, like it or not, and therefore there's no need to bother with paths of salvation. Consequently the spirit claiming to be the spirit of Marc Bolan spends a large part of the time proving it had knowledge of Bolan's relations, home life and business affairs and once established, passed on the message "Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here".

The Bolan voice requested that flowers be put around his portrait at home and claimed that he always came to say goodnight to mum. "You were wearing a blue dress last night," says Stokes. "That's correct," replies Mrs Bolan.

With reference to a supposed new found friendship with Elvis Presley, the spirit said to Mrs Feld: "I would like you to meet Elvis' mum. Wouldn't it have been lovely if I could have introduced you properly?" Elvis is reported to be 'back to normal' — whatever that may mean in his case. He wants Mrs Feld to phone up Priscilla (who he calls 'Prissy') to give his love to her and daughter Lisa. Tom Parker gets a namecheck, but alas, no message.

On a personal note, the spirit spoke of the fatal car accident: "Gloria was all right. She wasn't unconscious. She kept saying 'wake up' but I was already gone. I think a tyre burst."

It also made an assessment of the problems that had dogged him towards the end of his career. "I worked hard and made a lot of money, but I was ripped off. I thought a lot about my music, but I was no good businesswise. I wouldn't listen to my dad. I thought I was a big star but he always said 'be careful'."

At another point the spirit sang 'Tie A Yellow Ribbon', which confused Ms Stokes. "Why is he singing that? He said something about a girl coming from America and tying a ribbon around a tree." It wasn't until after the seance that Mrs Feld realised it could be a reference to the annual pilgrimage fans make to the tree his Mini crashed into.

You'd think that someone five years dead would have an awful lot more to say to his poor old mum, but that was it. Personally, as your Religious Affairs Editor, I think it's all a spiritual con designed to lull us into complacency by telling us nice stories. "Let us eat drink and be merry for tomorrow we join Elvis." I think if it was the real Marc Bolan he'd at least have given a plug for his new album 'You Scare Me To Death'.

Besides, the real Marc Bolan would've gassed on a lot longer and would be hanging out with Eddie Cochran.

— STEVE TURNER

Blue Rondo actually to make records shock!

Richard Branson

AMIDST MUCH champagne cork popping, delirious partying, dancing in the street, etc, Britain's leading contenders in the Latin American Ballroom Dancing Danceband Contest, Blue Rondo a la Turk, finally put pen to paper and sold their Soul to the highest bidder last week.

The man who flashed the cash in this case was Virgin supremo Richard Branson, ensuring that all Rondo material will go out on their own label through the distributive muscle of the Virgin empire.

The group have been hotly touted throughout the summer as the Men Most Likely To in the fierce battle between bands aspiring to the crown of Kings Of Rhumba (previously held by Xavier Cugat). Their musical style is, however, many-faceted, ranging from relaxed cocktail jazz to numerous varieties of samba.

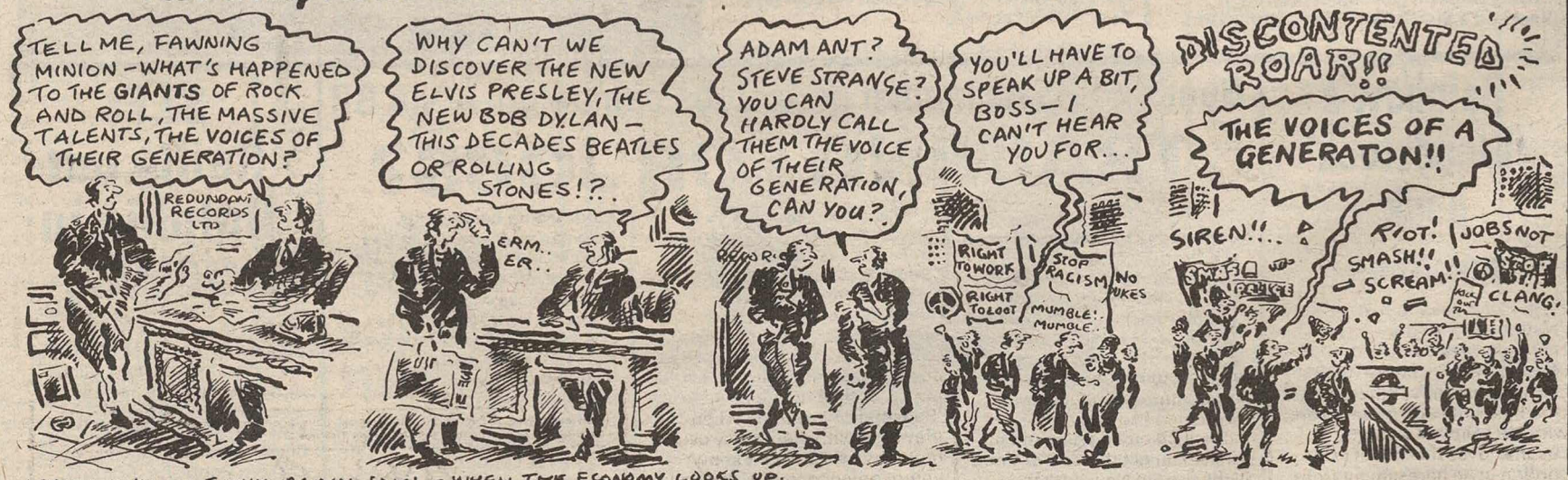
A single, scheduled for November 6 release, has already been cut with producer Pete Wingfield, a larger horn section having been introduced to achieve the necessary 'carnival' spirit. 'Me And Mr Sanchez' (formerly titled 'Buried By The Bossa Nova') has been earmarked for the charts and given the lightweight pop radio treatment, resulting in a 7" which makes 'Everybody Salsa' seem a heavy statement. The more percussive 12" club mix, however, is definitely *the* article for the discerning latin fan. The B-side is Rondo's set-opener 'Sarava' — a drum-based instrumental punctuated by dubbed-up whoops and sound effects from the apparently merry group personnel.

The deal, unusual for Virgin, is for just one album — and is said to be remarkably generous in the advance and percentage stakes. Effervescent Rondo manager Graham Ball, a graduate from the Steve Dagger Academy of Benevolent Media Manipulation, was quoted as being "over the moon" and is now off to a health farm to slim away the extra pounds gained at the numerous free 'business lunches' he has recently enjoyed at the expense of the London A&R community.

Blue Rondo a la Turk will be continuing their policy of playing occasional unpublicised engagements (possibly including one in Glasgow's glorious Ultratheque) while recording their album. Keep 'em peeled in *your* area!

— JAMES T KIRK

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry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7. **LLOYD COXONE** Zion Bound
8. **KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS** There But For The Grace Of God Go I (live)
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10. **THE FUNKY 4+1** That's The Joint
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NEXT WEEK IN NME The Dancin' Master Owner's Manual

Pic: Pennie Smith

MARIANNE FAITHFULL

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Joan Armatrading
Toots and the Maytals
Chrissie Hynde
James Brown

CINEMA
Garbo
Marilyn Monroe esp. Bus
Stop and Some Like It Hot
Roger Corman films
Arty French films

ERROL

ERROL HERE, or as it happens this week . . . *over there!!!* It's high time for my indian summer vacation and the chartered helicopter is alighting atop the Pan Am building in Manhattan, island of sin, bright lights, tall tenement blocks and, yet one more time, plastic glasses!

The latest lot cropped up at a Ze Records party for **Was (Not Was)** at the Mudd Club. Ze's rapidly evaporating reputation as the prime purveyors of style, taste and elegant excellence was further dented when I found my Tequila served in another infernal plastic cup!!

Still, the Wases were great. They looked like wallies but managed to cram the highpoints of their Ze album and what looked like eight million musicians onto a minuscule stage. I danced down the front and one of the **Brides Of Funkenstein** winked at me. I stayed until **Wayne Kramer** drove me out into the SoHo night with a gory grimace and a guitar solo that sounded like a herd of elephants on a tin roof . . .

To the Ritz, a pretty conformist rock venue, but the place to sample some of the better bigger shows in town, certainly on the night that **Black Uhuru** played an astonishing **Sly 'n' Robbie** propelled set. They were a revelation, and not just because **Puma** winked at me when I was dancing.

The audience were an unlikely mix of Uttica Avenue dreads and neatly-pressed Manhattan preppies, but also they included among their number my pal **John Lydon**. Look! There he is, over there by the bar. Hi John, how's tricks? So-so, apparently: King Rotto, who bases himself in New York with **PiL** cohorts **Lee** and **Levene,** loves the lack of London-style harassment from police on the street and thugs in the clubs but declares himself bored sick with the city and its inhabitants. The big advantage of the States for PiL lies in the superior video and studio techniques. Oh, and work on the fourth album starts later this month . . .

Lydon seemed to be enjoying himself well enough the next time we met — at **James Blood Ulmer's** set at the Peppermint Lounge. With **Keith Levene** busy at Blood's mixing desk, Lydon propped up the bar for the queue of sycophants hellbent on buying him and me drinks. You get this sort of thing all the time in New York then, John? You've got it made out here! "Not really," deadpans he. "They're all after something . . . and none of them are female if you know what I mean."

I get the idea, but what the heck . . . let's go out! How about visiting my mates **Soft Cell** up, up, up on the upper west side of town in Mediasound Studios where the finishing touches are being applied to their third single. Well, they said it couldn't be done, but **Mark 'n' Dave** have actually followed up 'Tainted Love' with something equally profound and potentially profitable in 'Bedsitter'. I was there when they mixed it, offering my usual metaphysical advice. I know you're going to love it. After all, I do . . .

But recording studios can get pretty boring after a while. So what did I do next? I went out. To the Peppermint Lounge again with my guest, a middle American heiress. Lydon had gone back to his apartment but there were plenty of my mates there. They told me I could say anything about them as long as I didn't sensationalise. What, me sensationalise something? Never! Anyway . . . **Adele** (of **The Bloods)** and **Leslie** (of the **Au Pairs)** have just got married! And what do girls who have just got married do? They exchange rings of course.Then they come and meet me at the Pep Lounge in the wee hours of the morning and proceed to get involved in, of all things, a "jam" (I belive that's how you say it) session along with the lovely **Laura** and **Dee Pop** of **The Bush Tetras, Peter** of **The dB's** and two girls from Berlin band **Malaria.** I'd met the two Malarians a few days earlier in a Canal Street clothes market. They told me their names were **Matina** and **Gurjolde,** but they were giggling and I was swooning and couldn't understand them, so this could be wrong.

Some time later I was down at my favourite NY club, Interferon, for a solo show by **Sugar-Coated Andy Hernandez,** better known to us all as **Coatimundi.** You can do that sort of club-hopping in New

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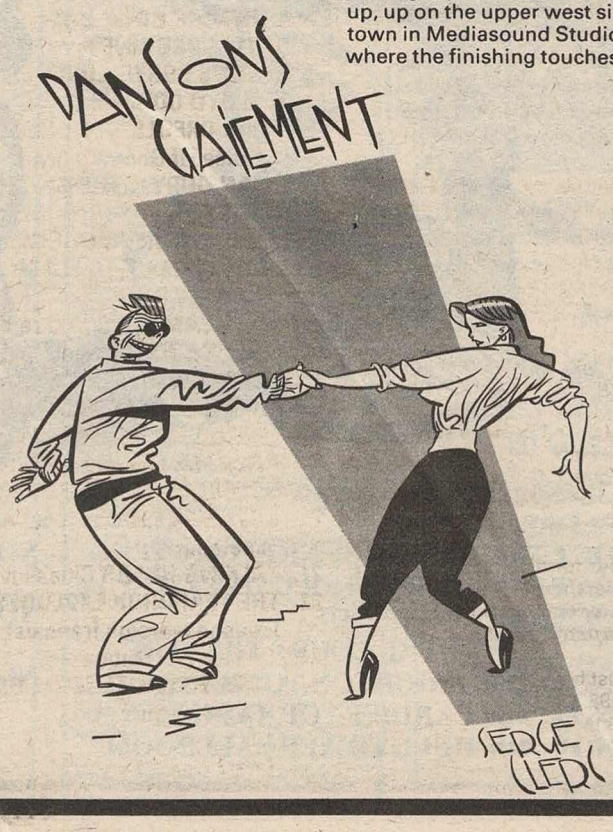

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■ *From previous page*

York, although it always helps to have the helicopter handy for a speedy exit from whichever venue you choose to patronise. And, believe me, was I patronising to some New Yorkers!!

Anyhow, I know I get some flak for working for the *NMZe*, but our Coati was *absolutely superb!* Now, would I lie to you? The diminutive genius and clown opens the proceedings under the pseudonym of **Sir Guestlist** with a 20-minute one-man sit-down comedy routine before making a grand second entrance with his troupe of three femmes fatales. The trio, including **Coconut Lori Eastside,** who winked at me, danced, sang and generally girated their way through 'Que Pasa', 'I Am', 'Musica Americana' and the spanking brand new 'Oh! Those Love Decisions', the latter making Errol's hall of infamy on the title alone.

The show over, Andy and I retired to the third tier bar for a lubricating chat. Now that I've fallen out with **August Darnell,** me and his sugar-coated sidekick are becoming great buddies. Andy informed me of his hugely successful sojourn in South America. He is a TV celebrity in Brazil, where even **Pele** goes to his shows, and 'Que Pasa' was recently a number one hit in Venezuela. He now has plans to establish his "Rainbowphonic Spanglish Rap" music as a world force. But he added a note of trepidation as regards the imminent future of KC And The Coconuts: Andy seemed somewhat miffed not only with Ze supremo **Michael Zilch,** but also his kapitan Darnell. Hernandez hasn't heard from the august August for over two months. Since August in fact! I'll get him to ring you next time I see him, Coati . . .

Still, it's getting late and I'm getting restless. Typewriters and Tequila don't mix and the heli-pilot's getting bored. Postcard over, let's go out...

...AND THREE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST

CHRIS SALEWICZ finds out why The Fun Boy Three escaped via the sanity clause...

'The Specials got caught up in the business of being a rock'n'roll band. It should just come natural . . .'

MUSICALLY AND culturally the most significant British group to emerge since punk, are no more. Out of the band's wreckage will probably come one outfit featuring founder member Jerry Dammers, bassist Sir Horace and drummer Brad, possibly to be known in a reversion to the group's original name as The Special aka.

Meanwhile, guitarist Roddy Radiation has his "skabilly" band, The Tearjerkers — and already functioning fulltime is the cause of this split: The Fun Boy Three, featuring Specials' singers Terry Hall and Neville Staples, and guitarist/vocalist Lynval Golding.

Their first single, 'The Lunatics (Have Taken Over The Asylum)' is released this week. Not unlike 'Ghost Town' in tone, it is a broad ironic glance at contemporary existence. The absurdity of the present horror is again brought out by the bleak pathos in Terry Hall's sad, dry vocals, themselves emphasized by a near-chant from Neville and Lynval.

"The title of 'The Lunatics' says more than the verses, really," says Terry. "But each verse is about a different lunatic. It's written about people like Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher — people who take over countries they're not capable of running . . . a song of today.

"On 'The Lunatics' there's only synthesizer and bass, plus a few drum parts. The reason we started working together is because we were the three vocalists in the group, and we wanted a real vocal group. We didn't really want many instruments with the vocals."

Terry Hall is sitting in the Half Moon pub in London's Putney, around the corner from the new TW studio to which The Fun Boy Three are commuting daily from Coventry to record an LP for New Year release. His air of permanently puzzled, yet laterally sharp-sighted, Everyman is emphasized by the top-knot of blond hair that tumbles over his eyes in contrast to the short back and sides below it. The overall sense is something akin to a cross between Stan Laurel and Samuel Beckett — which is probably about right, really.

Next to Terry sits the teetotal Neville Staples, his microphone sparring partner. The Shack Records boss and Jah Baddis sound system operator spends most of the interview more interested in his toasted cheese and onion sandwich than in any explanatory toasts about Specials matters.

Opposite, next to Specials and now Fun Boy Three producer Dave Jordan, is the ever-buoyant Lynval Golding, his jaunty black cap is perched on his head giving him the appearance of a youthful lead in the '30s *Our Gang* film series.

It was this singing trio who were the instigators of The Specials' split. They started to suffer from extreme boredom within days of the start of The Specials' six-month lay-off at the end of last year.

"That period," explains Terry, "was supposedly six months off to write songs for a new LP. But the three of us didn't want to *write songs.* We just wanted to go into a studio and do it."

Though there often seemed to be tension amongst the individual Specials, there was no specific argument that finally led to the trio bailing out. Nor, they insist, was their three-piece group a faction formed as a balance against the art school team of Dammers, Horace, and Brad. Everyone in The Specials was pretty much a loner, they claim.

"We always had arguments in The Specials," says Lynval. "But show me a group that *doesn't* argue, In fact, the reason we sounded so good was because of all that tension.

"But on the other hand, we *were* from different backgrounds. My working-class upbringing means that some of the ways I think about things would be bound to be completely different from Jerry or Horace.

"Sometimes I'd be thinking that things should be done really simple and straight, whereas someone from a different background might say we should do a really complicated arrangement. Which to me would seem unnecessary, because I'd be thinking how *I'd* like to hear it.

"People say to me, 'Why do you want to leave a successful band?' Well, I was in the band because the thing I wanted was to be successful. At first, the idea of success was dead simple — all I wanted was to make a record and go on *Top Of The Pops.* But I'm asked, 'Why leave when you're at number one?' And you think, well, should I leave when everything is completely finished? I wouldn't prefer that. I'd like to do it *now.*

"There's other things I want to move on to and experiment with. I don't think there has to be a big fight within The Specials before I stop playing with them.

"With The Specials I've learnt a *lot.* But each time you want to go a bit further. And I really felt that this time around — this next LP — seven people trying to get their ideas into The Specials just wouldn't work. And if we did do anything, it might even turn out to be

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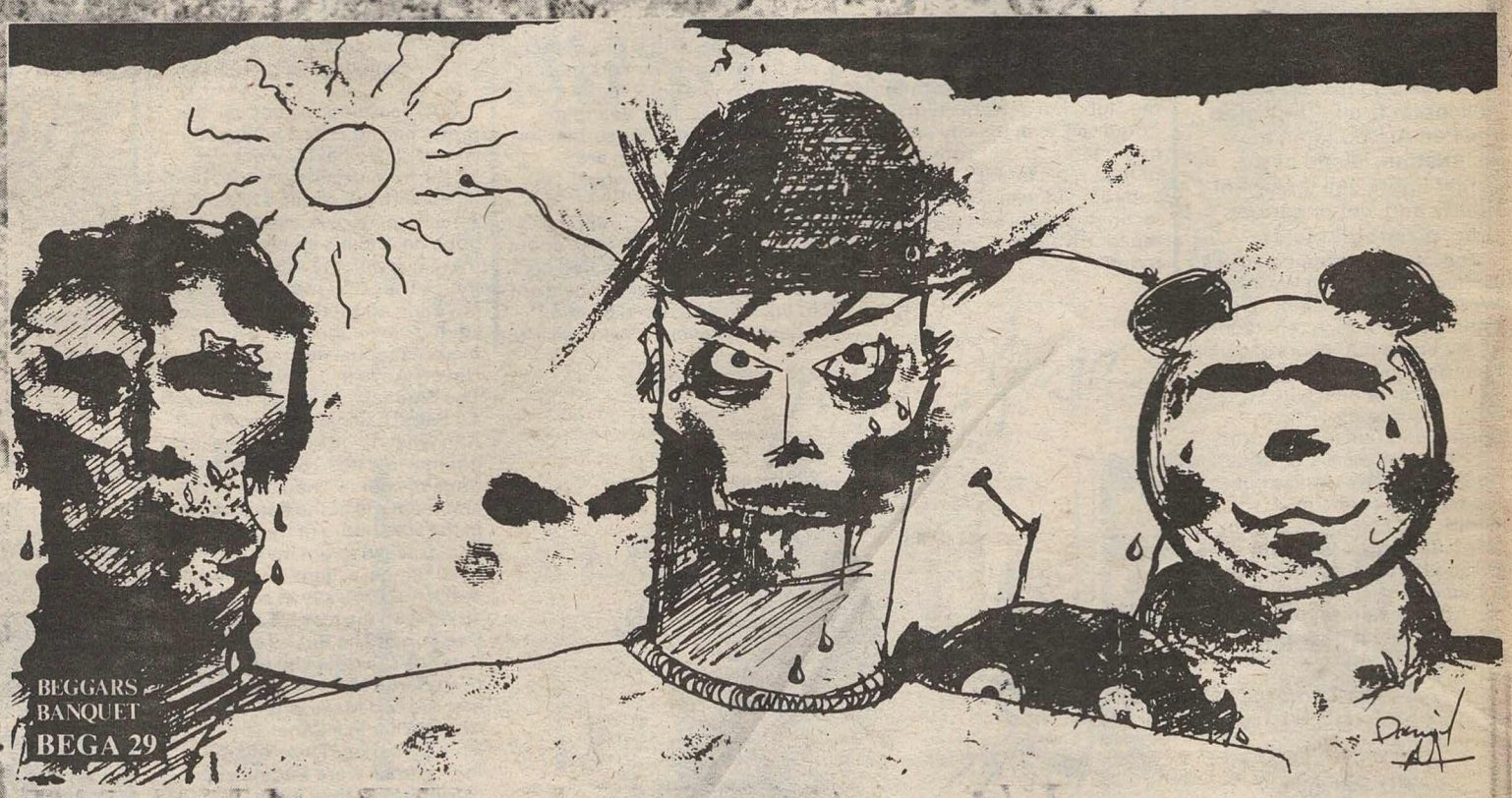

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Photo Pennie Smith

Laterally sharp-sighted Terry Hall (left) watches Lynval and Neville being Fun Boys

rubbish. Because everyone wants to be satisfied."

THE INTERVIEWS which Terry Hall and Lynval gave during the chart-run of 'Ghost Town' were preparatory, they'll now admit, to departing the group. Such press coverage elevated even further their already high profile.

"We'd been planning it for ages," confesses Terry. "We didn't exactly say anything in the interviews, but also we didn't sound over-enthusiastic about being in The Specials, The reason we didn't say anything about it was because we'd rather do it than talk. It's no use saying, 'Oh, we're going to split up in a month or two'."

"When we did those interviews," adds Lynval, "people were shitting themselves, thinking we were going to say right then we were going to leave."

The Fun Boy Three also took with them The Specials manager Rick Rogers, as well as Dave Jordan. "If you're going to do it seriously," says Terry, "you've got to employ the right people for the job — it's no good being brash and trying to take on the world by yourself. We get on really well with Rick, and Dave does the sound and really understands what we're doing."

The trio intends to employ the same anarchic, workshop-like approach as used by PiL on 'Flowers Of Romance' and Siouxsie and Budgie on The Creatures EP. Previously discussed but unrehearsed songs will be put together in the studio, with musical parts put down by whoever so desires on whatever instrument he fancies. All the songs the group have worked on so far have been built upwards on a rhythm-box pattern.

"We mixed 'The Lunatics' in one go," says Terry, satisfied. "There was no choice of mixes. None of that, 'Oh, that snare needed a bit more reverb'. What's the point of that? Just finish it, and go on to something new.

"We're going to do a lot of songs.

"Also, the stuff we're doing at the moment, *anybody* can do. There's nothing professional about it — none of us can really play all that well: we just build up numbers as we go along.

"It takes the *work* side out of it. We don't *have* to do this — we could be dossing about somewhere instead. But we really enjoy what we're doing at the moment. It's good fun — we all think on the same wave length about sound. We all wrote 'The Lunatics' together: that's how we'll do everything in the future.

"We don't really know what our LP's going to sound like until we've done it. All we know is that we're recording songs for an LP, and what it sounds like will surprise us as much as anybody else.

"Actually, we know what it looks like and what it sounds like, but it's a question of actually doing it. Though the basis is there — it's all laid down in our heads."

One of the main ways in which the trio were dissatisfied with The Specials was in the manner in which the group entered the endless rock'n'roll touring routine. This is something on which they certainly agreed with Jerry Dammers, of whom Terry says, "It was his group after all, and in such a large band it's impracticable for there to be more than one songwriter."

"I got pissed off," says Lynval, "That a lot of the time before I went onstage I'd have to get pissed up, or have a good smoke, before I could really play. You should be *feeling* what you want to do.

"For a time I think The Specials got caught up in the whole business of being a rock'n'roll band. We seemed to think that people were expecting us to get drunk . . . but it should just come natural — you should enjoy what you're doing. When we gig we want to look forward to it. When The Specials used to gig one night a week at the George in Coventry it was *great*, because you'd save up your energy for it."

"When we gig," adds Terry, "We want to look forward to it. — which for at least a year we haven't been doing with The Specials."

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Communing with Carson

DANGEROUS VISIONS

By PAUL RAMBALI

IT WAS an auspicious cross-cultural event on a par with, say, the first time **This Is Your Life** was screened in Taiwan. It wasn't Johnny Carson's British TV debut — he appeared on a TV special starring Paul Anka in 1961. But it *was* the debut of Johnny Carson **Tonight Show** host and touchstone of American life. And like a Big Mac, you had to try one.

So I tried one. I mean it looked quite appetising after all those uneven greasy Parkinson shows. It was neatly-packaged and well-rounded, with what promised to be just the right kind of savoury relish. It boasted confidently of millions of satisfied customers.

It also had the recommendation of the late Kenneth Tynan in his book *Show People*, a collection of lengthy profiles from the pages of *The New Yorker* of five disparate 'showbiz' figures: Ralph Richardson, Tom Stoppard, Louise Brooks, Mel Brooks and Johnny Carson. *Show People* is a book worth reading, if only to discover Ralph Richardson's winning sense of the absurd, Louise Brooks' unrepentant sense of sexual and emotional liberty (in a remarkable interview with the 71-year-old star, of *Pandora's Box),* and Mel Brooks' real sense of humour.

Tynan says, accurately, of Mel Brooks that his films show him at his best and at his worst. He says of Carson that in 15 years, "barely a ripple of emotional commitment has disturbed the fishpond smoothness of his professional style." He quotes Billy Wilder saying that Carson is "the Valium and Nembutal of the nation . . . He enchants the invalids and the insomniacs as well as the people who have to get up at dawn."

Kenneth Tynan's view of Carson is amused, sceptical, but nevertheless addicted. He was a self-confessed Carson-watcher and his testimonial was enough to make me roll up my sleeve for a shot of what 14 million Americans, or over half the viewing public, curl up with for an hour and a half every night, four nights of the week, 37 weeks of the year — as they have done for the past 19 years, ever since Johnny Carson took over the *Tonight Show* from Jack Paar after Bob Newhart, Jackie Gleason and Groucho Marx, among others, had turned it down.

The *Tonight Show* begins with an introduction that is all too ingratiatingly cute unless you know the characters involved: Ed McMahon, back-up man, who worked on the game show called *Who Do You Trust?* where Carson made his name, and Doc Severinsen, the band leader. The studio audience responds to this with warm, cloying familiarity. They are rapt and ready, and they seem to emit a curious glow; rows of radiant, contented beams greet the real live Johnny Carson, as though it were a kind of near-mystical communion, like meeting John Wayne or Mickey Mouse in the flesh.

For the virgin British Carson viewer, it's like watching a nation's private hearth through the fishbowl of TV.

The famous Carson monologue then begins. It takes a team of four writers, using the morning papers for material, to write Carson's evening monologue. According to one of the writers, it must have between 16 and 22 sure-fire gags. Carson tosses them off like firecrackers, and has become expert at rescuing the damp ones. At times he even deliberately throws a gag away just so he can rescue it. This is Johnny Carson being Johnny Carson. The audience responds even more warmly to the damp ones than they do to the dry. And Carson is usually very dry. Asked how he became a star, he replied (after a suitable pause): "I started off in a gaseous state. Then I cooled."

His delivery is idiosyncratic, but his timing is expert. He never looks at the camera, but he winks at it constantly, using it, as Tynan points out, as a conspirator in the disarming of his guests. last Saturday he told this joke about Richard Nixon, an old and familiar target even for Carson, whose sympathies are generally one step behind those of the liberal majority, though never more than one.

"It was an historic occasion, the first time three ex-presidents have been together in the White House . . ."

He pretends to forget their names, touching his forehead to signify lost recall, Carson's hands are never still, as befits someone who began his career as a conjurer.

"It'll come to me in a minute — Jimmy Carter, Gerald Ford and . . ."

He looks to McMahon for a clue. McMahon stage whispers "RN". The audience is already laughing.

"Oh yeah, Nixon. Nixon asked if he could tape the meeting." The audience is by now beginning to crack up, and without pausing, Carson virtually throws the punchline away: "He wanted a tape he could be proud of."

And so it goes on. Carson being Carson: relaxed, lightweight, liberal, like his suits. Carson's suits are made by Johnny Carson Apparel Inc., a menswear business he founded in 1970, whose products he tacitly endorses on his shows.

Carson's only other source of income is Johnny Carson. He has turned down numerous advertising contracts and offers of film work. He appears live in Las Vegas and live — or "naked", which means without canned laughter — on TV. For which he is reckoned to earn around $4 million a year (as of 1977), making him TV's highest-paid performer.

For each of the shows that are being broadcast by ITV — one a week picked from the four broadcast that week in the US — he is reputedly being paid £3000. ITV are not saying, but that figure seems surprisingly cut-price for something that's supposed to compete with one of the BBC's biggest draws — the Parkinson show.

It probably won't be one of the great contests. Parkinson is not an entertainer and Carson is not just a chat show host. Parkinson probes his guests while Carson prods them. Parkinson, when he hasn't simply lost control of the show, seems to be forever tugging at his forelock, while Carson never loses control and operates, in Kenneth Tynan's words, "on a level of high, freewheeling centrifugal banter that's well above the snow line. Which is not to say he is hostile, but the air is definitely chill."

Finally, Parkinson wouldn't have a show without his guests. Without Carson, there'd be no show. But the point to bear in mind here is that no one watches Parkinson for Parkinson anyway.

Carson has one other string to his bow. Comedians who have been on his show agree that when he is on form he can be the best foil in the business. According to Mel Brooks, who appeared on the first ever Carson show and offered him the Gene Wilder part in *Blazing Saddles,* "from the word go, Carson can tell when you hit comic gold, and he'll help you to mine it. Guys on the other talk shows couldn't do that."

Incidentally, one type of guest you won't be seeing too many of on his shows is British comics. He apparently detests them. "I find them unfunny, infantile, and obsessed with toilet jokes," he told Tynan.

British critics, for their part, have found Johnny Carson to be irredeemably lowbrow. But then, as he himself once said, "I've never seen it chiselled in stone tablets that TV had to be uplifting."

Britain probably needs Johnny Carson about as much as Johnny Carson needs Britain, which is to say not very. He is slick, casual, blue-rinsed and one hundred per cent Polyester. The Big Mac couldn't miss either.

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A SECOND BREATH FOR THE CHELSEA WIDE BOY

WHERE THERE'S dole queues and desperation and disaffection, there will always, it seems, be some sort of punk. And in amongst the '80s answer of Anti-Pastis, Discharges and Exploiteds, there is the contradictory ragbag of shop-soiled idealism and world-weary ambition that is Gene October; battered veteran of peak-punk Roxy, now rather worn around the edges and just a little bit shabby and bowed.

"Things look pretty good for the future," he asserts hopefully. "Like people say, there's a time and place for everything, and maybe this time around we'll be a bit lucky."

Gene's earning £30 a week working as an A&R man for Step Forward Records, where he's just signed kindred spirits Chron-Gen and Victims of Pestilence. In the meantime, he and the succession of personnel who have made up Chelsea have never stopped pursuing an elusive success, or crossing the country taking the punk crusade to the kids — whichever way you want to look at it, of course.

"Just bang, bash, 1-2-3-4, do it for 45 minutes then get off the stage. I love it. Aren't I allowed to relax in my old age?"

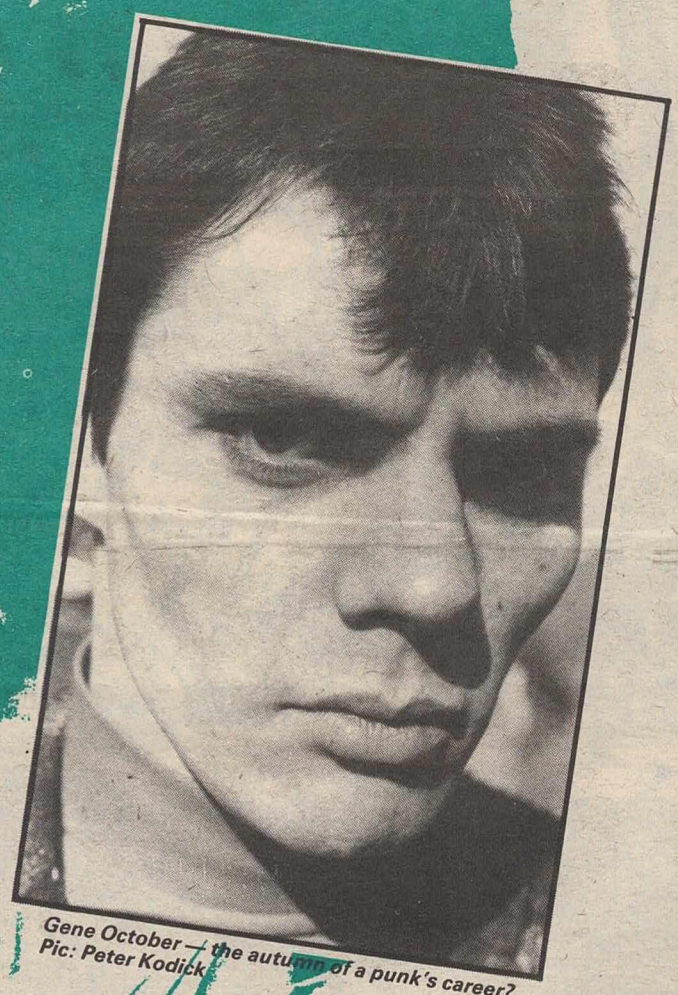
The trouble is that Gene and I don't seem to see eye to eye about what modern music should offer to the consumer. I think punk's grown slack and careless and dispirited. Gene, however, has other ideas.

"What's good about the new punk is that they go out in gangs. Where '77 punk failed was because it split up into individuals looking after their own interests so it didn't get anywhere as a movement."

But wasn't that a reflection of the talent of the groups involved?

"Let's put it down to . . . Certain bands had more suss than — other bands. Other bands hadn't really thought about what they were going to do. If you're in this to make millions of pounds, forget it. You won't even make five hundred, let alone a million if you're in it for that. People always get sussed out sooner or later. Kids aren't that dumb these days. They know what they want and you aren't gonna change it.

"Where bands go very wrong, I think, is when they think they've got to headline. This is where the new thing does not go wrong, they're just glad to play, these bands, d'you know what I mean? They will go out as a five-band package and just sell the whole idea of it. That's why it's important — not because it gives the likes of me a second breath. In fact they could very well be doing me in."



Gene October — the autumn of a punk's career? Pic: Peter Kodick

Far from bestowing the kiss of death on die-hard punk campaigners like Chelsea, the effect of the younger generation on Gene seems to have been revitalising. In the past eight months alone he's released five records, and in November Chelsea set off on tour, fourth on the bill of a new punk package.

"What worries me is how I stand out," he muses. "I haven't got a Mohican haircut or ripped jeans. I'm not poor anymore — and I'm not bleedin' rich either.

"Why punks chose the Mohicans was because they wanted to revive the tribe. I don't see any harm in bands carrying the spirit on. It's like the young Teds carrying the rock and roll spirit on and still idolising Elvis Presley."

Tribalism, rigid forms of dress and a reverence for the past all sound like a parody of the apocalyptic cleansing agent that some saw as the original punk spirit.

"I haven't changed," states Gene. "I'm still as angry as I ever was. The no future thing has got to be put across even more today. With the nuclear thing it's heavier on our shoulders than it was five years ago. Whose job is it to make the kids aware?

"The whole thing, what we're all about, from us to The Clash to The Exploited to Rip, Pig, Rap and Torn — what are they called — is we're all anti-disco, the complacency and sardineness. That's all it is, death to disco."

But does it revel in impotence instead of anger? Is the quality of thought and spirit as high?

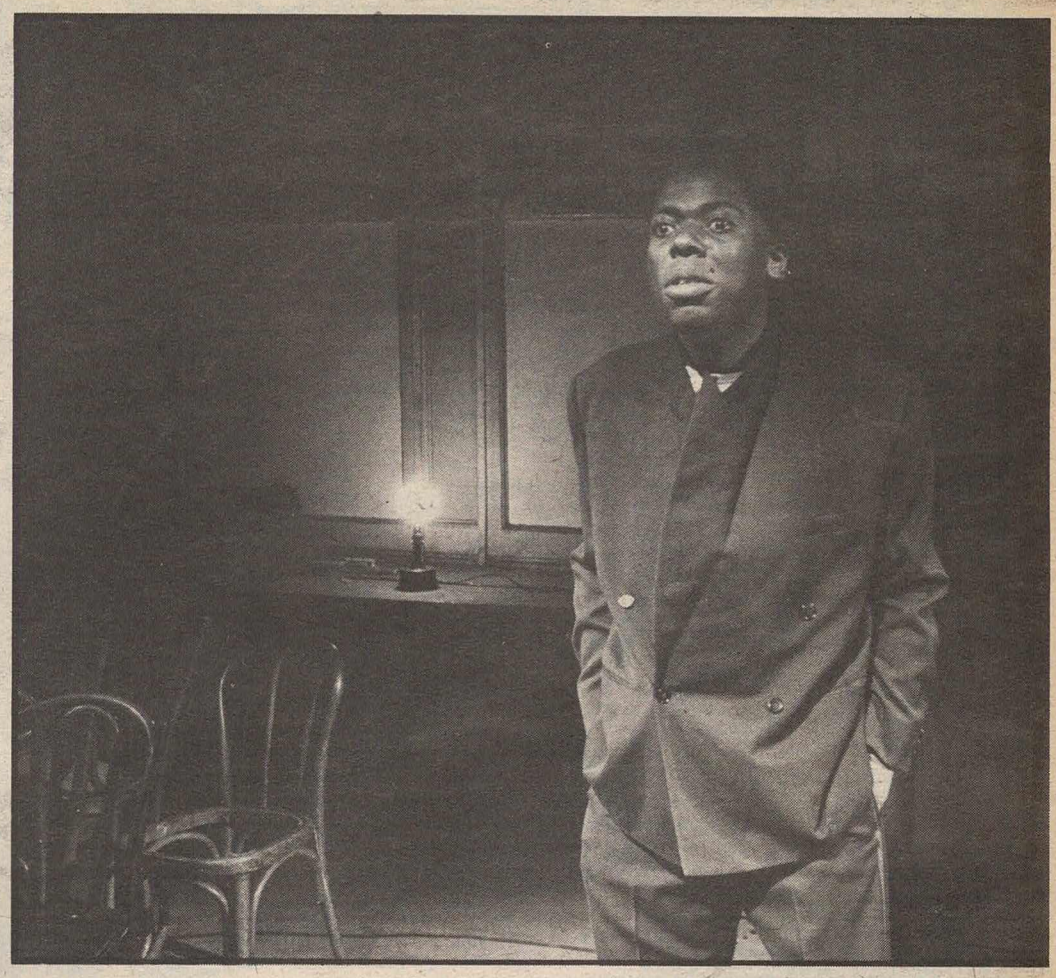
"Who cares about quality? There you are, it's open to interpretation. I couldn't stress that more. Nobody's made to buy things anymore. People discover things for themselves.

"At a punk gig these days, there's more smoking going on than there is fighting. The punks are the hippies' revenge on society. They're only taking over where the hippies left off.

"Well, I'm afraid I'm into causing trouble for trouble's sake," says Gene slyly. "As long as I can stick a spoke in the wheel, you know?"

Permanent underdog-of-the-people or wide boy with an eye for a second opportunity . . . Like he says, it's open to interpretation.

—LYNN HANNA



FIRST STEPS INTO THE TWILIGHT

TREVOR LAIRD is musing over a Guinness by Chalkie Davies' *Pointed Portraits*. He is one of Britain's most successful black actors, with *Quadrophenia*, *Babylon*, and *Burning An Illusion* among his credits, plus numerous TV plays. This summer he won a Fringe First at the Edinburgh Festival for his bitter monologue in Bernard-Marie Koltes' *A Twilight Zone*, and he has even made a couple of records.

Like so many 'new wave' British actors, he started off at Anna Scher's Theatre in Islington. "It's like a club really. You pay 30p or something a lesson and then one or two make it, but it's a fun thing to do." Even then, he was working. "I was the black one and there were a few others, Phil Daniels, whoever. We were always the lads in TV plays, same up to and including *Quadrophenia*, which was like the summit of all that."

When Franc Roddam, the director, went down to Anna Scher's talent-spotting, Trevor was actually up for a stage-play. "We were all in together and seeing as *Quadrophenia* was the big thing of the day, everyone was improvising mods and rockers. After that, Roddam said 'I'd really like to use you' and he had a word with Pete Townshend who said, 'Yeah, there were blacks around' — and so they wrote me in."

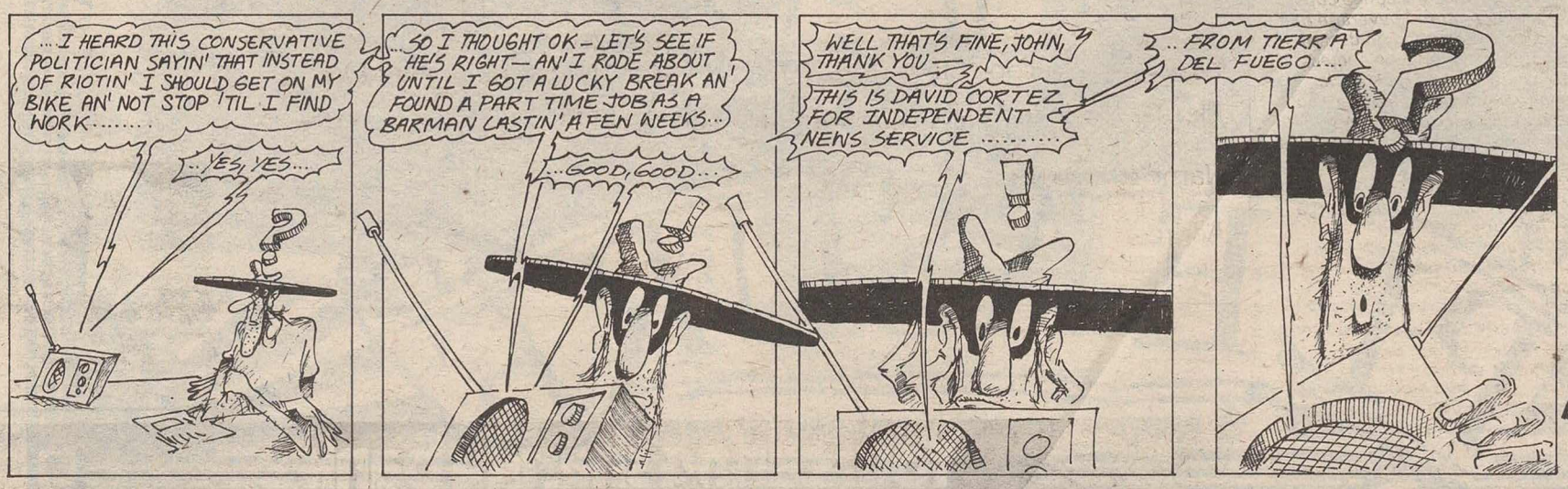
The next step was *Babylon* and the part of Beefy, the success of which offered new opportunities, first of all as a stopgap director with the National Youth Theatre. "Then I was down some club called Gaz's and I met this guy I knew, Mick Mahoney, who says, 'Nice to see you're doing well. I'm getting into theatre, I've just written this play'. Now he never had anything to do with playwriting before, famous Camden Town hooligan really, mates of Madness and all that. He says, 'I've written it, do you wanna read it?'

"So I go, 'Blah, blah, it's a bit late', but it just so happens he has a motor outside and he lives round the corner from me. 'Fair enough. I'll come up your place, smoke. Give me a lift home and I'll read your play'.

"I read it and it was really good. No one wanted to do it, all the big theatres turned it down, so I mounted my own production and it was a big success. And that was *Friday Nights*. It started off at the old Red Lion in Islington. It's a straight play, no music whatsoever, and it surprised me the number of young people who came to see it, because of the connection with me and Mick who's well-known around Camden, and really dug it."

This in turn led to the Arts

The Lone Groover — Benyon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..YES, YES...
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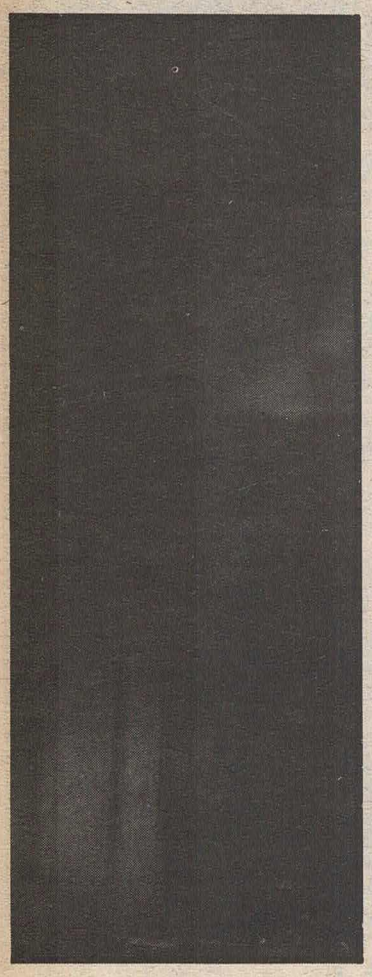
..FROM TIERRA DEL FUEGO.....



Left: Trevor Laird — waiting for someone to let him do their movie

Co-op to get money off the Arts Council. Next came *Mama Dragon* (about 'civil insurrection') and *One World,* about a reggae musician — "whether to stay street-wise or fuck off and become a big star" — with Victor Romero who has since had a reggae No. 1 with 'At The Club'. Janet Kay is also a member of the company.

"Music has always played an important part in what I'm trying to do in the theatre, because I have always thought that kids who go to gigs should be encouraged to go to the theatre. If we can get young people to come, we don't have to worry about that mob down at the National Theatre because we'll have our own audience."

BTC are currently working on a new play by Faroukh Dhondy, *The Trojans,* which goes into rehearsal in December — at the ICA, as they have outgrown their old base, the Factory in Paddington. They are looking to increase their roster of writers (currently Dhondy and Mustafa Matura) and a combined project with Trevor's old mates Aswad is a possibility. Meanwhile Laird's ambition is to direct a film.

"Maybe one day in 20 or 30 years' time when I'm old enough to be trusted, someone might let me do it or perhaps I'll get the dough together myself."

And in the short-term?

"I'll do anything which is new and might stretch me, just to get better. I'm doing a radio play now because I've never done one. I did *Twilight Zone* specifically because it was the most difficult play I've ever seen, so I thought, if I can't do that, I shouldn't be doing anything at all. I thought it was a challenge and anything that's a challenge is worth it; otherwise you get into a nine to five, get onto TV series and end up just going to work . . .

"I wonder if I should get Chalkie to do a few pics of me?"

Black Theatre Co-op Roadshow plays the Almeida Theatre, Almeida St, N1, Nov 6 & 7, at 10.30 pm.

— PIERS THOMPSON

ZONE

Council offering Laird a position as an associate director, with pay. Meanwhile his other main interest, the Black Theatre Co-op was getting under way.

"The first big play we did was *Welcome Home Jacko* three or four years ago, which went down well. It was a one-off really and we only called ourselves the Black Theatre

BLACKMAIL CORNER

SO IT WAS like this. During our bi-annual office clear-out we called in Dyno-Rod to extricate one of Nick Kent's coffee cups from the review room, where the half-consumed beverage had lain undisturbed for some 30 years until it dawned on us that that wasn't a pot-plant in the corner as we'd long suspected.

More relevant though was what the wretched receptacle was lying on — a curled up decaying print which, after restoration, proved to be ***the only known picture of Bob Geldof during his stint as an NME contributor.*** *(Or his 'Famous Years', as sociologists have coined it). The priceless snap shows Bob on the platform in Trafalgar Square circa 1911, and answering questions at that year's great rally: No Long Range Howitzers To Be Positioned In Suffolk! Joining Bob on the stand was Mr Vernon Cheese (centre and representing The Unilateral Banning of Bayonets Party) and Russell Thompkins Jnr (Stylistics lead vocalist and spokesman for Falsettos Against The Trenches movement).*

A dusty quote has Bob spouting: "Look, this ***is*** *an issue. The Wigs say these Howitzers are here merely for our own protection and to ensure peace. What crap! They are just terrified of Von Bismark's weapon — so is Mrs Bismark come to that — but there has never been an occasion in history when a military build-up has deterred war. Now there is talk of these 'tanks' being built. Well no tank you Mr Kitchener!"*

At this juncture Mr Geldof left the meeting to chain himself to the Derby winner and later throw himself under Buckingham Palace gates. The rest, as they say, is future . . .

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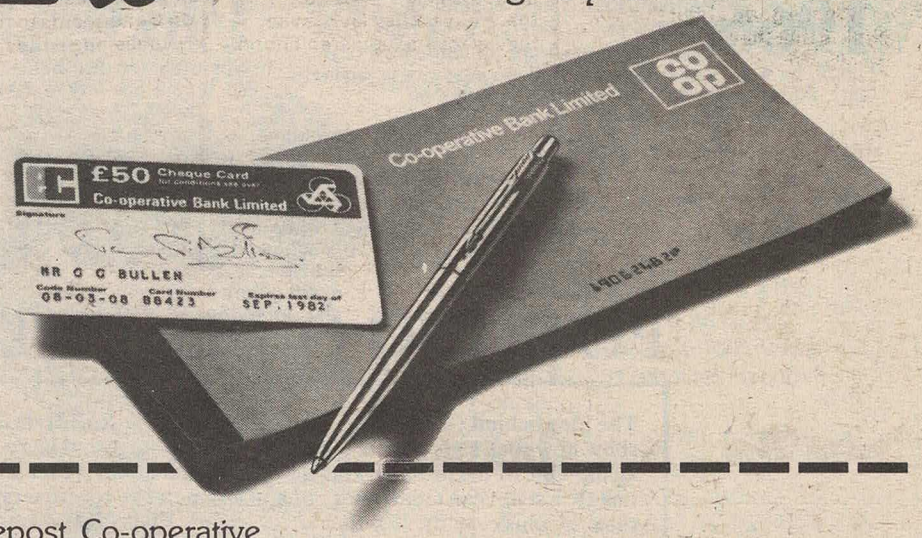

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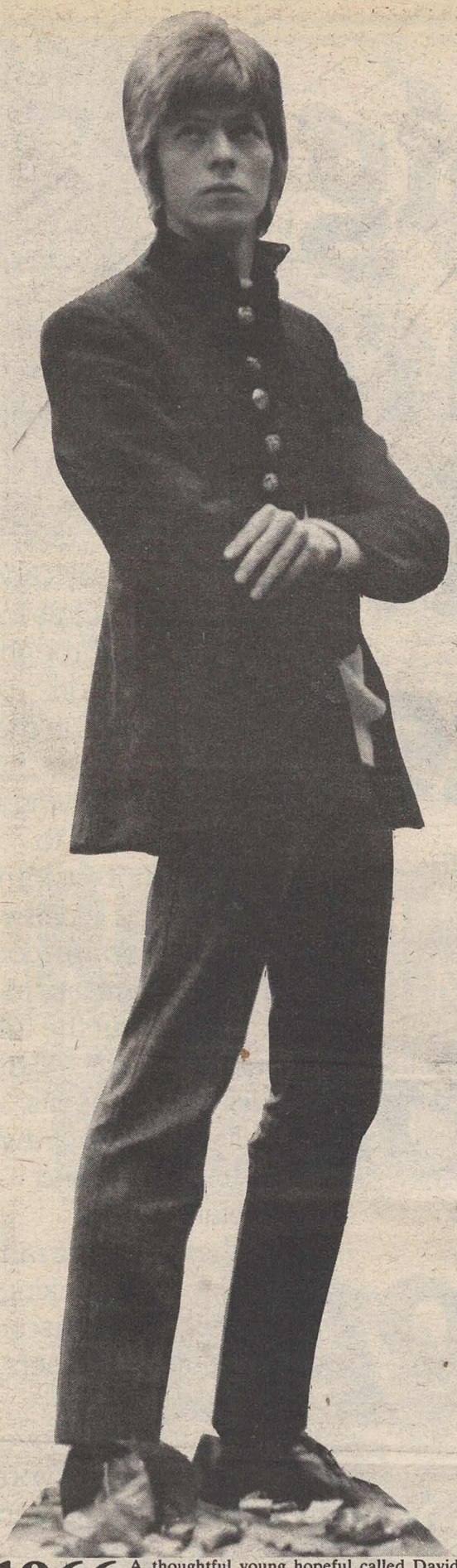

1966 A thoughtful young hopeful called David Bowie after a visit to a Carnaby Street boutique specialising in late Mod style. Funny, he won't come round here these days (we've invited him). Photo by David Wedgbury/Decca Records.

1958 The Everly Brothers, Phil and Don, pioneer the '50s brilliantined look that became standard — even hackneyed — via a million back street barber shop pin-ups. Photo courtesy of Decca Records.

1980 " 'Oo you callin' acne'd, John?" ask two Rockabilly kids from the bog of the Southgate Royalty. Teenagers re-live '50s style in the '80s. Photo by Anton Corbijn.

1963 Mersey boomers The Fourmost line up in classic beat group style for Dezo Hoffman, the photographer largely responsible for British beat's image in the first half of the '60s. Photo courtesy of EMI Records (UK).

1977 Dezo's influence is felt in this publicity pic of The Jam. The shoe trade was quick to pick up on their choice of two-tone shoes and market them simply as "Jam shoes". Photo courtesy of Polydor Records.

COOL CATS—25 YEARS

PUTTING ON THE STYLE by Tony Stewart

The idea behind *Cool Cats — 25 Years Of Rock'n'Roll Style* is to show how rock style got off the street onto the stage and back again. One of the most striking qualities of the idiom is that an image, a style, can create more of a reaction, more controversy than the music. In the '50s the outcry against Elvis Presley was directed more at his simulated sexual exhibitionism onstage, than any of the songs he sang; and twenty years later the look of Johnny Rotten terrorised more than the anarchy he threatened.

Rock'n'roll style is visual, a combination of dress, attitude and music — and that's the formula that firms were quick to appreciate in the '60s. With The Beatles came a mass merchandising boom: the fans have always wanted to imitate the stars, and supporters' colours were nothing new to teen culture. Beatle boots, jackets and wigs became big business, and the ragtrade quickly adopted the role previously played by Tin Pan Alley. So, youth's love of primal rhythms and sexual imagery — often the essence of rock'n'roll — was exploited and marketed by a variety of buck-making entrepreneurs. T-shirts, badges, posters, hats, socks, scarves, shoes and trousers have all been produced to service teenage cults.

Inevitably, some sharp entrepreneur would attempt to 'manufacture' a band as a front for a commercial enterprise. Probably the one person who has managed that is Malcolm McLaren. With The Sex Pistols he provided a focus for a movement of rebellion and resentment: a look of scrap metal and torn rags to represent cultural anarchy. With that contribution made to the iconoclastic '70s, in the '80s he dreamed up Bow Wow Wow — basically a clothes horse for McLaren and his associate Vivienne Westwood's '81 fashion collection. It was a shrewd move to create your own performing models.

Cool Cats is a response to these and other events: to trace and illustrate the various trends and show the power of visual impact rather than musical content.

My initial idea was to design a book around six sections, none of which would be tied to any one period. To me The Stray Cats belonged as much to the '50s as they did the '80s; Bill Haley's influence spanned 25 years from 'Rock Around The Clock' to his death in 1981. Mod, supposedly a '60s trend, re-emerged in the '70s; psychedelia became an '80s phenomenon, not just a '60s happening. Teddy boys swanked through 25 years; and rockabilly is very much a '50s style that never really found its moment until the '80s, despite Hank Mizell.

Then each section had to have a commentary that reflected this new interpretation, that took a different view of a well-known subject. It wasn't hard to decide who I should ask to write the chapters: the people from *NME* — Cynthia Rose (Girlstyle), Paul Morley (Glam) and Paul Du Noyer (The Seventies) — are distinctive for their individual styles and knowledge and enthusiasm for the subject.

Ian Dury is a performer and stylist I admire immensely, and he seemed to be the right choice to write The Fifties chapter. It's a series of scenarios, evocative and often extremely personal, that

1976 The punk revolution will pause one moment while Johnny Rotten and his Sex Pistols have their picture taken on that very celebrated balcony at EMI House in London's Manchester Square where The Beatles posed for their famous UK LP sleeve 13 years before. Glen Matlock, far left, was later dismissed from the Pistols for allegedly liking Paul McCartney. Going by this photo of Pete Vernon's, courtesy of EMI Records (UK), it seems you had to like *all* The Beatles, not just one.

OF ROCK'N'ROLL STYLE

recreate wonderfully his early teen life as the Upminster Kid . . .

"Dave Fryer, deft of eyebrow and wicked nuance of smirk came in the regent wearing his sunday clothing: Black etons faded lime green socks Burtons suit; fingertip drape, halfmoons, reverse double-breasted lapel, single half-inch back vent, three button, middle one linked, black serge no velvet, red lining. 14" trousers with 4" turn-up; White boston cutaway shirt, slim jim shiny red and black diagonal striped tie, lank troubadour DA, four gold skull rings with ruby eyes, and smoking a mannikin. He'd been working for a year and was old enough for a motorbike. 'I'll have you!'

"'Tomorrow!'

"Egg and chips two slices and a cup of tea. Ponce a fag and have a giggle. Slowly the regent began to fill up. Plenty of banter and repartee. Only a few of the real nutters would swear in front of a bird unless it was one of the girls who hung around with the team and nobody was taking their girlfriend out on a date if they were mob-handed."

Paul Weller too engrossed himself in the atmosphere and attitudes of The Sixties for his chapter. I remember when he and I first met to discuss the project he was recording in the Polydor Studios in London. He has never tried to deny his fascination with '60s culture, even if he has invariably been unable to articulate his ideas in pop paper interviews, and it was ironic that the demo track he should play me that day was 'Start'. Based quite blatantly on The Beatles' 'Taxman', it was a good omen for a '60s article written from an '80s perspective. Paul Weller is as much the eternal mod as Pete Townshend . . .

"I conjured up my own image of what the Mods were about. I saw them as clean, smart, working class, arrogant, anti-authoritarian with absolutely no respect for their elders.

The whole image is C-O-O-L: dancing into the small hours, blocked, finger clickin' to J.B. and the Famous Flames, even smokin' to Bluebeat! Shopping on Saturday morning in Carnaby Street or watching Pete Townshend smash all that 'valuable' equipment. It's the imagery that appeals to me. It's also this very same imagery that made the 1979 Mod revival seem an anachronism."

Cool Cats isn't a fashion book, and nor is it intended to be an illustrated history of rock'n'roll. It is purely a personal view of style, one that projects image and attitudes, paradoxes and coincidences, through hair, clothes, manner and posing with over 300 photographs. There are no excuses for the omissions; just because it existed in rock doesn't mean to say it's stylish or that it played an essential part in the development of style.

For too long the look has been secondary to the word. *Cool Cats* is an attempt to reverse tradition and presents the pictorial story of rock'n'roll style.

© Tony Stewart. Adapted from Cool Cats — 25 Years Of Rock'n'Roll Style published by Eel Pie Books today (Thursday) priced £5.95.

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Old Barbarians Never Say Die

THE KEITH RICHARDS INTERVIEW

Photos Anton Corbijn

Following up his conversation with Mick Jagger in last week's NME, RAY BONICI went on to meet Keith Richards at the Stones' Long View Farm hideaway, in Massachusetts. The interview, conducted over a five-day stay, took place as the band were in rehearsal, building up to their much-celebrated US tour.

"I never felt better in my life," claimed the 36-year-old guitarist, sitting in his rehearsal room and playing Chuck Berry and Everly Brothers records. Let's take it from there . .

THIS IS the first time I've interviewed somebody who was also born on December 18.

Hey, Bobby Keyes, too. Sagittarians. That's why I never worry too much about anything because we've got too much going for us. Everybody I know who was born around that date says that although everything might look like the worst in the world it's all cool a couple of days later.

We got the good things going without the hassles that attend all the other good ones like Leos. Sagittarians turn out to be consistently good guys and get around any problem without even really trying. You just rely on your Sagittarianist frame of mind because, I mean, I've now got the scrapes that nobody else could have got. And I'm sure Bobby Keyes too. He was born in Dallas and I was born in Dartford. I had Hitler raining bombs on me in '43.

There's quite a big difference between rehearsing in Dartford 18 years ago and Long View farm today.

Not really. In Dartford, more than ever, I was always in front of my mother's wardrobe mirror doing my Elvis Presley act . . . and that was the same thing really. See us rehearse and you know what I mean.

How prepared are you for this tour?

As long as we got all the band in one spot we are prepared but the rest of it comes like that (flicks fingers). It's really a long tour which will take us through to December.

Can you personally handle it, all those gigs and travelling and all the other things that go with tours?

I find it harder to stand three years off the road than three or four months on the road because working and being in such a frantic business for so long, it's the times when you have nothing to do that you find the hardest to deal with because you feel like the world has dropped from under you.

Here we are again with another album, 'Tattoo You'. It's almost like going down memory lane for the Stones, churning up tunes that sound as if they've just come off 'Let It Bleed' or 'Exile'.

In a way, yeah. The Stones always tend to do that. Like, during the first couple of rehearsals we found ourselves basically playing the club set we used to play in '62 . . . a whole load of Jimmy Read stuff. We always go back to Base One to start with before we start trying any new songs or Stones songs even. It's the same with the songs on the album. When we wrote these numbers, which range over a period of three years, we wrote most of them with the same attitude of going back and touch home first like it was '62 or '63, because basically those tunes we did then were our whole intention of what we should sound like.

Unlike 'Emotional Rescue', 'Tattoo' seems to have worked even with that fast side and slow side idea.

In the past that idea had cropped up several times and quite often we thought of that because people put Stones albums on at parties mainly. They're party records a lot of the time. I mean who wants to have two fast songs and then just as everything is raving a slow one comes up. But we never did do it before. So this time we thought it would work and it seems to have done, I think.

Exile' was a bit like that though, wasn't it?

But 'Exile' was two records. If there was a lot of fast numbers on one side it was really more of a coincidence. It wasn't exactly designed like that because with a double album you get double the problems of time and how long each song should be. So you have to go along with it and the songs kind of dictate, whereas with this one we thought, let's do it because we've got fast and slow numbers and just let it rock through.

The track you sing on is 'Little T&A', but it's also called 'Bulldog'.

'Bulldog' was what I called it when it wasn't really finished but then I decided not to call it that because I thought I could get that title to fit on some other track much better. So now I've got to write a song about bulldogs. (Laughs.)

What is 'Little T&A' about? A way of life perhaps?

Yeah. It's basically about the way we live and what we're doing right now. It's about the chaos on the road and about the little bit of salvation that you get.

In other words . . . rock 'n' roll.

Yeah . . . and tits 'n' ass. That's what 'T&A' is.

Some tracks on 'Tattoo You' are old numbers, like 'Worried About You', for instance.

So is 'Hangfire'. 'Worried About You' goes back to the 'Black & Blue' sessions even with people like Wayne Perkins. We kept it till now because it didn't seem to fit anywhere else.

Numbers like 'Hangfire' and 'Neighbours' are in the usual boogie mould. You must have done a million of them over the years. Don't you ever get fed up of them or do you do them because they're easy as album filler tracks?

Well, true, you'll find that you can pin a lot of those songs together. Numbers like 'When The Whip Comes Down', 'Summer Romance', 'Respectable', 'Lies' and 'Hangfire' are a collection of Mick's songs, of R&B songs, because they're all in the same key and that's the way he writes his best R&R songs, in that very simple, straightforward, almost in a little sub-divided class on its own. But we've always played . . . I mean they're part of the staple diet and there will always be one or two

Continues

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KEITH RICHARDS

From over

of them on anything we'll do.

In an interview Ian Stewart once said that on the 'Some Girls' sessions he walked out saying you sound like bloody Status Quo.

(Laughs.) Stu has his own unique vision of the Stones, which is not to be discounted. I'm glad he's still involved with us. Back in '63 when Andrew Oldham got us the recording contract to sign up he said, Six is too many and this guy doesn't even look like the rest of you. He's gotta go! I thought we'd never see him again and Brian, being the closest to Stu at the time, was upset. But Stu said, That's fine. I'll just drive you around and hump the gear about" . . . which shows a lot of heart.

But there again he's always played on our records. So he has always been in there as part of the band anyway, whether or not he didn't get his picture taken. (Laughs.)

He's the ever faithful member of the Stones.

Right. He's also one of the best, only boogie-woogie piano players from that period.

What are the tunes you wrote on 'Tattoo' apart from the obvious 'T&A'?

I wrote 'T&A', 'Tops', 'Start It Up', 'Slave', 'Waiting On A Friend'. 'Worried About You' is a joint effort. It's about 50/50 as usual, plus Woody wrote parts of some numbers. I wrote about six and Mick five, but we just keep them as Jagger/Richards compositions.

I mean anything Mick writes I've written as well because in actual fact by the time we'd finish the song and finished the record I would have added little bits from a song that I'd have around and never got finished and maybe which was a bit similar. Things get very mixed up. Nothing is ever one person.

In the beginning didn't you ever have any rows as to what song belonged to whom?

No, not about that. The only rows we have is: . . . (long pause) . . . I think this song should be on the album. No I don't. Usual ones like that or: I think the drums should be louder. It's just details that we argue about, but none of the other stuff.

MANY PEOPLE have asked for your comments on rock 'n' roll, especially the grandiose thing it became. Do you still have the same views about it?

Yes. It's something which is on the fringe of your mind when you are working or playing into that. If you're a purist, and I think except for one or two bands R&R doesn't really exist anymore in its strictest sense because R&R, if you want to take the ingredients for R&R, is the line-up of the instruments — the electric guitar, drums and stand-up bass. The beat was different then. It was a swing beat and not like it is today. That evolved later through switching over from upright bass to electric bass.

I'm talking from a strictly purist R&R sense now. It evolved and you say, OK, it's rock 'n' roll mark two. But then it got crazy with HM and punk, new wave and glitter rock . . . but obviously the Stones are a link somewhere in that evolution too.

You have always preferred the straight forward unsophisticated stuff, right?

Yeah, true but that doesn't mean to say that I dislike the other stuff. The Stones have got sophisticated stuff as well.

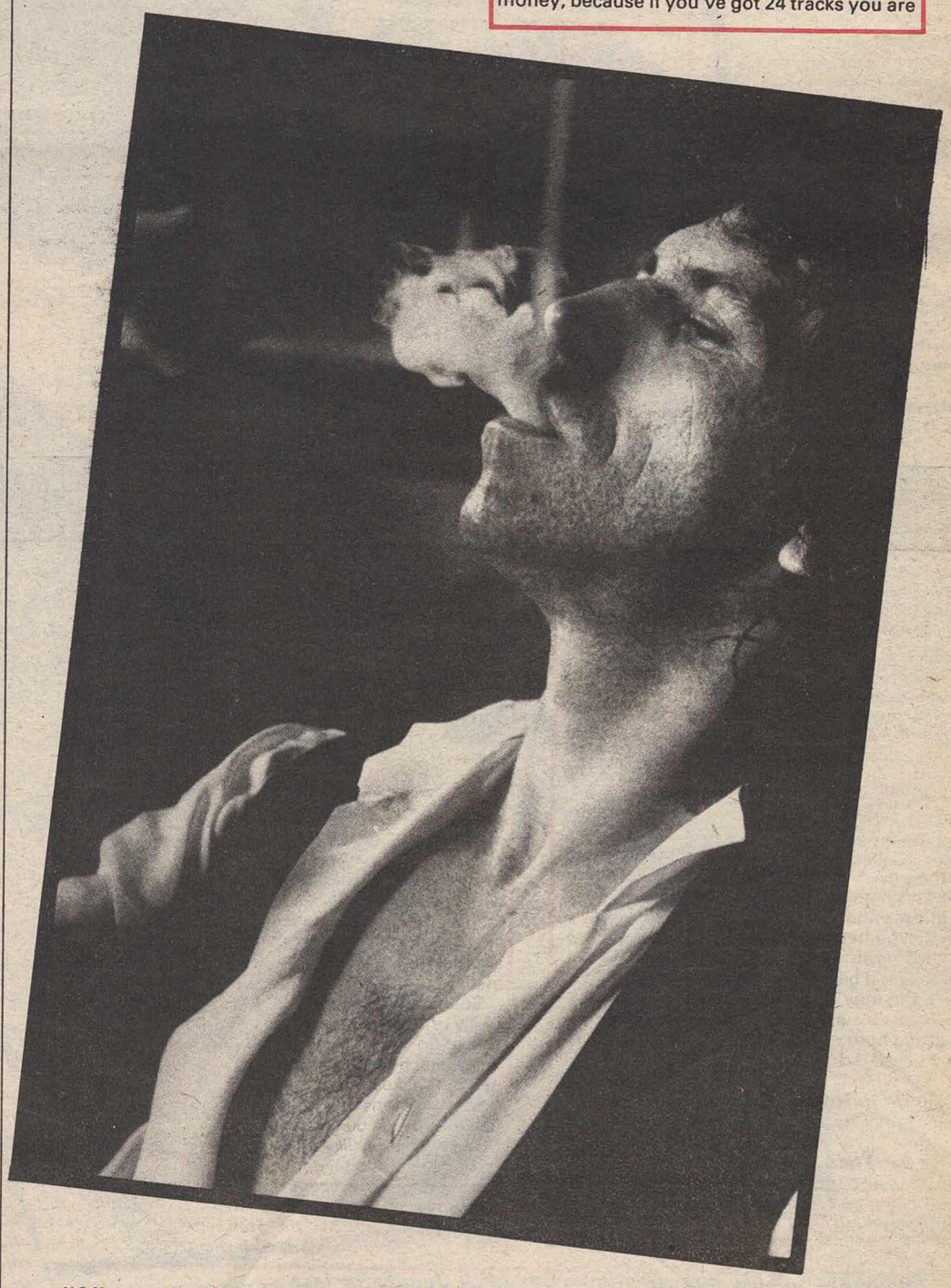
Most young bands these days identify more with the Stones than they identified with the original guys even though their intention was to play music in the vein of the originals. That's rather strange.

I think the originals like the Little Richards, The Elvises and the Jerry Lees are much more difficult for the young guys to identify with, like it was impossible for us in a way to identify with the people that came before them because although R&R started with them, their influences, the people that they liked and listened to, like, for instance, Chuck Berry's biggest influence was Louie Jordan, who is a straight sort of swing, boogie-woogie . . . and I can't relate to that stuff. So that is the same thing.

You relate to the ones just immediately previous. The problems the younger guys have got these days is that they are trying to make records that sound rough and ready like our early ones, but they've got to do it on the most sophisticated equipment. We did it on 4-track.

Like 'Route 66', 'Walking The Dog' . . .

All that stuff. Any recordings that went on before the '70s were very primitive compared to now, as far as the options that you've got, and which are not always helpful. For studios they're helpful because the more tracks and gimmicks and effects you've got the more you're gonna keep your clients in the studio and therefore you're gonna be making more money, because if you've got 24 tracks you are



"All you're trying to do is straighten out and get yourself together and get on with a new life, but then you've gotta go to court and find out if you're gonna be allowed to. That was the toughest one because I was stoned when I was busted but very straight in court."

gonna use them. You're gonna have 15 guitar solos and you say, We'll choose later. All it does is make you put off the decision about the song you are cutting till later.

With 4-track the decision had to be done right there and then. That's the great thing about it and there was no sort of time lapse between doing it and finishing it. That's the problems young bands have if they're trying to get a sound and a feeling like that. It's like you want to drive a 1908 car but all you can get is a 1981 Ferrari and still try and get the same feeling . . . it's impossible.

Bands who have chosen to play R&R not only want to copy your early sound but also dress like you, hold the guitar the same way you do and pose like you. They regard you as The Rock 'n' Roll Hero.

. . . Hmmmmmm . . . sure.

For example, the first time I saw Mick Jones of the Clash he looked like your clone. It seems important for them to copy you.

I know that no matter who it is it's an important part of what you do. I mean, this is my version of the best I could make of what I wanted to do and how I want to present it in with the obvious exception that I am who I am, and this is my version and the easiest and most comfortable way to play and look like I look. I can't change that.

But I did the same thing: all R&R musicians and performers start off with a focal point of somebody before they discover themselves. First off you just copy, then eventually you start to find out if you can add your own thing to it. R&R, in particular, is based very much upon that . . . they have somebody in mind that turns them on to do it in the first place. It's the old thing of 'the real thing that you can do and leave behind is the thing that you pass on something to the next lot'.

It's the old troubadour and minstrel thing. The songs get passed on, the way of doing them gets passed on, then somebody might invent a new verse to the song and that gets passed on because basically it's really still folk music. Popular music is just another popular word for folk music . . . music that the people wanna hear and sing and if they like it those songs live far longer than any person.

Are you proud that you're the person who these young people want to follow or copy?

It's a kind of fringe thing. You know . . . it's a compliment. I don't always think it's right that those guys should be doing that because it's not gonna help them particularly because I'm still here. Play like me, yeah, if you want. That's great. I dig listening to the guys and say, He's got my licks down, man. But there is no need to dress like me or try and tease your hair in the same way. I mean this does this because it does this. (Runs fingers through his greying hair.) I don't have to do anything to make it look like this. That can become a bit of an obsession and not necessarily the best thing to do. But usually it's a period they go through. Once they get the confidence of their own chops and start adding their own licks then that seems to disappear after a bit.

Perhaps another reason people identify more easily with you than anybody else is because you're not always that much out front, in the limelight and glittering. They see you as more down-to-earth.

I guess a lot of factors go into that. Like anybody else it was quite possible for me to go off the handle like Elton John or Rod Stewart and really believe and play the R&R millionaire startrip. It would be very easy to do but because of the circumstances I went through in the late '60s and all of the '70s, I kept very much in face to face with reality, mainly in the shape of a judge or a policeman. And that was kind of . . . an anchor, sort of; brought me down to everybody else's level really because I was made very much aware that as far as they were concerned I was a piece of shit that they wanted to see behind bars.

So I had that one to keep me fairly realistic.

You've been hassled for most of your life. Was there ever a time when that proved too much for you to handle and you decided to quit and become, say, a painter?

They'd come and hassle me when I was painting. They would come and tear me away from my canvas if I did that, you know. That's the way I'd figure it then.

This is something I, for one reason or another, need to go through. It hasn't hurt me a bit. I don't regret any of it. I did it. I mean now the impression I get in most people is that now I am the 'golden boy' in their eyes. They feel like *they've straightened me out,* which in a way they did because they hassled me so much. But they didn't get what they wanted which was the sight of me behind bars. And they tried hard for a while . . . not just me but also Mick and Brian. They hounded Brian to death.

Except the quiet ones.

Yeah, right. Charlie and Bill. They sneak off. (Laughs.)

Chuck Berry had many hassles too. You identified not only with his music but also with his image and personality. You led almost parallel lives.

Yeah, I can understand it. When he was hassled it was a circus. It was vicious and the trials went on for two years. it was so racist that I can perfectly understand why he became a very bitter man and very withdrawn. His personality changed quite a lot after that scene went down. He is always a very courteous guy, a gentleman. But after going through what he went through he became much harder inside and not really for his own good. But he's not a Sagittarian. (Laughs.)

WELL, YOU were certainly being kept busy for two years with the law but now maybe you will only be kept busy with good things.

Yeah. Now I am busy doing what I do best. I'm not too good in court you know.

Do you feel healthier and more relaxed now than you used to?

Yeah. I was so stoned throughout that whole period that I just accepted it as part of doing what I was doing. I didn't even bother. It became so ongoing. If I wasn't in court for one case then I was to go to court for another thing in a couple of months, and eventually it just got too much for everybody. I couldn't expect the Stones to carry on with me like that. I couldn't expect my kids to put up with that. I wouldn't be here anymore if I had carried on like that. The thing is it wasn't even planned . . . the timing just happened and I said, Enough! I was bored with it.

It was remarkable how the whole world was on your side at the time of the trials.

Amazing, yeah. It's the first time that a junkie had a worldwide support. It's great and that really kept me going. I mean if it wasn't for that I may well have taken a dive for it. But it was the fact that when I go into a court I knew at least that there would be telegrams coming from around the world, from people saying Good Luck!

That was really the most important thing that kept me going through that period, because really the worst one was the last one when I cleaned up but I still had to pay the dues for the last one and it's like dealing with another period of your life. All you're trying to do is to straighten out and get yourself together and get on with a new life, but then you've gotta go to court and find out if you're gonna be allowed to. That was the toughest one in that respect because I was stoned when I was busted but very straight in court. (Laughs.)

There was that whole period when people were saying that if Keith gets locked up the Stones would undoubtedly finish because you are the driving force in the Stones, which is quite true.

Yeah, but to me there's maybe that one position that to Brian, Taylor and Ronnie . . . that you can manipulate and fool around with, but that's the only position in this band that you can take a little bit of leeway and have somebody different there. You know, the rhythm section . . . I wouldn't go on stage without Charlie anymore than he wouldn't go on stage without me. Same with Bill and the same obviously with Mick. You've gotta have those four for the right combination.

All the ingredients have got to be there just like in Coca-Cola.

Yeah. The difference being that Coca-Cola know what their ingredients are. We only know that there is four guys. We don't know why, what it is about . . . I mean Bill, Charlie, Mick and I are very different people in varying ways but the chemistry is there. The ingredients are right. So it works. That's the difference between Coca-Cola and The Rolling Stones.

Every Stone has an individual identity on and offstage and that has been accepted by your followers for the past 20 years or so. Many other bands suffered from problems like that. It's almost a surprise how the Stones still exist in that respect.

I think this band is still in existence mainly because the one thing that everybody knows what to do is to give everybody in the band enough room. Even if we are living with each other for months and months on end, years and years on end sometimes, nobody ever sat on anybody or gotten on anybody's case. Charlie and Bill are the kind of guys who like to keep themselves to themselves. Fine. Nobody comes and tries to change that. Everybody respects each other's need for what their personality requires. You know, what Ronnie and I like to do . . . Bill or Charlie will say, I don't know how he can live like that. They just don't understand . . . (Laughs)

Do you think Bill has taken it a bit hard on himself, about these press stories that he is not wanted in the band?

In certain periods he obviously has done that, but I think he has passed all that for quite a while now. He's come to terms that he is doing things on his own, which is good for him because the amount of time that Bill spends working with the Stones is only when we record the tracks. After that we don't see him anymore, but Mick and I probably work on for another year on the same material, either mixing, overdubbing or whatever.

So Bill has a lot of spare time which used to really bring him down because he had nothing else to do. Now I think he's found something to do which keeps him going and which doesn't make him feel that he's just brought in for the sessions and then . . . it's very easy to feel that way, you can imagine.

So now he feels like a Stone again.

Yeah. He's definitely one.

What about that recent Busta Cherry Jones story, that he was approached by Bill Graham as an unofficial rep of the Stones to see whether he would work with the group.

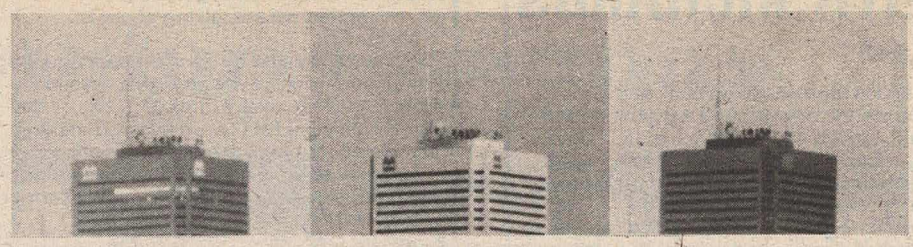
It's the first time I've heard of it. I don't know. I can't keep abreast of all the rumours.

***Bill reads the papers and something like that could easily upset him again. It's like a neverending soap-opera of* The Stones And Bill's Departure.**

Yeah, but I mean he also realised that he had talked to one guy a little too freely.

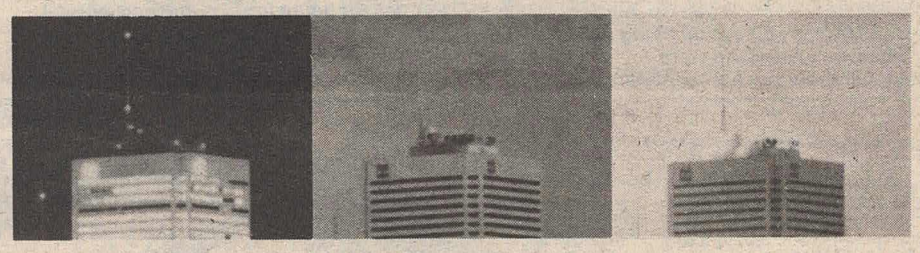
David Wigg.

Continues



MARTHA AND THE MUFFINS

'This Is The Ice Age' [1]
'Women Around The World At Work' [2]



[1] New Album Available Now,
Catalogue No. Did 10

[2] Current Single,
Catalogue No. Din 34.
'Could well be the best song
they've ever done' (Melody Maker)

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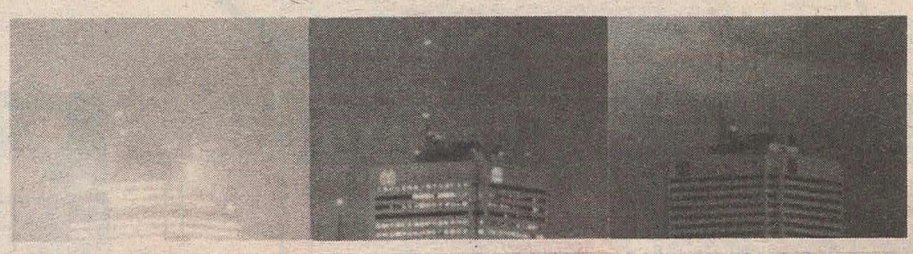

KEITH RICHARDS

From over

Yeah, and Wiggy would go back and write what he wants to write. And it wasn't what Bill had said. I mean it was a conclusion in David Wigg's mind of what he felt Bill really meant, but that was taken as fact instead of, I may be wrong. He could have said, I get the impression that . . . He came to the conclusion mainly for his article and to make it more . . . and create a little . . .

Bill was really pissed off because he had never ever said that. It came to the point where one had to sue them, and so he must have felt very strongly about the fact that somebody came up and said that he was leaving. I know that he had no intention of leaving.

In a way it has worked out right for Bill with these hits he's been having. It has kept him happy. He's done quite well with the singles.

I heard it was doing quite well but when the album ('Tattoo') came out everybody forgot it. It's inevitable. The same thing happened with our single. That's the main thing that changed for the Stones. When we started the only important thing was to have another hit single ready every three months. The rest of it didn't matter. Albums, nothing. It was The Beatles and ourselves that changed that attitude by trying to make albums where every song was a potential single. But that was the pressure: you know, Alright, you've written 'Satisfaction', now where's the follow up? And you go, God, I've only just finished this one. And so you have to come up with another one that tops 'Satisfaction' if you can, in 12 weeks. Obviously you can't. Sometimes you've got to know when to sort of back-pedal a little and just ride it. The trouble with a runaway phenomenal album is that you can never follow it up. You have to know that you're gonna cruise the next one and hope the one after that can do it again.

So the next Stones album is going to be a lousy one.

No comments on that. (Laughs.)

I HAVE TWO questions here from Stones fans that I'd like to ask. One lady wants to know how much Mick's lower lip weighs. Difficult one.

Put it on the scales.

Good. The other one is: when you started out you were very much anti-establishment and you kept on that way. Now that you are established how do you keep up the anti-establishment bit as still being valid?

Yeah, when we started we were anti-establishment but not deliberately. We were forcing our positions because the establishment . . . what particular establishment we are talking about is important.

At that time as far as we were concerned the establishment were the guys that owned or promoted these back rooms of pubs . . . the gigs which were totally run by the Dixieland jazz circuit, and we got one or two intervals sometimes to play and the crowd would go crazy automatically. But all the jazzers formed a solid wall and wouldn't let any other promoter book us. So that was the establishment.

So we were forced into that anti-establishment feeling from that, and then obviously when it got bigger we were socially anti-establishment because of our image, and the press was always saying, Stones thrown out of here, Stones arrested for pissing on the wall. Would you let your daughter marry one of these? So more than anything we were forced into that position and to the point where we had to accept it and then start to use it to our advantage because at the time you also got to realise that The Beatles were there head and shoulders above everybody else.

The only way you could possibly get through this was to get through to the kids because their parents wouldn't like us. So that gave us that extra kick to get up there and actually get on the same level with The Beatles as far as success and doing what you wanted to do and keep the band going. You can't have two Beatles and anyway we're just not those kind of people.

OK, but what about these days?

Today we're old Stones. (Laughs.)

OK, we are established now musically more than any group has ever been established because we've been around so long. But I don't think that nobody would consider us to be part of 'the establishment' in its full meaning because up until the late '70s the establishment was still doing their best to do us in completely, either by locking us up or by forcing us out by taxes. That's why we left England. They made it impossible . . . we couldn't afford to live there.

So even though we were established in the record field I don't think the link with the establishment goes any further than that. I don't think in the public's eye we are considered 'establishment', that is lined up with the powers that be, that run the whole globe. We are just established within our particular field. So we're established within the anti-establishment field.

Did you ever feel any resentment towards The Beatles for being immediately accepted whereas you were hailed as anti-establishment?

No no. We were amazingly mature and had an interesting relationship with The Beatles where we would time our records so that we didn't clash with each other. We'd say, Look we've got the field to ourselves boys. When are you bringing your next one out so we'll hold ours back for three months?

You ran it like a monopoly almost.

But it was good that we had that understanding between us because it could have easily been one-up-manship if you wanted to but we both recognised that that was totally pointless because there was nobody else near the level that The Beatles and ourselves were at. So it made much more sense to co-operate with each other.

So you weren't thrilled to bits when they split up because you had the market all for yourselves since you really had this understanding between you all the time.

Well, we all felt that it was inevitable after Epstein died that they would split up because he was far more important to The Beatles than any manager has been to us. The Stones could survive by themselves as always but Epstein was really the glue that held them together. They relied on him so much that when he wasn't there anymore . . . they were left with all this bread and suddenly all these great stoned ideas came up. And we were trying to get rid of Allen Klein as a manager and they're just about to sign on with him as a manager. We said, No, no, don't. Why do you think we're getting out?

And after that it was inevitable. We knew it was the end for them. It's a damn shame to get too big to not be able to carry on. That's ridiculous. It was unnecessary.

The Stones never had those problems?

No, because as I say, the Stones could survive by themselves. We also learned rather quickly and through experiences of others how to avoid situations like that arising in the Stones.

One other person who was there all the time and is still here now is Dylan. He has survived too and he went through different periods like you did.

Oh yeah Bob. Bob knocks me out occasionally but he hasn't knocked me out for a long time but you can never discount Bob. He'll always come up with something when you think he's done it all and can't cut it anymore. He goes in real deep periods of lying fallow and coming up with this sort of very mark-in-time sort of stuff and then he'll come up with a knock out number.

I haven't seen him recently but Ronnie has because they both live in LA, and I never go to LA unless I have to do some work over there.

You'd rather go to JA instead.

If I can, when I can. It's a hazard because once I get there I find it very difficult to leave but in America I like living in New York, which for me is much better than any place else. LA is in a real . . . gone to sleep. It doesn't know what to do. The music business has left LA and it's all moved back east again.

While on the subject of JA and of course, reggae, do you think Tosh's last album is lousy?

I don't think it's lousy. I think it's not varied enough but I can listen to it just as music. It's a beautifully produced record and the musicians are fantastic. I think Pete is marking time a bit with his songs but there again he does forge ahead with those records. I mean he broke open Brazil as the first big reggae guy.

He's got the best rhythm section in the world with him, in Sly and Robbie.

He's lost them now. They got so big by themselves that they are doing their own thing.

What was that little incident with Max Romeo?

I was trying to get Max for the label. He had a great record and it was going off and on for about a year. Max really wanted to do it but Max is no business guy and he had all these managers talking for him. Max and I would say, Yeah let's do it, and he'd send in his people in to our people and talk about it but they just could not get it together. Some shit would come up, and Max had had this album on his hands for two or three years and just wanted it out. So eventually he just went with this other small label and put it out. The problem was nothing to do with Max. It was to do with the record label he went with. They stuck my name and picture all over the cover and all I had done was a couple of overdubs and helped out on a mix.

So they made a big thing out of it.

Yeah. I thought they were insulting Max. He doesn't need to ride on my back. 'Holding Out My Love' featuring K. Richards with a sticker and a picture on it. It's the label that was doing it, not Max. Max is diabolical businesswise and he leaves it in other people's hands. So it was nothing personal. I admire that guy so much.

YOU AND WOODY did The New Barbarians tour. Did you do that as a sort of escape from the Stones routine things?

Well, really I knew that the Stones wouldn't be on the road for another year or two and I wanted to keep going on the road and keep my chops together, and I also had this fascination for ages to go on the road not as The Rolling Stones. My idea of being in the Barbarians was, I'm just helping Ronnie out. I'm a guitar player in the band. But it was interesting to play with Zigaboo and Stanley Clarke. It was different from the Stones.

Continues page 59

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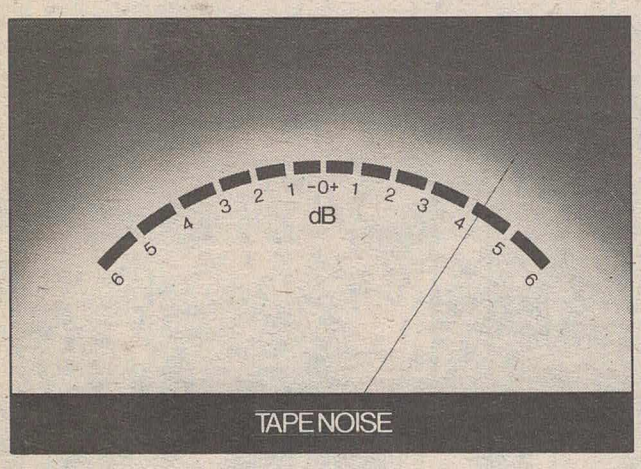

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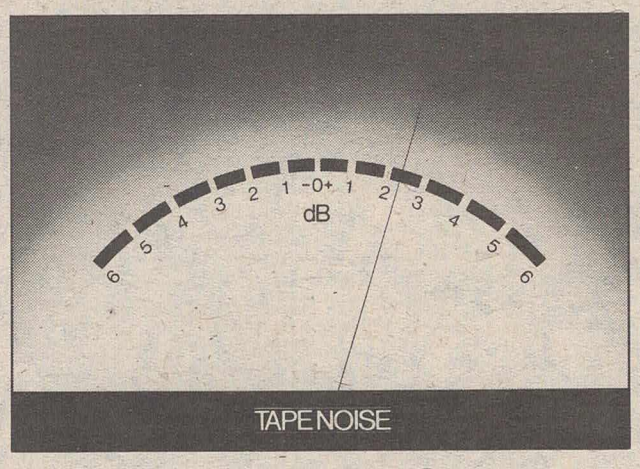

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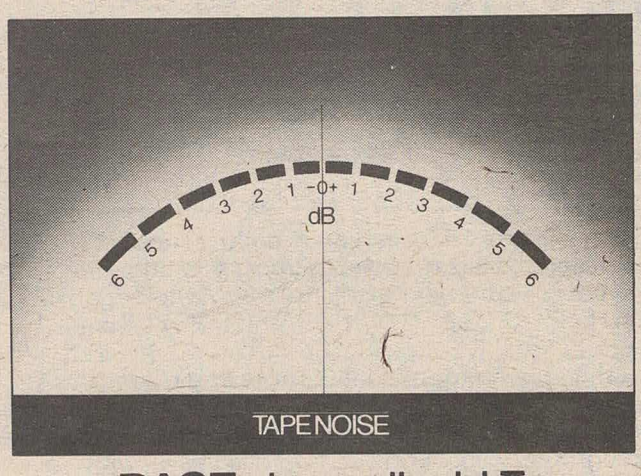

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Montage is one art form whose political impact is time-tested, yet its greatest political practitioners have been Germans: Kurt Schwitters, who began it all in Hanover; John Heartfield, and today's Klaus Staeck of West German election-poster fame. Yet, with the rejuvenation of CND, more and more people have been moved by the powerful work of photo-montagist Peter Kennard and Ed Barber, the photographer who works — and teaches — with Kennard. On the eve of CND's big demo, Cynthia Rose spoke to them both.

Hay wagon with cruise missiles. Photomontage by Peter Kennard after John Constable.

PETER KENNARD and Ed Barber don't share much common background. Londoner Kennard started off as a "subjective, expressionist-type" fine artist at the Slade School of art, until the political events of '68 made him "want to put what was happening into some form of art". He did, executing 30 very large dyeline street posters of the famous Kent State casualty photo.

After the Slade, Kennard was destined for five years more-or-less on the dole, during which his freelance ("another word for unpaid") work included a job on the *Tribune*. "That was the first time I worked in montage; they gave me a space and I filled it with a topical image."

After that there was a job on the now-defunct daily, *Workers Press*, where he worked fulltime in collage. "I was given the copy at editorial meetings and then produced an image by the next day". But Kennard made a political break with the paper and to finance the big canvases to which he wished to return, he took a job as a Post Office night telephonist. "The shifts were 13 hours with two hours' kip; I could only afford to produce one canvas a week on the wages."

Eventually Kennard got into the Royal College for an MA project, and through them found the funds for his 'Document on Chile' — a historical account of events in the South American country comprised of 30 montages with text by Ric Sissons, who he'd met through *Socialist Challenge*. A grant for an anti-nuclear project at the Half Moon Gallery soon followed and Kennard undertook this with Sissons, documentary photographer Mike Abrams, and Ed Barber.

Barber was from Portsmouth, an ex-accountant who had spent the nights during his accountancy training drumming with local rock bands for five years. By '72 he had moved to London to undertake a degree in photography from the Poly of Central London. Most of his degree period was spent "photographing people and environments". Barber set his own projects: people with their "most treasured possessions"; one-parent families; the physicaly handicapped.

When post-degree unemployment struck, he found himself thrown back into accountancy to earn his living; handling the books at the Half Moon Gallery where his involvement escalated to an exhibit of his own ('People Portraits') in '76. Hosting 'Document on Chile', for the gallery he met Sissons and Kennard, with whom he soon began to collaborate.

"This was when the anti-nuke movement was still dormant," says Kennard. "I did the hand-crushing-a-cruise poster for the Labour Party march last June and through that started working with Ed for CND. We did the missile broken by the peace sign for them."

"We bought a toy missile," laughs Barber, "broke it with a hammer, and made the CND symbol from cardboard. We really wanted to reinvent the symbol, rejuvenate it." For this Saturday's march the duo have produced two new pieces — an anti-neutron bomb montage and one of Britain with the CND symbol around it.

They're also hard at work on a CND Education Pack — 30 A3 Litho-printed sheets, scheduled for completion in time for next May's UN Disarmament Conference. "We decided a few months ago," says Barber, "to work more consciously on developing some form of montage expression more relevant to people's domestic and personal concerns. I guess I mean making the

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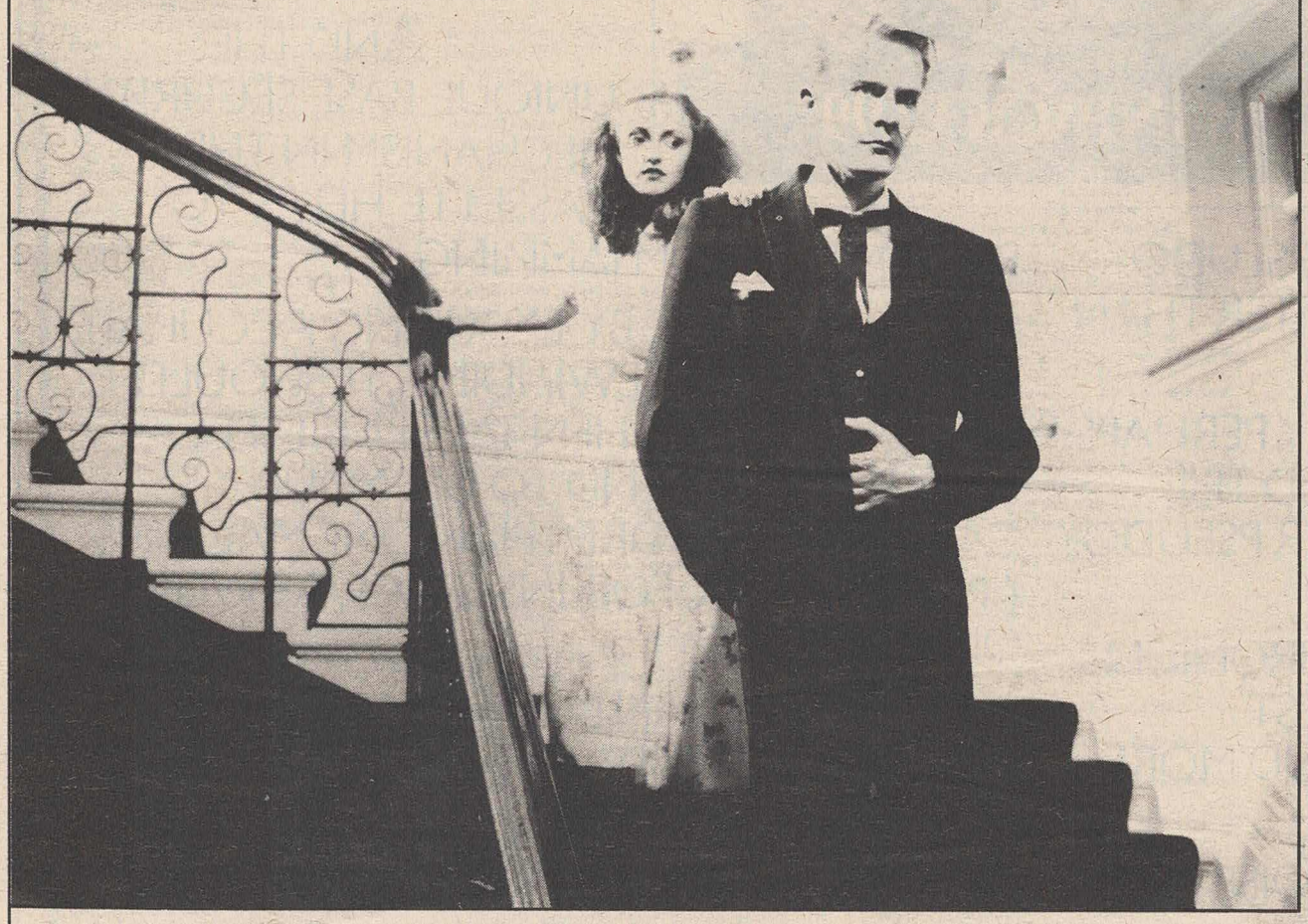

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"Montage is played down as a medium," says Kennard, "and the photograph has been set up as sacrosanct. But it's always been a great political tool . . . you should send everyone to the Schwitters exhibit — what a joke! Here's this anarchist's stuff all neatly done up in gold frames and the catalogue costs ten quid or something like that. All because the gallery bought his estate, poor bugger. The whole dichotomy of the exhibit is in a sense a greater political collage than he could imagine!"

"What we do," he continued, "is quite complicated because really horrific pictures *do* have an impact. But people instinctively shy away from them unless they're in a context."

"We don't want to alienate people from the images they have to confront," adds Barber. "In fact we're very keen to involve people in the whole process; we want them to talk about their experiences and realisations — especially kids. Anyone who feels they can be of help or wants to contribute to the Education project can contact us via CND."

CND is located at 11 Goodwin St, London N4. *No Nuclear Weapons* with collages by Peter Kennard and Ed Barber and text by Ric Sissons is available from Pluto Press or CND for £1.00 (send a large sae). Pluto Press, Unit 10, Spencer Court, 7 Chalcot Rd, London NW1 8LH.

Kurt Schwitters in Exile is on at Marlborough Fine Art, 6 Albemarle St, W1, until October 31.

Cynthia Rose

Saturday's super-demo looms

NEWS OF THE WEEK is, of course, Saturday's super-demo by CND which officially commemorates the beginning of the United Nations' Disarmament Week and is the Campaign's major national event of the year.

Assembly point for the march is Victoria Embankment from 10.30 am onwards. The head of the march will leave there at 11 to reach Hyde Park around 12 noon where a People's Festival will be held until the rally proper commences at 3.30. Speakers for this include MP Tony Benn, Viv Bingham, President of the Liberal Party, and EP Thompson — as well as The Jam's Paul Weller. There will be visitors making plain the support sent by the United States, the Federal Republic of Germany, Holland and several other nations; hundreds of coaches are bringing supporters from all over the UK to London and at presstime the number of special trains chartered for the protest totals 26.

There is also a full programme for UN Disarmament Week, including:- On Tuesday October 27: a public meeting at the Friends' Meeting House, Euston Rd, London NW1, from 7.30 to 9.30 pm on 'Re-Assessing Britain's Defences: Non-Nuclear Option'. On Thursday, Oct 19: a seminar at NUFTO Hall, 14 Jockey Fields, Holborn WC1, from 2 to 4.30 pm on 'Conversion from Military to Socially Useful Production'. On Saturday, Oct 31: a conference at the University of London, Malet St, WC1, from 10 am to 5.30 pm on 'South Africa and the Bomb'. From 7.30 pm onwards on Saturday 31st, there will be nationwide displays of rockets, fireworks and flares to celebrate the culmination of UN Disarmament Week. For further information on this 'March Across the Sky' or other events, contact Chris Horrie or Alison Whyte on 263-4652.

● No Nukes Music would also like to call attention to date changes on their Poison Girls / Tony Allen Total Exposure tour. These are: On Oct 22, the tour will play Oxford at the announced venue, with the support of Dots; on Oct 23, Worthing, Boundstone School, Lancing, with the support of Legendary Tenforts; on 24, St James Church (Pentonville Rd) London with support by the Androids of Mu and Rubella Ballet. Extra dates now finalised include Lancaster (Sticks Club with the support of Insurgence) on Oct 27; Sheffield, Marples Club, on Oct 28; Bradford College on Oct 29; and Portsmouth Polytechnic on Oct 31 with support by Polemic Attack.

Happy marching!

CYNTHIA ROSE

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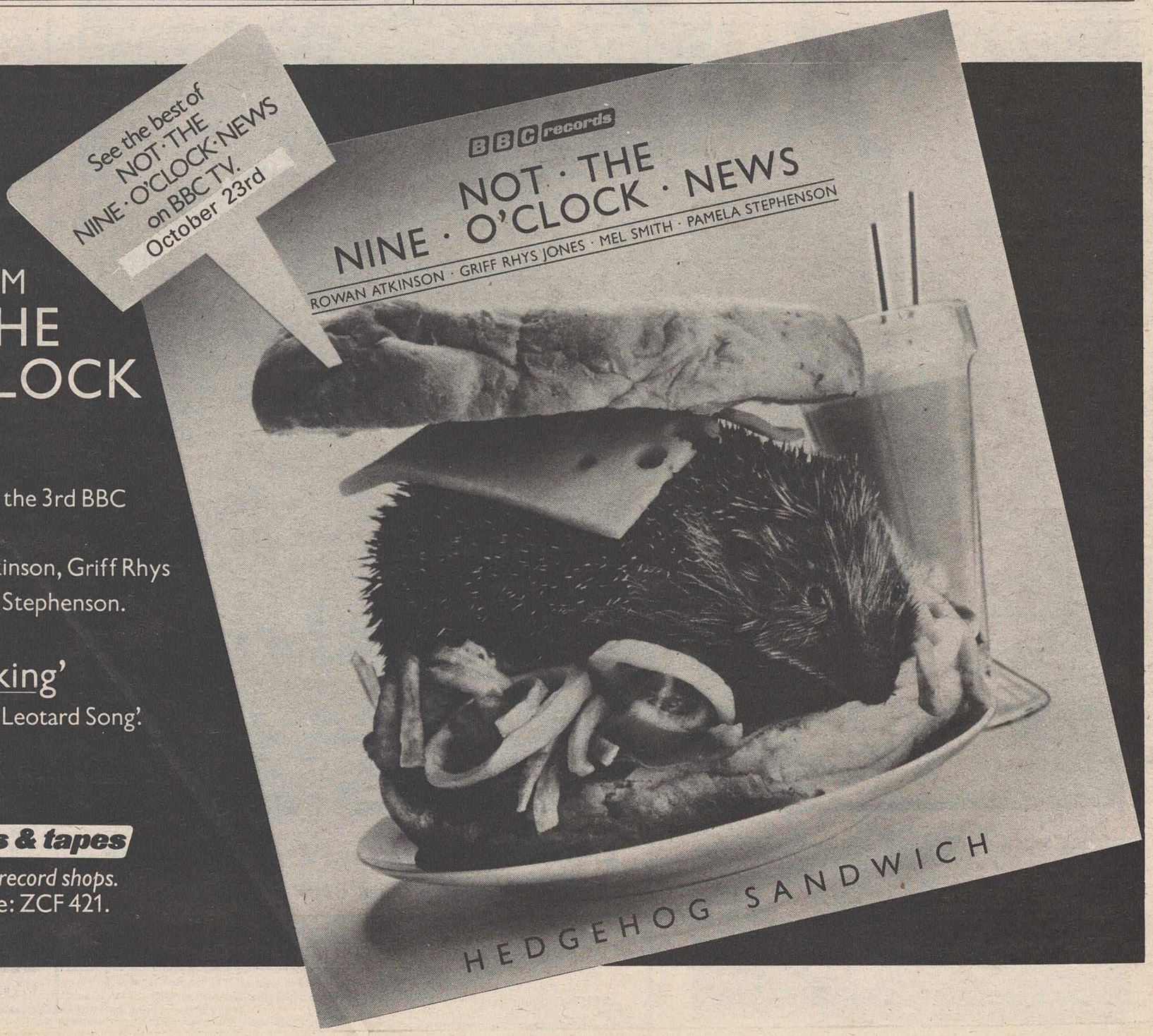
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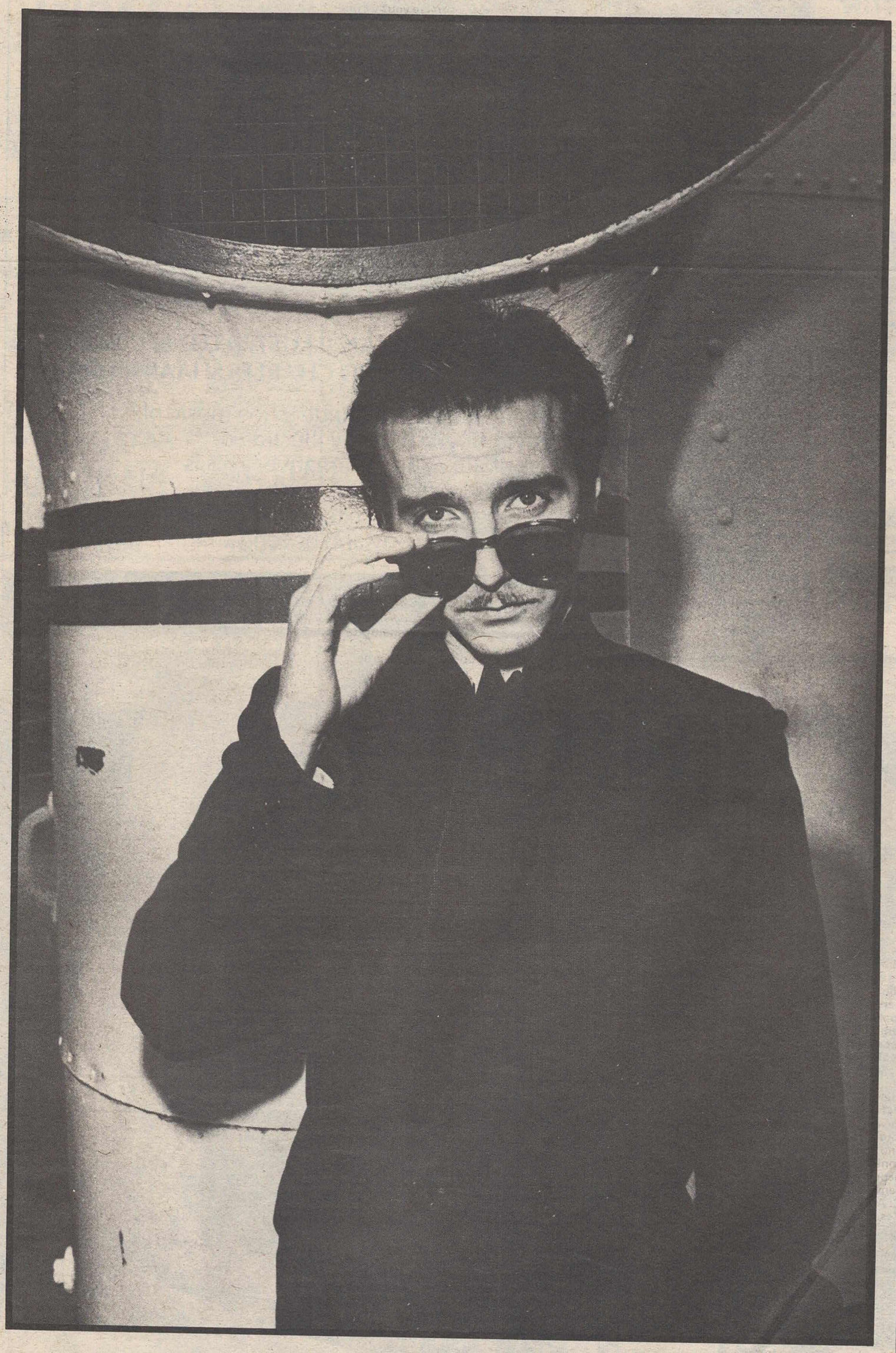


Chris Bohn takes an Ultravox by the horns. Photos by Peter Anderson.

THIS MELLOW DRAMA'S final scene is set melodramatically enough in the harbour district of Bristol's river mouth. The cloudy sky casts a grey light over the quay where Ultravox spill out of the back of a car for the photo session with Peter Anderson that will complete the assignment. They follow him up a gangplank onto a boat whose life as a seagoing vessel has been rendered economically obsolete and it now humbly functions as kitsch'n'pub for visitors looking for a salty flavour of the city's past.

Despite the cold Ultravox are game, at least until large raindrops slightly sullen their enthusiasm. Warren Cann is conscientiously concerned about getting to the soundcheck on time and he slips away early. Billy Currie is huddled under a funnel, not noticing the rainwater streaming off its lip down the back of his jacket. Midge Ure hunches his shoulder and slips his incongruous tinted glasses a notch down his nose for a Godfather pose, while Chris Cross stands back from it all and nonchalantly observes, laughing: "All this for a fucking slagging!"

Aw, don't be like that.

On the other hand, maybe he's got good reason to be. Ultravox/*NME* relations in the past have never been strong, an understanding report from the 'Systems Of Romance' recording sessions notwithstanding. They never recovered from the Ultrahype that accompanied their signing to Island all those years ago and just when they started to focus more potently their hitherto clumsy vision of ennui and alienation John Foxx, the man apparently responsible for them, left.

With their head gone and the recording contract soon to follow, nobody least of all *NME,* gave the still thrashing corpse much chance of recovery. However, nothing if not persistent, the depleted Ultravox undertook an American tour, brought in ex-Slikster Midge Ure and suddenly discovered a much larger public sympathetic to their synth-rock mesmerism — in the wake of Numan's endorsements.

As a lyricist/singer replacement for Foxx, Ure is more a pop pragmatist than a conceptual dramatist, which suited the surviving members. Now free of Foxx's austere needs, they could more easily indulge their art rock leanings. Ultravox today are an elegant artifice constructed from formal computerised rhythms and thickly textured, florid arrangements roughened up a bit by Ure's guitar playing.

While they are now readily accessible, they've sacrificed mystery for a mysterious aura that has a surface appeal, but precious little substance. There is nothing left to unravel in Ultravox, they make everything sadly too clear. Fine, if all you want from entertainment is a balm or backdrop and not stimulation or provocation. Ultravox are "culture" made easy for those who look for it on convenient package tours.

All this and more has been said before in *NME,* which is why our turning up in the dressing room two weeks ago at Newcastle City Hall elicited a look of mock horror and simulated strangulation sounds from Chris Cross. But to Ultravox's credit it hasn't been the criticism that has soured the relationship between then and us. It was the little things that upset them, like the constant snide asides about Ure's Slik past. Though nothing to be ashamed of, it was something he wasn't allowed to forget, which hurt him when he was trying to establish himself as part of Ultravox as opposed to a guest star with them.

'n' bull

The rift happened when *NME's* last Ultravox feature just before 'Vienna's' success was laid out like a Slik souvenir programme. From then on they stopped talking to us.

"There was no point," states Ure reasonably. "Everytime we did something with you, you kicked us in the face. We just didn't need it anymore, so why bother?"

Ironically, Ultravox's new standing as teen heroes partly encouraged the healing of the rift. Talking only to teen magazines was fine from a sales point of view, but they felt they weren't really getting over what they were about. Meanwhile, *NME*, observing from a distance Ultravox's straddling of pop and pomp and their superficial treatment of fashionable topics and locations, had a lot of questions to ask.

Having established ground for further negotiation, another meeting was arranged at Bristol on the understanding that the interview would be presented in question and answer form so each side could clearly state their grievances. Though hardly anything was agreed upon, it was all remarkably civil. Midge Ure is an agreeably efficient, business-like and likeable Glaswegian. Soft-spoken keyboardsman and violinist Billy Currie, from Huddersfield, has a predilection for undermining any statement he makes with a cynical aside. Canadian percussionist Warren Cann, of the matinee idol looks, is perhaps the most sincerely concerned about the way Ultravox have been "misunderstood". Bassist Chris Cross, the group's humourist, is absent.

BOHN: HOW do you react to the claim that you're living off the European legacy John Foxx left you with?

CURRIE: With anger! That really pissed me off, ya bastard! (Bitter laugh)

URE: Seeing it from the point of view of an outsider joining the band, it was apparent that the band's European feel didn't come from John Foxx, but Billy's classical training, his violin training — not from me, Warren or even Chris (Cross) and *not* John Foxx!

But his songs seemed to define the stance and location.

C: To be fair there was a definite communication between him and us, a positive feeling to pursue the European thing and I wanted to do that as well, because that's how I fitted in playing the fiddle.

WARREN (CANN): That's the whole thing about being in a group, you work from a common idea, you're all trying to go for the same thing.

C: You all add your bits, it wasn't, like, just me putting in the influences, although it's obviously my area, working out the arrangement and the harmonies to fit that kind of thing. There's only certain kinds of rhythms that will work to attain a European feel.

Actually, songs like (Foxx's) 'Dislocation' were far more important in terms of sound, music and feel than the lyrics, which I always thought to be a little embarrassing. (Currie later admits to liking Foxx's 'Quiet Man' though claiming not to understand what it's about.) For us it was far more important that we had such an interesting time putting one signal from an ARP drum machine through harmonizers and making a whole rhythm track out of it, which was fucking powerful.

Wasn't John responsible for synthesizing the group in the first place?

C: It was a natural development once we started using a drum machine. I hassled Island for a synthesizer, which cost £1000 at the time — it's £450 now! — and we managed to get one okay. Then we started working on the electronic thing.

W: (Persisting) A group is a group because they get along together, because they share a common vision and aspiration. When we got to the point where we no longer shared it, we had to go our separate ways.

C: All that stuff is a bit silly really. It actually finished one night with a little chat in a cafe in Paris — cor that sounds good dun' it?

U: Hold on, I better write that down (smiling).

C: We were having this meal and he said, 'That's it, I don't want to carry on, I don't want to gig anymore'. He asked me to come along and do something with him — he was getting a studio together. He was moving in a different direction, he would be talking about a minimal type of music I wasn't interested in at all. I wanted to develop, have a bit of fun, jamming a bit more as a group, and playing live. Before he left we were arguing about arrangements. He didn't want very developed musical sections, which I found suppressive. I wanted to expand.

That's one of the things I don't like about Ultravox now. The arrangements seem to me to consist of a lot of flourishes and unnecessary ornamentation. 'Vienna' typifies this.

U: That was deliberate, you know. We wanted to take the song and make it incredibly pompous in the middle, leaving it very sparse before and after it, but finishing with a typically over-the-top classical ending. The whole thing was a bit tongue in cheek. Elsewhere all those flourishes and things you're talking about are us. We don't construct a song and then stick in a wee sort of *durungh!* just for the sake of having it there. There's no excess. That's the way we want the songs structured. If you don't like it there's nothing we can do about it — we're not going to change it.

C: We could think of some more excuses though (smiling). I can't understand why people say our arrangements are overblown. Our critics are always out of sync with what we happen to be doing at a particular moment. When we first started we were writing short two minute pop songs with no solos or whatever. We were having fun crafting songs that minimally. But by the time we got into the public eye we'd gotten really tired of that. We nevertheless used the experience we gained back then to construct slightly more ambitious musical pieces, which unfortunately coincided with a resurgence in the popularity of the single.

(The trio make it clear they've neither got nor want anything to do with all-synthesiser groups, with the conceptualists first and musicians second.)

U: I'd hate to have spent all those years developing something personal on guitar just to drop it so a machine could play the part for me, leaving me free to sing until a machine does that for me, too. Then I'd be totally redundant! What's the point?

The synthesizer is an easy instrument to get instant noises from. You can make some great noises which will last you about a year and then you come to the end of what a machine can do and it's up to you to make it do more. Then you're fucked, so you go back to the guitar.

Onstage all the dodging back and forth between instruments seems to be more calculation to impress the impressionable than a real necessity. Especially considering the technology at your fingertips, Billy. Surely you have machines capable of taking the violin's place?

C: But you can have a lot of fun playing a fiddle. It's like a guitar, you know you can hit a note and expand it, which is something you can't always do on a synthesizer.

We're not into being contrived. We're into the physical body, doing it. I get the impression that you're saying we're pompous and we hide behind all this stuff. But really, I've just got a happy little set up that is as simple as a piece of shit, you know. I've got all the new gear, great! But what I'm doing is pretty straightforward, simple even. The only thing I'm doing is changing the sounds so people keep their interest. And all that moving about onstage, well, the fact is we're alive. It's definitely part of the whole thing.

I like the way Midge plays the guitar and the way we come together on 'All Stood Still' and I'm playing the synth, you know, it's a very physical thing. I would love to fuck that ARP! (I think he's serious.) Really, I'd love to fuck that ARP. I mean you don't get many fucks on the road and it's a good job there's some sensuality in the music. It's a very sensuous thing and the act of playing the instrument should be shown, that you're getting excited about it!

Very enlightened. Loose talk like that taken in conjunction with Ultravox's lavish stage set reminds me of early '70s rock arrogance. Your set doesn't really enhance what you're doing at all.

C: The whole idea is to create a mood and atmosphere, it's not meant as a spectacular thing.

U: No, it's not spectacular, it's presenting us the way we want people to see us rather than touring around with two genie lighting towers and no ideas. We spent time trying to present something different from the norm so that people had something to look at when they came to see us.

C: Are you suspicious of it or something?

Yes.

C: But at least it's featuring the group, innit? When I look back to the Numan tour, which was great fun, but Christ you couldn't even see the bastard musicians! What a pompous twat he is. What *we* try to do is simply enhance *us!*

FOR A rock group, Ultravox have a strong pop following. Do you enjoy it?

U: Being seen on television, recognized in the street, pictures in *Oh Boy* or the national press or whatever, everything walks hand in hand. When you're successful on a commercial level everybody knows you. You're a household name. Everybody knows what an Ultravox is now — before they used to ask; What is *an* Ultravox? It's just common sense — Ultravox is now a viable product. It's a horrible expression but it's true. Your face on a magazine cover . . . like *NME* for instance.

NME has recently gone over the top with front covers: Depeche Mode, Spandau Ballet, Kim Wilde. You're going for a market you know. That's probably why you're talking to us — we'll probably end up on the cover. You go, 'Hmm Ultravox, pretty popular just now, that'll sell another ten copies'.

All of a sudden you become a face, it goes hand in hand, you can't avoid it unless you do a Howard Hughes and become a complete recluse and not talk to anyone. We just take it as it comes, but don't go over the top on it because it'll die someday soon, you know. We don't want to be in all the gossip columns, we want to be about for a very long time, there's a lot left in us, we want to still be doing it in ten years' time.

How long will your music survive you? Do you want it to last?

C: I hope so, yes.

U: I'm sure the ultimate ambition — I know mine is — is to make an album that will span over a period of years and not six months. I'd like something that I've been involved in to be picked up in ten years' time the same way I pick up a 'Ziggy Stardust' or a 'Transformer' now and put it on and still, like, be hearing things I'd not heard in it before. That's my highest goal just now.

It has been heard said that you, Midge, count your success as an accurate gauge of what you're doing.

U: I've never said that. What I said was that joining the band was success enough for me, I joined them at their lowest, when they were being sued by their old record company, had no management, nothing. But I had joined a band I was happy in. That was the success for me. Everything else was a bonus. Getting the band to play Liverpool Erics two years ago was as exciting as playing two nights at the Liverpool Empire two nights ago. 'Vienna' was a success the day we wrote it, for me, not the day it got to Number Two.

We'd also heard that you said success was for you the Porsche outside your door.

U: Rubbish. Pure rubbish. The Porsche was a bonus, an added extra. I'd have had one if I were a bus driver!

You seem more comfortable being a face today than you were two years ago. When you apparently wanted to avoid all discussion of Slik.

U: Well, wouldn't you? People kept throwing it in my face. I've been through it all, I've been through being the big face before — The Face Of '76. I've done that. Two years ago I was just finding my feet with this band, but I was still being recognized in the street as a face of Slik. It's different now — I'm a face of Ultravox rather than a face with Slik.

For once Ultravox actually appear to be abreast of a fashion, namely New Romanticism. *Sounds'* Betty Page named 'Rage In Eden' as the best New Romantic LP of the year. Or something.

W: Since we've been going we've seen so many things touted to be the saviour of music, the future of rock and roll . . .

C: From our point of view we've never been a pop band, though one or two pop numbers would get into the set. We were always just a bunch of fucking weirdos really. Misfits, but we just had a strong audience through doing 'My Sex' or 'I Want To Be A Machine'.

U: Ultravox were once going to be the new Roxy Music, the new avant garde British band, the British Kraftwerk . . . and all of a sudden we're the first Ultravox and we've set a standard people tend to follow. The fashion thing has just evolved around it. We're no more New Romantics than you are . . . If we were going to the Marquee instead of Rusty's club, we would be called a heavy metal band, if we went to the Beatroute we would be soulboys. But when it opened we went to Blitz instead, because we liked the music there were always nice birds down there and suddenly we're New Romantics!

W: Hey we've managed to miss the Salsa beat!

Midge and Billy working with Steve Strange in Visage helped reinforce the connection.

U: Aye, it's fuel for the fire I suppose. But because Steve Strange is involved doesn't mean that we are. We're doing it for other aims, we like working with the guys from Magazine, it's stimulating to work with other musicians after you've worked with the same people all the time.

C: Besides it's making us a fortune!

Is the fortune important?

C: Fucking right it is!

DO YOU CONSIDER authenticity to be important? I've always found your European evocations unconvincing.

U: The only song we wrote directly about Europe was 'Vienna' you know, and that was pure romanticism.

How did you respond to Ian Penman's pun in his 'Vienna' review about you needing a Klimt around the ear?

W: We'd love to give him a kick up the arse . . .

U: Yeah he's in for a smack in the mouth. It's a simple as that . . .

Well, he's saying you're writing about Vienna without knowing much about the place, Klimt was a famous Viennese artist (judging by Ultravox's reaction to the review in another interview they missed the joke). He sees a gap between what you're writing about and your knowledge of the subject.

U: He's just a smartarse. What has he ever written?

W: Are there rules somewhere . . .

U: Just because he knows more about a subject than us . . .

C: Actually, for people who were more intellectual and wanted to look into it, the substance was there. When we wrote the thing Conny (Plank, the German producer with whom they've recorded their last three LPs) expanded our knowledge of the place. The Viennese people who still exist from the economic period when it was a flowery place and very arty farty are similar in character to the Berliners. So Conny told us.

It's really good fun, we get into this stuff when we're over there with Conny. It was a good concept, the idea of these flowery type composers making a living out of the situation, like Johann Strauss. He called it a day and the whole thing was, like, going a bit bananas and this guy. Max Reiger tried to keep the whole thing up; he used to do all these clever cadences at the end of pieces. So in case anybody was interested we put his picture on the back so they could read about him if they wanted to follow it up.

Wasn't 'New Europeans' plain fashionable attitudinising?

W: (who wrote it): Everybody thought it was about the young trendies and I thought it was quite a serious social comment on the plight of the *older* generation in Europe who don't know what the fuck's going on anymore, because things are happening too fast for them. The war had disrupted their lives in a way that people will never understand, and their lives have been affected ever since by inflation, more wars and the cold war. And nobody picked up on it. I thought, 'Fuck me, how did they miss it? It's right there in the song.'

Gotta admit I passed over it as well.

W: Well, listen to it again; it's very poignant.

What's the first thing you check out when you hit new towns?

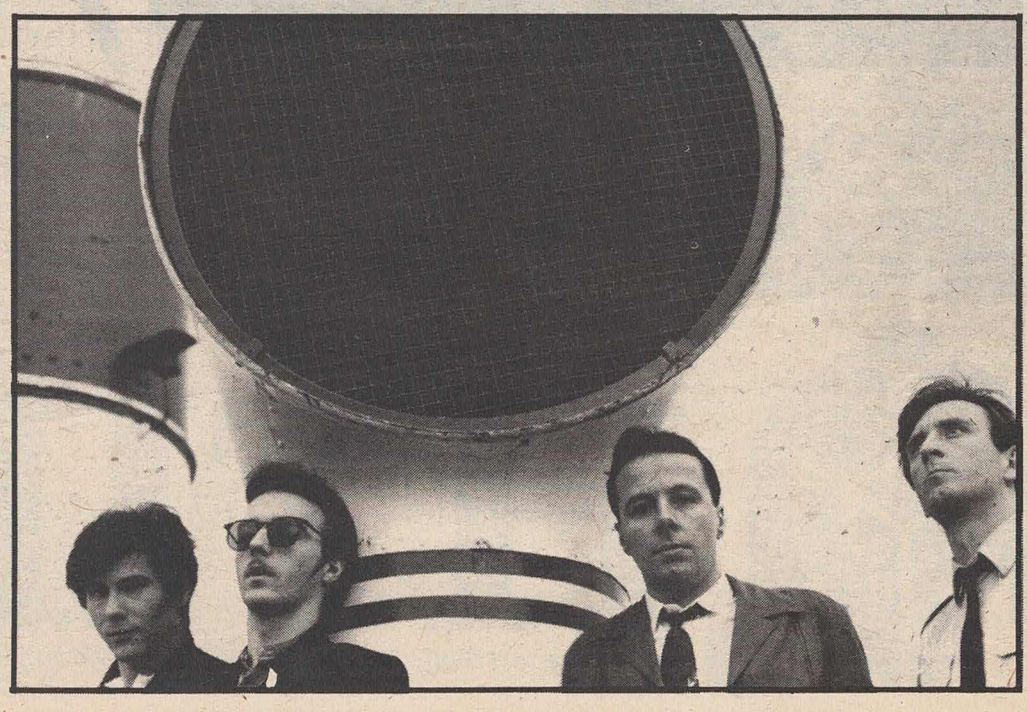
U: Nothing much to see in Britain we haven't seen already. We haven't toured Europe so far with me in the band. In America it's usually McDonalds . . .

ANY LAST words?

U: Yeah, don't give us such a hard time for Chrissake, you know. We're doing what we think's right, we enjoy it and so do a lot of people.

W: Seem to have this amazing talent for being misrepresented, misunderstood and getting up people's noses in the process. One thing that bothers me is that a lot of people have tagged us as dour serious young artist unhappy boring things, and they've never met us. It's just that we don't believe in being four moptops on stage. You've got the Madnesses to do that. We treat what we're doing onstage very intently, as opposed to seriously . . .

C: We're trying to project something positive, you know. It's a bit vague, but I really do think it's important. It's in the music, people come and see us and get that positive feeling off us . . .



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singles

Terry, Lynval & Neville — seen having fun. Pic: Pennie Smith.

Single Of The Week

A BLUE ZOO: Loves Moves In Strange Ways (Magnet).
An awesome performance from a band that's matured incredibly since its quirky, Ziggy-fixated beginnings as Modern Jazz. (They've never had much luck with their names, one way or another.) At first I thought I had it on the wrong speed: it's so majestic and assured, where they used to be all shrill and fiddly. Could be a freak, I suppose, but I'd love to discover otherwise. 'Love Moves In Strange Ways', its wonders to perform, is an epic, soaring ballad that soaks you in emotion, then hangs you on the line to dry. If only the powers-that-be would allow you to hear it, you'd love it. Believe me.

THE FUN BOY THREE: The Lunatics Have Taken Over The Asylum (Chrysalis).
Sick as the proverbial parrot would sum up my reaction to The Specials' disintegration. But hang about: here come The Fun Boy Three — that's Terry, Lynval and Neville — and their debut promises that all is not lost, that there could *even* be something gained. While we wait and see what Jerry Dammers salvages from the situation, it's clear that The FBT are going to make a go of it. 'The Lunatics ...' is an hypnotic chant, Hall's melancholy vocals drifting over a slow percussive backdrop. And the lyrics just couldn't be truer.

SCRITTI POLITTI: The Sweetest Girl (Rough Trade).
Number one in the hearts of hundreds who heard the *NME* C81 tape, of which this was the opening delight. Talk about strangeness. Talk about low-key linguistic high-jinks over a mellifluous, subversively romantic soundtrack. In fact, talk about anything you like, but shut up and listen to this record first. Full of creamy, dreamy melody and right-on sentiments such as politics being *"prior to the vagaries of science"*. Comprehension was never a vital element in the appreciation of a nice tune. Loving it.

THE LAST CHANT: Run Of The Dove (Chicken Jazz).
A solemn, mystery-enshrouded sound comes drifting down from the north. Last Chant's music is powerfully imposing, without being pretentious. And I'd earnestly recommend you to seek it out.

PETE SHELLEY: I Don't Know What It Is (Genetic).
Human warmth in creative tension with mechanical coldness — that's the sound. And being Pete Shelley's, guess which wins out? A stark, but extremely inviting taster to the upcoming 'Homosapien' set.

THE EXPLOITED: Dead Cities EP (Secret).
INFA-RIOT: Kids Of The '80s (Secret).
Clumsy and hopeless they may be, but there are times when I'd sooner take The Exploited's gormless rage than Heaven 17's calculated posing. One cut on this EP, 'Hitler's In The Charts Again' has them straining to break free of the real-punk anti-musical stranglehold. But they'll need to try even harder, and not be so shy about using their brains a lot more, before they stop being a Benny Hill parody of a band. Likewise Infa-Riot, although they've got even farther to go before the equation of passion and pissed-offness add up to anything positive.

HEAVEN 17: Penthouse And Pavement (Virgin).
HOT GOSSIP: Soul Warfare (Dindisc).
No apologies for this odd coupling: both, in fact, are productions of the British Electric Foundation. And both are written by the 17's Ware, Marsh and Gregory. Neither of them is up to much, as far as I'm concerned. Far as this flings me from the mainstream of popular *NME* opinion, 'P&P' comes across as slick, run-of-the-treadmill disco, the kind that wouldn't even get reviewed if it arrived here on, say, the American Warners label. Hot Gossip's single sounds exactly the same but, faced with the stigma of their pathetic stage routines, will not be considered as fashionable. Maybe BEF *are* great to dance to — wouldn't know, personally. Would you? If so, fine, why not enjoy the DJ's copy?

BUMBLE & THE BEEZ: Fools (Z).
Chances are you'll have heard some of the, uh, buzz surrounding these Beez, and this single indicates them to be the Kneez of same. Great! A light and spritely song, reggae-rhythmed and sharpened by some energetic fiddling. So go get stung.

THE PROPHETS: Back To The Burner / Back To Siberia (Hypothetical).
Less charming than chilling. An eccentric re-issue from two years back, it's a minimalist electro-dirge. On 'Siberia' the voice-over intones, with dark Slavic menace, the names of obscure Russian railway stations, *"notorious for seeing more passengers arrive than depart"*. Shudder for real.

VIRNA LINDT: Young And Hip (Compact).
Enigmatic Swedish blonde, of 'Attention Stockholm' near-fame. Virna has a period-kitsch line in '60s visuals and spy-thriller-theme music. This is more Sparksian, however, brisk and stylised, and not especially wonderful.

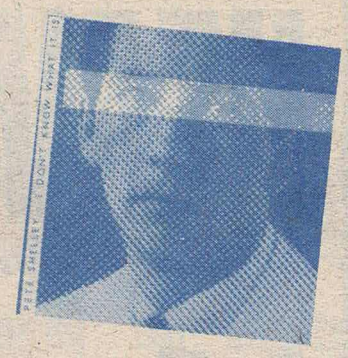
UK DECAY: Sexual / Twist In The Tail (Fresh).
Bleak, dark, doom, Bauhaus, Stafford Bingley Hall Futurama ... yes, all those dread epithets come lumbering into the reviewer's head, dragging their clubbed feet behind them. Sadly, the record does little or nothing to dispel them.

FALLOUT CLUB: Wonderlust (Happy Birthday).
LOW NOISE: Jungle Line (Happy Birthday).
The uncommon common denominator at work here is the presence in both venture of one Thomas Dolby, the man with the fastest-rising rep in town. Low Noise is a collaboration with ex-Local Hero Kevin Armstrong, and the record's an imaginative choice of Joni Mitchell's song, all intriguing drones and percussive thump. Fallout Club, meanwhile, is Dolby's pact with Trevor Herion and this is the follow-up to 'Dream Soldiers': two set-pieces of atmospheric, synthetic beauty. Music to dream to.

THE POLICE: Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic (A&M).
Knew it was too good to last. With 'Invisible Sun' I found myself stopping to listen to The Police for the first time — the first suggestion of depth and mystery. Here, though, everything's back to boring old normal: all clatter clatter and eeyo-oh-woh. God, but it grates.

ANGELIC UPSTARTS: Different Strokes (Z).
Produced by Denis Bovell and featuring Roy Young. Now, Mensi singing dub might sound like a recipe for disaster but, miraculously, it isn't. The Upstarts dance a graceful line around this difficult proposition and come out smiling. Punks may shun it, and reggae purists might despise it, but I hope they don't.

KOOL & THE GANG: Steppin' Out (De-Lite).
THE QUICK: Zulu (Epic).



FREEEZ: Anti-Freeez (Set Me Free) (Beggars Banquet).
Thirty-six inches of plastic dance, respectfully offered to those who really do like This Kind Of Thing (as opposed to those who pretend they do) with the advice that they find out for themselves whether they like These Things In Particular. All sounds like hard, hard work for little reward to me.

THE RAMONES: She's A Sensation (Sire).
The periodic facelifts which new producers like Graham Gouldman apply to The Brudders don't, to my mind, conceal the problem underneath. This is, namely, that the group have done everything they're ever going to do. And how much longer you go on buying their records depends, I guess, on your ratio of money to sense.

CATWAX AXE CO: Waxwalk (Viola).
A young trio working from the enforced obscurity of

spin

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Derbyshire. Catwax Axe attack their material like they hate it. All six arms flailing, they dive into a frantic free-for-all, covering what sounds like a dozen different rhythms in the process. Investigate via 1 Ashover Road, Allestree, Derby.

TV21: Something's Wrong (Deram).
Right now, Edinburgh's TV21 sound so much like everyone that they sound like nobody in particular, including themselves. Any genuine identity is lost in all the contemporary echoes — Wah!, U2, Bunnymen and so on. Just a very 1981 record.

PETER GOODWIN: Torch Songs For The Heroine (Polydor).
An elegantly turned-out ballad from Metro's frontperson. Midge Ure produces. The debutantes swoon.

SAXON: Princess Of The Night (Carrere).
Um . . . It's an interesting fact that this song is about a steam train. Not many people know that.

FOTE: Shaking The House (Le Rey).
Sounds 'experimental', maybe. Sounds unbearable, definitely.

CARLENE CARTER & PAUL CARRACK: O How Happy (F-Beat).
Good, strong blast of joyful noise. Deserves better than oblivion.

JOHN WATTS: Speaking A Different Language (EMI).
Ponderously unattractive. Sorry.

RJ WAGSMITH BAND: The Papadum Song (Rocket).
What's known as a 'novelty' song. That doesn't mean there's anything 'new' about it. It just means it isn't funny.

ANEKA: Little Lady (Hansa).
Is the maker of 'Japanese Boy' just another one-hit wonder? Or is that just wishful thinking?

THE WETS: Enough Is Enuf (Rippermusic).
Cuddly agit-prop flexi-disc. Extends two fingers at our beloved leader. And I don't mean a peace sign.

NIELSEN/PEARSON: The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore (Capitol).
Lame and limping Walkers.

HELEN REDDY: I Can't Say Goodby To You (MCA).
Oh I'm sure you could, if you really tried . . .

FRANCIS MONKMAN: Dweller On The Threshold (Maya).
Dry and grinding robo-rock.

RECORDED DELIVERY: Russian Roulette (Right Track).
Sort of punk psychedelia, energetically ordinary.

THE NEW STANDARD: In Their Hearts (Swell).
Hard, anthemic new wave from Washington DC. Worth trying. (One dollar to Box 2117, Fairfax, VA22031, USA).

GARY US BONDS: New Orleans/Quarter To Three (Ensign).
'59 and '60 re-issues of heavy, lumbering rocker who inspired Springsteen.

THE MIGHTLY SHAMROCKS: Condor Woman (Strong).
Useful piece of swampy-funky-rocky stuff by Belfast band.

RICKY COOL: I've Got This Problem With Girls (They Don't Like Me) (Cow Pie).
Confidentially, Ricky, it may have something to do with these naff records you make.

DR FEELGOOD: Waiting For Saturday Night (Liberty).
Marks the debut of Gypie Mayo's replacement, Johnny Guitar. Tense driving stuff from a group I will persist in admiring.

HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE: Pound (Passport).
How do angry young Americans fight back, in the suffocating cultural complacency of their country? HSR do it like this: all tense and anguished, frantic and angular. And still it doesn't convince. The other America is still looking for its new voice?

FINGERPRINTZ: The Beat Escape (Virgin).
Yesterday's modern-popsters, today's blue-eyed funksters, wrapped in jazz/beat/boho wrapping. Fingerprintz' 'progression', smack into fashion, might be suspicious — but they don't carry it off too badly at all, as it happens.

TV SMITH'S EXPLORERS: The Perfect Life (Kaleidescope).
Worthy, strident, industrious — and somewhere short of worth buying.

BILLY BREMNER: Loud Music In Cars (Stiff).
Roly-poly rocker from Rockpile's ditto. A moderate success.

JETS: Yes Tonight Josephine (EMI).
Well-tamed Diddley-billy. Alright-ish.

THE METEORS: The Crazed/Attack Of The Zorch Men (Lost Soul).
Rasping sci-fi horror punkabilly. Like a late-night double-bill of B-movies, it's really two B-sides looking for a main attraction.

SYSTEMS: Total Recall (Open Eye).
Catchy tune, this one; jogs along with a fair amount of flair, and hints that Systems could develop on interesting lines.

PERSONS UNKNOWN: Addiction (Persons Unknown).
Electronic, neat production, but the group is . . . anonymous.

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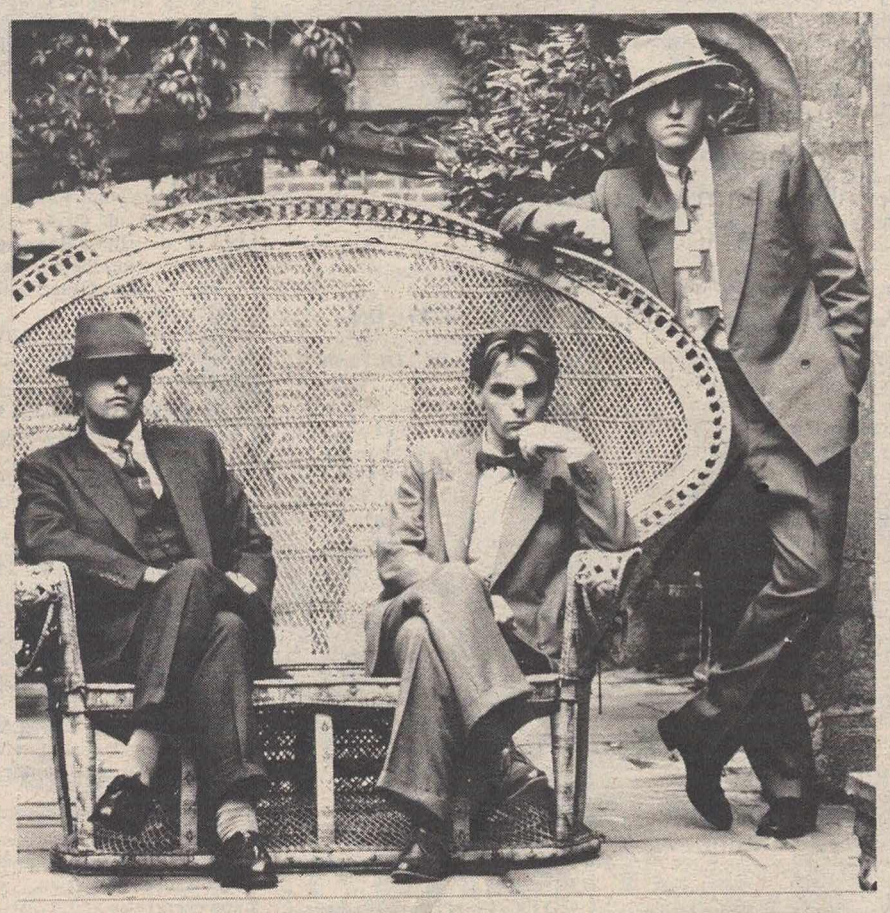


THE COMPANY – that thinks for itself.

B.E.F.

British Electric Foundation

Virgin

PRINCE: Controversy (Warners).
Whatever happened to Prince? His 15 minutes of immortality seems to have been the briefest ever. And this sounds like it was recorded in the 16th.

THE NIPS: Happy Song (Test Pressings).
Paul Weller-produced; a nostalgic exercise which flounders somewhere between early Rotten and poor man's Jam.

THE JAM: 4 Side Effects (Polydor).
Found this 12" Australian import lurking around the local megastore. Contains four of the three's finest recent moments: 'Start', 'Eton Rifles', 'That's Entertainment', 'Going Underground'. Heaven.

ROSE TATTOO: Rock 'n' Roll Is King (Carrere).
The case for republicanism.

OBX: Sailplane (Cara).
New band of Peter Bardens, ex-Camel. Thrilling as you'd expect from a group named after a synthesizer.

DONOVAN: Lay Down Lassie (Luggage).
Tender Celtic love ballad, considerably ruined if, like me, you can't shake off the notion that he's singing to a dog.

LLOYD CHARMERS: If Leaving Me Is Easy (Radioactive).
The Phil Collins number given soothing Jamaican lilt by the man who wrote The Specials' 'Too Much Too Young' *and* the next title . . .

KEN BOOTHE: Crying Over You/SUSAN CADOGAN: Hurts So Good/NICKY THOMAS: Love Of The Common People/GREYHOUND: Moon River (Trojan).
Compo-EP of likeable old poppy reggae stuff.

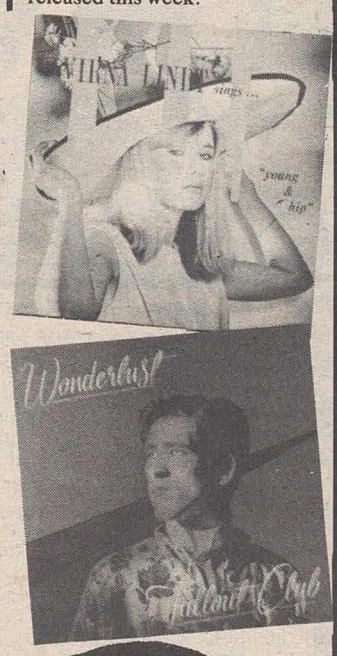
TANK: Don't Walk Away (Kamaflage).
HM power trio founded by Damned's Algy. Brutally effective, Motorheady stuff, Tank's . . . but no tanks.

STIFF ALL-STARS: You Tell Me Lies (Nancy Boys).
Another basic boogie scenario here. Something tells me there's a record company press officer behind this one — the title, perhaps.

RANDY CRAWFORD: Secret Combination (Warners).
One of those classy ballads, classily done. B-side is a live version of 'Street Life'.

DIANA ROSS: Why Do Fools Fall In Love (Capitol).
No, hang on. I think *this* is.

JIM STEINMAN: Dance In My Pants (Epic).
Good old-fashioned rock 'n' roll. Possibly the worst single released this week.



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Honky Tonk Freeway

Directed by John Schlesinger
Starring William Devane, Beau Bridges, Beverly D'Angelo and Hume Cronyn
(EMI)

I'VE YET to hear a kind word about *Honky Tonk Freeway* so I guess I'll have to take up talking to myself: I think it's a screaming hoot. The fiercely critical stance of the nationals is fairly predictable. I mean, how could a director of John Schlesinger's evident seriousness and 'weight' stoop so low as to make a broad comedy?

Another source of complaint has been EMI's and producer Don Boyd's involvement of British money in so indigenous an American subject. I have little inclination to comment on the rights and wrongs of international film investment, but so long as the film is worthwhile does it really matter from which country the money comes?

Whatever, on one thing the critics are all agreed: *Honky Tonk Freeway* is not funny. But when the comparisons they draw upon (critics love to make comparisons, especially disparaging ones) range from Ealing comedies to the work of Preston Sturges, you can be sure of one thing: critics have as much notion about comic sensibility as the rest of us (ie none, beyond "If you laugh, it's funny" — which is as close as you'll get).

Here's my comparison (a complimentary one): *Honky Tonk Freeway* is the only film I've seen that's ever reminded me of *It's A Mad Mad Mad Mad World*. If you laughed at that, you'll laugh at this. The critics didn't laugh at *Mad World* because they thought Stanley Kramer had no sense of humour. (This is ridiculous. Everyone has a sense of humour — except some critics and Max Bell.)

Like *Mad World, Freeway* follows a bunch of different people as they descended on one place. The place is the piddly-ass Florida resort town of Ticlaw, painting itself pink to get an exit from the freeway and so to attract money-spending tourists. The people include Beau Bridges' Duane, on the run from suburban Chicago and a wife that hates his stupid kids' stories; George Dzundza's Eugene, on the run from a New York City band with a garbage bag stuffed with used notes; Howard Hesseman's Snapper, stuck inside a mobile home with a frigid missus and a pair of TV-addicted brats; Geraldine Page's Sister Mary Clarisse, a terrifying nun with a mean line in penance; and Hume Cronyn's Sherm, a retired advertising executive on the way to a 'rest home' with his skittish, alcoholic wife Carol — a superb performance by Jessica Tandy: "How can I be an alcoholic?" she says, reprovingly, in a roadside restaurant. "I've never bought a bottle of liquor in my life . . . Oh, waiter, I'll have five Old Fashioneds."

What sets *Freeway* apart from the recent rash of middle-American lowbrow 'comedies' is the realistic wit of Ed Clinton's script, which has a sharp ear for the quirkiness of ordinary speech, the excellence of much of the acting, which takes the characters out of the caricature class and makes them recognisably human, and Schlesinger's characteristically assured direction. He retains his jaundiced eye for the mild grotesqueries of American life (cf *Midnight Cowboy)* and brings together the disparate elements for a slambang finale that, far from leaving me sated, had me longing for more.

I expect to laugh as long and loud the next time I see it.

Monty Smith

HONKY TONK FREEWAY.

"Hey Dzundza, who's this guy Max Bell?" "Hell knows, Grifasi. Must be some kinda nut, with a name like that!"

Roadents rule N.Z. OK?

Goodbye Pork Pie

Directed by Geoff Murphy
Starring Tony Barry, Kelly Johnson and Claire Oberman
(Brent Walker)

THOUGH FROM the unfamiliar film territory of New Zealand, the exuberant, often hilarious *Goodbye Pork Pie* has a familiar enough storyline derived from various road movies ranging from the existential oddyseys *Two Lane Blacktop* and *Kings Of The Road* to the nutty carnage of the likes of *Convoy* and *Mad Max*. Unlike its predecessors, however, it doesn't force its points, but allows them to evolve naturally from the plot.

It features a highly unpleasant unemployed slob Gerry, who hires a Mini on a driving licence and credit card stolen from a snobbish woman and takes off on a joyride across New Zealand's two islands, ostensibly to deliver his older, only slightly wiser companion John to his estranged girlfriend in Invercargill.

At first they're oblivious to the mounting police pressure and once they become aware of it they readily take to their roles as outlaws, relishing the sudden freedom from responsibility and the thrill of confrontation with the law.

Despite its hectic pace, Murphy's direction keeps

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Debra Hill, totting up the profits made by her independent productions. Pic by David Corio.

Carpenter's workmate

Monty Smith meets Debra Hill, producer of *Escape From New York*

AT THE RIPE old age of 31, Debra Hill is the most successful independent film producer in the business. She probably wonders why it's taken so long — she started making films when she was an eight-year-old schoolgirl in Philadelphia. It's since her career collided with John Carpenter's in 1976 — she worked as assistant editor and script supervisor on *Assault On Precinct 13* — that she's never looked back. She's produced all of Carpenter's films since *Assault* and also co-wrote *Halloween* and *The Fog.*

The enormous success of these films and of their latest collaboration — the excellent *Escape From New York* (reviewed in Silver Screen 26.9.81) — means that she's now in the position to turn down work (she wanted no involvement in Carpenter's new film, a re-make of Howard Hawks' *The Thing*) and to instigate her own productions (she's currently talking to directors as diverse as Dick Lester, Alan Parker and John Landis about making a whodunnit based on the Waddington board-game Cluedo).

Her track record is extraordinary: *Halloween* cost $300,000, *The Fog* $1million, *Escape From New York* $7million — and all have shown astonishing profit.

"I'm a good businesswoman," she says, matter-of-factly. "I have a mathematical background and I apply that." (She studied film at college but majored in statistical analysis.) "And I'm also very cheap — that helps when you're making pictures.

"And Carpenter and I have a relationship based on trust. He'll say to me 'I want five helicopters' and I'll try to get him five helicopters, come to him and say 'I can only get two helicopters'. I know that he can make two helicopters look like five, and he knows I've done my best to get him five. He'll say 'Well, I really need three — can we afford it?'

"It's a real collaboration. I think I'm the one person in his

GOODBYE PORK PIE

"Hey Chris! How's this for momentum?"
"Fine, slob, just fine!"

grasp of the characters' development — indeed the film's main pleasure is growing to like the jerkish Gerry, as he grapples with the wheel to keep his car and life on the road. Murphy doesn't actively condone Gerry's slobbishness, but he rightly highlights the character's vitality against the dull conventions of the small towns the two buddies hurtle through, accompanied part of the way by a restless post-hippy lover.

The three set up temporary house together in the caboose of a train during one evasive action, thereby allowing Murphy to slow down the film a little to let us see just how beautiful much of New Zealand's mountain ranges and rolling river-ridden plains are. *Goodbye Pork Pie* only takes one unnecessary diversion into self-made myth when the by now battered Mini is dogged by an absurd acid casualty of a groupie.

Goodbye Pork Pie's kicks come too naturally to warrant resorting to oddball additives — its momentum fortunately strong enough to shake off any unwelcome stragglers.

Chris Bohn

SEE THE NEW GLOSS. . .
(same as the old dross)

Urgh! A Music War

Directed by Derek Burbidge
Starring The Police, John Cooper Clarke, Toyah, Devo, Pere Ubu, many others
(Osiris)

WITH THE POP video becoming more ambitious by the minute, this could have been the perfect time for a feature film to tackle the rock beast with more imagination. All too often, the essence of emotional live music evaporates on celluloid and the complex impressions formed on an audience are reduced to the glaring details of amp, guitar and electric wire — rock's tacky mechanics inflated at the expense of the group's essential appeal.

Unfortunately, *Urgh! A Music War* is not so much a battle cry for the cause of new music as a placid truce with hackneyed rock-film conventions. The problem is not so much with the musical selection — a fairly safe cross-section of the modern confusion, although with an odd American bias — as in the way it's presented.

Over two hours of 34 groups filmed live performing one song each (with the exception of The Police, who start and finish the film) effectively reduces the rich variety of music post-punk to the lowest common denominator. The impression it leaves is of nothing so much as uniformity, of the same sweat and strained sinew in the same succession of clean ups, the same bare boards on an anonymous stage, the same dislocated and apparently unrelated audience frenzy.

This isn't helped by a fairly uninspired choice of locations which, despite a smattering of concerts in London, Paris and New York, also features Frejus in the South of France and concentrates on Los Angeles, neither exactly famed for a sensitive finger on the rapid pulse of the new beats.

The highlights, if you must have them, are Magazine for being effortlessly odd, Devo and Gary Numan for calculated daftness, Gang Of Four for confounding expectations of heavy rock, sly old Sexy Sting, John Cooper Clarke spitting out equal parts poetry and saliva and The Cramps' own awesome example of resounding tack and tastelessness.

To see the parts that are worth watching in almost any context, you also have to sit through the ugly, empty standard rock and roll grossness and banality as served up by the likes of Skafish, Splodge, 999, John Otway and The Surfpunks. And the only really evocative sections of the film are the brief, incisive snatches of a hot, dark evening excitement: chained bikers' boots clipping along a pavement, two sharp, painted punkettes propped sullenly outside a shabby venue, an open car cruising through the soft night lights of LA.

With more of these scenes and less of the dutiful stage shots, *A Music War* might have had a very different outcome. As it is, it's a victory for the old condescension over new visual sensibilities; basically the same old boring story.

Lynn Hanna

Loving Couples

Directed by Jack Smight
Starring Shirley MacLaine, James Coburn, Susan Sarandon and Stephen Collins (Rank)

LOVING COUPLES

"Hey, Shirley! I guess he didn't spot this ridiculous bowtie!!"
"Just shut it, Stephen — and keep smiling!!"

"LET ME fix us some breakfast. Do you like cornflakes?"

"Do you have any children? — Oh Heavens, no. Only my husband."

"Ever tried it before breakfast? — Breakfast? (Repeat seven times) I can't do *anything* before breakfast!"

These are the jokes, folks — the type that make *Loving Couples* one of the new breed of urbane American comedies; you know, the ones where you don't laugh. The Computaplot script has the bored and randy Dr MacLaine married to the egotistical walking toothpaste-ad Dr Coburn until she embarks on an affair with suntanned stud Stephen Collins, which, natch, gives her a chance to let her hair down and wear jumbo T-shirts proclaiming 'Under New Management' (another joke).

The dotty girlfriend of the Teeth 'n' Smiles Stud (Susan Sarandon doing a Goldie Hawn circa *Laugh-In* period) consequently strikes up a sympathetic liaison with the abandoned Coburn. After a series of 'farcical' occurrences (eg. dirty weekending in the same hotel they all meet in the swimming pool) the *ladies* decide (note influence on Women's Movement on contemporary cinema) that their alternative choices aren't much better than the originals and wind up calling the shots all over the shop.

Somewhere in the middle, aware that the laughs are flagging (as in 'A Dead Horse'), the plot hauls in the rapacious Mrs Liggett whose seduction and subsequent hounding of the stud provides the few bright moments; but as Sally Kellerman is evidently making another film entirely (like to see that some time, Sal) it makes little contextual sense.

A sex comedy, huh? The Hudson Day Co. it is not. Come back Rock and Doris, all is forgiven . . .

Neil Norman

life that says to him 'That's shit' and he'll say 'You're right'. He says the same thing to me. I am a very good audience and when we're editing a film, John watches me and if I react he says 'OK, that's great'. If I sigh, he knows when to cut. It's all gut feelings."

So to what extent is she, as the producer, the money person?

"I'm the one who *spends* the money. There are a couple of different kinds of producers. Elliott Kastner, for instance, is the kind of producer who makes deals and makes money. He goes to a studio with the package all wrapped up. The other kind is, like me, a line producer, who works on the set with the director and the writers.

"I make deals, but only in relation to the movie, not to get the money to get the movie made. I leave that up to the distributors."

As the Carpenter/Hill relationship is so phenomenally fruitful, why is she not working on *The Thing?*

"I didn't want to do another monster movie. We'd just finished doing *Halloween 2,* which you're probably suspect of. . ."

I have no qualms about liking *Halloween,* but hate the trashy knife flicks that followed it.

"Well, they're all carbon copies of *Halloween.*" But that's an insult to *Halloween.*

"OK, they're *attempts* to copy *Halloween.* When we kept the killer alive at the end it was not because we wanted to do a sequel, but because it seemed the scariest thing to do."

And it gave the film a supernatural edge.

"Yes, it did. And now we want to show those people who copied *Halloween* that it can be done again and doesn't have to resort to blood and guts and visceral images of decapitations."

What certainly sets apart the Carpenter/Hill genre pieces is an obvious love of film-making, pure and simple.

"I think the audiences get that, that it's not cold. It's a very close family, it really is. Kurt Russell's married to Season Hubley, co-producer Larry Franco is Kurt Russell's brother-in-law, Nick Castle was the alien in *Dark Star,* the killer in *Halloween* and co-writer of *Escape from New York,* Adrienne Barbeau and John Carpenter are married, John and I used to live together. Making films with Carpenter is like taking a camera out and shooting home movies. . .

"I think John's weakest point is probably characters — he doesn't develop them as much as he could. He's a terrific action director, but I think he's learning. *The Thing* will be great. He's got eleven men — no women, eleven men — caught up in an ice station. It's based more on the original story *Who Goes There?* than Hawks' *The Thing."*

Even so, what is this mania for re-making old genre pictures or buying up comic strips all about? Aren't there any new ideas anymore?

"That kind of talk takes me off guard because I've bought a *game,* I'm making a game as a picture. Movies are a very young thing, but maybe there are only seven or eight storylines and all the films are variations. Maybe it's not the story but the execution of the story. You can go see ten different boy-meets-girls, but only one will be outstanding."

Debra Hill (named, by the way, after Debra Paget by her movie-loving parents) and John Carpenter will be re-uniting next year on *El Diablo,* a western. You can be damn sure its execution will set it apart from the rest. After all, who couldn't trust a producer who — without hesitation — names her favourites as "Howard Hawks, Frank Capra, Hitchcock, and those old Spencer Tracy/Katharine Hepburn films"?

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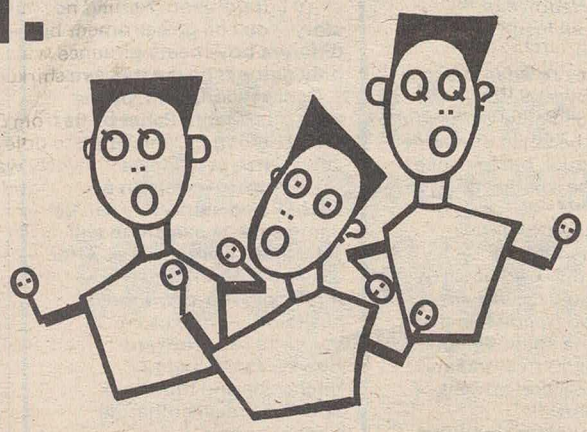


FB3

Chrysalis

THE ROAD TO BLACKPOOL PIER

BEING THE DIARY OF A RIGHT TO WORK MARCHER IN THIS LAND IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1981

Eighteen-year-old NME reader and contributor X. Moore (left), from Yorkshire, had his first review published in these pages three weeks back.

When he told us he was joining this year's Right To Work March, stretching some 180 miles from shell-shocked Liverpool to the Conservative Party Conference in Blackpool, we asked him to keep a diary of his ten days on the road.

This is his account.

"Two years from now the Manpower Services Commission expects as many as 68 per cent of the under-18s in the labour market to have no work."

— Observer Business News

THE WEEK of marching, shouting and activity is over. I'm back in my hometown having lost pounds of weight and half my voice somewhere on the road to Blackpool; I'm now hanging around, like millions of others on the dole.

A week ago I thought of starting this report with a list of statistical horror-stories from Tory Britain '81, but the hundreds of thousands of unemployed kids don't need telling of the viciousness of life. What is worth telling is the sense of achievement that the march gave me and a thousand others.

Down in ink this report will give you some of the actualities but only part of the feeling. I'm still speeding on protest. That buzz should hit home more than the rest of this week's issue's calculated passion — if not, *I've* failed, not the Right To Work march.

This article is rougher than the rest. I could have sat down with my stick of Blackpool rock and my mind spilling with incidents and piled the style onto the fuzzy memories, but, written as a diary the mood of every one of the ten days is accurately reflected. The jagged stuttering of the piece is simply how I felt, marching over one hundred and eighty miles to picket Thatcher.

Remembering the march is remembering the highs and lows — the slogging alone in the country and then taking over the precincts and high streets of the next town to contact and relate.

The ten days were in a way predictable. But whereas the routines of life on the dole remind you of your position on the muck heap, the routines of life on the march strengthen your anger and make that anger positive — give a sense of hope, a realisation of power and friendship.

What the march says is: make that collective power a continual part of life on the dole by organising as those out of work and cementing the links with those fighting for their jobs. Make the fight for the right to work a fight for the right to live.

BACK TO the day before the march. Buses and coaches end up at a church hall in Liverpool. Waiting around to sign on for the march; don't need reminding that you're on the dole. Unfortunately, some people *do* need reminding that there are over three and a half million unemployed, that jobs are being destroyed at over a thousand a day. Here in Liverpool hundreds and hundreds of unemployed youth have come together to remind not only Thatcher and her government but also those in positions of influence with access to the media who have shirked their responsibility.

They may order us from DHSS office to Job Centre to dole queue, they may pay us poverty wages and go out of their way to avoid telling us of our rights to extra claims, they may make us feel like shit and all but run our lives . . . BUT THEY CAN'T REGULATE OUR ANGER.

"TO HELL WITH POVERTY..." — Gang Of Four

The SWP-sponsored march hasn't started but already the optimism is there — the sense of collective power. Sure, it isn't 1974, there is little evidence of any fightback but because of this the crucial importance of the Right To Work march is sinisterly amplified. These skinheads in combat gear, these leather-jacketted punks and Pavlov's pups are taking on Thatcher while Michael Foot and the TUC tackle metaphors.

"IT'S UP TO YOU" — The Specials

8 THURSDAY OCTOBER

GET UP at 7.00am after no hours' sleep. Spirits are, understandably, smack-high. For the first time in many of the marchers' lives they are part of a large group of organised unemployed.

Usually the unemployed see each other only once a fortnight beneath the antiseptic fluorescent glare of the dole office. In the '30s, the last marching era, the unemployed signed on daily, saw each other down the dole and on the streets every day. Now unemployment is personal drudgery — sleeping in till two pm and watching the box till tea. *(Some drudgery — Ed.).*

This morning, with 600 of us together in one room, organised, the nature of unemployment changes. It is alive and awake.

In comparison, the march out through Liverpool is subdued. Pass through Toxteth: burnt out buildings and abrupt contortions of the city panorama. The Rialto is now just a space where a cinema stood, the dairy floats once used as mobile petrol bombs are now lined up in their depots. The physical graffiti that is left reasserts the threat of dole riots. The force was erratic, the gesture one of despair but now when the unemployed march we know our power.

"THE FORCE WAS BLIND" — ATV

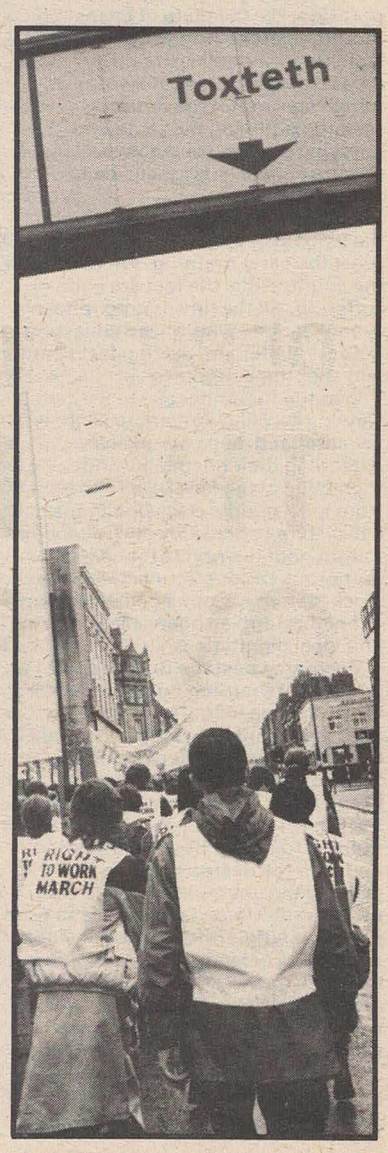
Photographer Kevin Cummins drives down to the start of the march, an outsider, someone with a job and expensive cameras. Not much to snap, only dismal weather and the dismal Scouse skyline. By dinnertime (a cup of soup and a piece of bread) we're still in Liverpool. The orange jackets crawl off up the road and we carry our banner (York Unemployed Workers Union) holding it high for the photographers that buzz around the side of the orange column. It's sixteen miles to St Helens and we've only reached Huyton. Tower blocks like blisters on the wasteland, crumbling and sickly. Remember what three and a half million dole means:

Walking and chanting. Talk to the nearest marcher and think about your own feet. You can only see a section of the march in front of you: skins, punks and ex-shop stewards hidden behind orange jackets and one slogan, 'RIGHT TO WORK MARCH'. But when a hill appears beneath your boots, you can see the length of the march caterpillaring above and below you. The feeling of power is fantastic, an incentive to march as one of this massive body. The realisation is most intense when we march down into the town of St Helens. The noise of the marchers is huge and enveloping, the size of the column amplified.

Schoolkids shout back from the playground: "Maggie, Maggie, Maggie . . . OUT! OUT! OUT!" enthralled by the surging chants that reply to their cries. The welcome is heartfelt. No civic reception and bloated, bluff friendliness but a real solidarity.

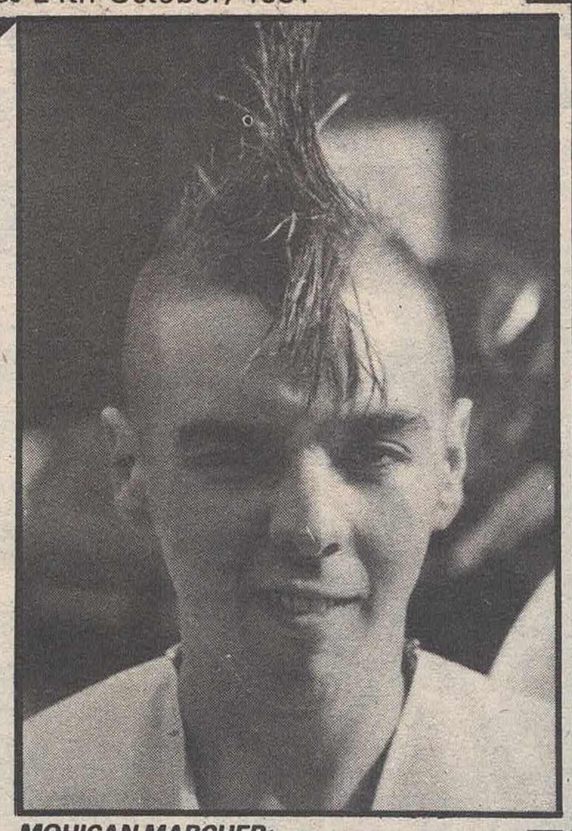
Old men and women line the streets, adding money to the collection buckets. Shoppers stand in

CONTINUES OVER



"We are convinced that there is a strong likelihood of many young people facing an indefinite period of unemployment."

— James Cooke, chief executive, special programme unit, Confederation British Industry.



MOHICAN MARCHER: would you give this man a job?

FROM OVER PAGE

awe, some in admiration, some in disgust, but the presence of the march is enormous.

Marching for miles along dual carriageways, crawling all the way round long, slow roundabouts, is justified when we reach the towns. The response to the noisy anger from the high-walled streets and wide-eyed kids is phenomenal. Reverberate, reciprocate: "Kick The Tories Out!"

After the trek we crowd into tonight's accommodation — a floor in a YMCA hall. More queues, more waiting hours; trying to relax and enjoy. The marchers lie down, stretch out, still vocal and proud. The march sleeps but Glasgow chants on.

Before we'd set off, workers from the Staffa factory in London's East End spoke to the march. Facing redundancy they occupied their factory and barricaded themselves in. There too you can sense the sudden, fragile realisation of strength; an amused nervousness. In a few hours they experienced their *own* organisation their *own* ability to decide, their *own* capacity to control their lives. It's a precious knowledge.

The march is like an extended demo; novelty and drudgery, workhouse food and dole-age queues. Waiting and walking. The numbers are incredible, an army in orange jackets. The food is food for up to a thousand; 45 gallons of tea are brewed on the first night. Hundreds of sleeping bags are strewn on the floorboards after the hours of waiting for the end of the slog, waiting for the road signs to St. Helens to stop and the street signs to appear. And then as soon as the slogging ends, wishing you could keep marching, keep singing.

9 FRIDAY OCTOBER

WAKE UP after a cold night to full-blast heating. Drag myself to another queue for food, queue to wash, queue for the bog. The plate of porridge, like the plate of beans the morning before, brings me round. The taste doesn't matter, the simple pleasure of eating is satisfying. The march starts after the morning meeting outlining the route and enjoying the local and national press reports on this outrageous band of vociferous youth.

And then the legs start driving up the hill, out of town, and the chants greet the early morning. We're soon in the countryside, the feet are soon suffering. All the time young rebels in orange jackets walk ahead collecting money, leafletting, visiting factories to win shopfloor support . . .

We stop for dinner at Newton-le-Willows' Labour Club — yet another group of workers extending their hospitality and friendship in the face of antagonism from local middle class hooligans. Lancashire Labour County Council has fought hard to provide for us, just as numerous Labour Councillors have stuck their necks out, against a storm of hostility and arrogance from Tories and local dignitaries.

We march past the Bold colliery where that morning outgoing NUM President Joe Gormley was addressing not only the pit's miners but also an unexpected presence; those orange jackets again. Predictably, Gormley, a denigrator of the Right To Work Campaign, had nothing to say on how to save jobs and stop the destruction that is causing the unemployment he and other Trade Union Leaders are so fond of bemoaning. Unfortunately for Joe, the miners delegated to the march by their lodges in Yorkshire, Scotland and South Wales related far better to the Bold miners than this tired, old cardboard cut-out Trade unionist.

When we get to Warrington the police give the stewards false directions, ensuring that we're unable to march through the town centre. We're forced back to the schools where we're sleeping and save the songs we've been writing all day in our heads for tomorrow morning.

Before we head off through sheets of rain to accommodation in another school's gym, we pack into a primary school hall. An FBU official welcomes us to Warrington, jokingly referring to his members, Cheshire and Merseyside firemen, as the "soft underbelly of the Trade Union Movement". Other speakers talk of success in winning a 35 hour week for metal workers in the area; proof that the fight against unemployment can be won if fought for.

All through the meeting I had wondered at the schoolkids' paintings covering the hall. Everywhere, in 57 varieties, was the message 'goodbye'. At the end of the meeting we were told how we came to staying in this school. After the march has left, this school will remain empty. No more teachers will work here and no more kids will be taught in the classrooms because the school is closing due to the cuts. Schools, hospitals and old-aged people's homes don't impress our American allies as much as a fistful of nuclear weapons. So now the school's bare except for the same, sad repeated message from the kids who have left.

'Adios'
'Lebwohl'
'So Long'. . .

"IT'S WRITTEN IN THEIR RULES TO PUT MISSILES BEFORE HOSPITALS"
— Six Minute War

10 SATURDAY OCTOBER

7.30 AM START again. Queue again. Porridge again. March for the right to work out of Warrington, through the town centre into the City of Salford.

Dinner by a swimming pool, talking to journalists from *Socialist Worker* and listening to stories of the May 81 People's March from a skinhead in the Communist Party. We leave and the escort of cops changes over again as more schoolkids echo our chanting and two girls run out of a house to join the march.

I borrow a guitar from one of the kids from Glasgow and strum on the move. We sing 'Great Balls of Fire' and 'Guns of Brixton' and forget about the road ahead for a while. Take turns carrying the banner and finally reach a modern Poly for fried eggs, beans and chips on real plates. Another queue but it's more than worth it.

Skin is falling away from my right foot and blisters are growing on both. The flesh looks like melted cheese but the soreness disappears when the medics tape wads of padding over the yellow mess. They feel OK for a while — until the padding slips.

No need to walk to Manchester Poly for the gig as transport is provided. A chance to see the first bands on the 'Anger On The Road' Tour after two nights of RAR discos.

A Travolta disco floor (spotlights and grids) hangs from the ceiling and a massive RAR banner with Thatcher painted as a chicken under the slogan 'RUN THATCHER RUN!' is draped behind the stage.

Harlem Spirit slip on for some "Moss Side jazz funk". 'Check Out The Disco' and 'Love Game' win me over and I have to smile. "OK, we move you gently into reggae." Maybe it was the bass beat or maybe the first pint of Tetley's (don't gimme no Moscow Mule!) I'd had in days, but Harlem Spirit were uplifting. The pint lasted a few seconds but the band keep buzzing and humping as the fluorescent RAR sign burnt on at the back of the hall.

The Distractions were great. The songs don't matter; the singer swayed and shuffled in bow tie and suit (black) and the music bounced.

While they swing, I talked to Paul, an unemployed chippie from Harrogate. Above the noise he says he wishes he'd gone on the People's March, "Too much music on the Right To Work march," and then he grinned while I tried to act serious, ask seriously. I asked why he doesn't try for building jobs abroad. "I'm married, tied down. I've got responsibilities ferchrissake," he jumped back at me. "I go down the Job Centre every day. They have notices for interviews I've been to still pinned up days after the job's gone. It makes it look as if there are more jobs going." His last job working on Harrogate Conference Centre, a fine example of Tory insanity. "They say the actual cost is £26 million but the real cost with all the interest from banks is something like £80 million. It makes you sick."

Twelve marchers from Denmark who had arrived the day before say the situation is all too similar in Denmark, where the national rate of unemployment is almost identical. Their (darker) orange jackets become a regular sight over the duration of the march; a different slogan but marching alongside us for the right to work.

The smell of grass and the sound of Black Roots getting heavy brings me back to the music. The banner on the wall says: 'LOVE MUSIC — HATE RACISM'. The band jog up and down in safari suits and harmonize. Bristol Rock goes well with a day's marching — the music jerks at tired feet and becomes part of the march. Sing and sleep.

11 SUNDAY OCTOBER

LIE IN till 9.00 am and then up for tea and toast. Frank Allaun, Labour MP for Salford pops in over breakfast and says "thanks" to us for taking on Maggie. You don't usually meet a friendly MP in your bare feet but then this week was always going to be different.

We're shuttled in Transits to Salford Tech, where the other half of the march slept, after wandering round the wastelands of Trafford looking for postcards. Christ, if you think your town is bad, go take a look at someone else's.

Wind driving at the column — leaning into the gust, the banner an uncontrollable sail. We visit Lawrence Scott's, where workers have been in occupation for over forty weeks. The massive (obscenely massive) police presence reminds you what the sides / stakes are. The West Ham crew come into their own and shake the cops with noise: "Marchers In! Bailiffs Out."

We wander around and find Coronation St. two blocks down from Hovis St. (!) Later we discover the Granada set of Coronation St., boarded up with only a peephole to spy at the Rover's Return. The rest of Manchester dozes through a Sunday afternoon and the wind storms.

A lad nearby is trying to shift leaflets to a well-dressed woman at the side of the road. She refuses to take one, claiming indignantly that she's a Tory. The lad replies, "No hassle, missus. I'll read out all the big words for you!" Crack up and march on to U.M.I.S.T.

That night there's meetings, films and a disco. A few of us walk in on a RAR meeting already in progress, interrupting an argument over bands flirting with fascism. We talk about fighting the Nazis with Oi! bands and the involvement of new groups in the RAR movement.

There's quite a few bands involved in the march. No Swastikas sponsored the march before they split up and half of Nervous Disorder are going the whole way to Blackpool. One of the Scottish punks turns out to be from Paisley RAR band XS Discharge, nearly famous for their Groucho Marxist intervention, 'Lifted'.

Seething Wells and Little Brother, activists on the Yorkshire rock poet front, are also here. SWells acts cool and disproves the myth that pop stars who join political parties aren't hip. Martin, from York band Redskins, and another SWP member (are they infiltrating rock?) was dismissive of

'Taches are IN for this year's frontline force.

Photographs: Ke

bands who talk militant through mikes and cop out as soon as they've left the venue, "Bands shouldn't be allowed to get away with preaching politics on stage and not getting involved in the political struggles they sing about."

We talk about the need to expose the racist / Nazi tag attached to skins and argue over who are the villains and who the angels of Oi! before we head off for another meeting.

Steve Longshaw, from Lawrence Scott's, gets loud applause when he admits that it is the women workers at Scott's who have been the strongest fighters. Avtar, President of the Indian Workers' Association gets massive cheers when he replies to Enoch Powell's suggestion that black people should be paid £2,000 to go 'home' (?) by declaring, "WE ARE NOT FOR SALE!"

But it is Dave Green, the young convenor from Staffa, who hits home hardest. The bailiffs have already tried to bust into the occupation. "If I have to go to hospital protecting Staffa or I get sent to Brixton or Pentonville or wherever else the bastards want to put us, I'll go!" His youth and energy win over the unemployed kids on the march. "They've been planning how to sack us for months. We found these documents telling management not only how to lie to workers but also how top management should lie to middle managment. At the top of the documents it said: 'IMPORTANT! Do not leave these documents lying around!' Unfortunately they didn't tell the bosses how to hide things properly!"

I talked to Dennis Skinner, the Beast of Bolsover, after he'd made a magnificent speech. "People say that Thatcher's gone wrong, that she doesn't know what she's doing. She knows *exactly* what she's doing. OK, maybe she was going to get the Rolling Stones back from tax haven in the US ... maybe she was going to help a few small companies from getting smaller and smaller and smaller ... by not pushing VAT forms through their letterboxes. There's a lot of firms that'd like a letterbox to have a VAT form pushed through!"

12 MONDAY OCTOBER

"RING! RING! IT'S 7 AM" — The Clash

COLD CORRIDORS. Waking up on top of someone else. Rush a game of pool and dribble out of Manchester, still arguing and questioning.

Billy, a New Romantic who's just finished a YOPS course, has to go back due to problems at home but he's keen to put the record straight about YOPS. "They put me straight into labouring work but I wouldn't accept it. I think I'm worth better than that." He reckoned the problem was that most kids just accepted what they were told; "Of course, they kept on hassling me to go back; the YOPS people don't care about any of the kids. They're only interested in the labouring side and say kids haven't got any potential for anything else."

"DO YOU WANNA MAKE TEA AT THE BBC?" — The Clash

The day's march shoots by with no more blisters; no pain just the dull thud of feet. We reach Bolton Tech and down two pints of free beer, courtesy of Bolton Rock Against Racism.

There's baggage all over the place and marchers all over the floor. Organized chaos.

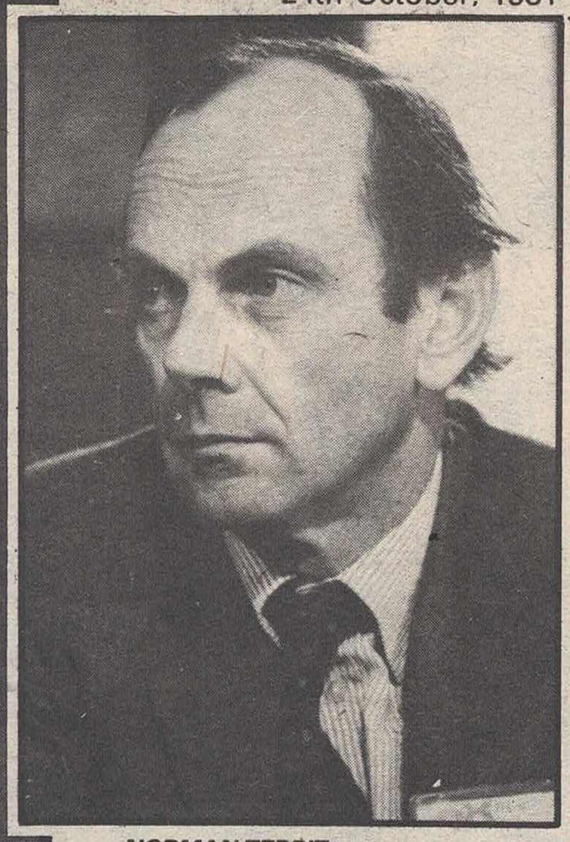
John Deason, Secretary of the Right To Work Campaign, collars the York delegation and asks us whether we've had the experience of making cheese sandwiches ...

After our stint down in the cellar with the catering crew, we set off for the 'alternative accommodation', Spinners' Hall, an AUEW building. Having walked half way round Bolton to find the engineering union's hall, we walk round the other half to catch the last five minutes of the 'Anger On The Road' gig at Bolton Institute of Technology. The name of the band might be Razor Cuts. They fall over whilst trying to look menacing. The guitarist plays the intros he has worked out in his bedroom to all the punk anthems: the first eight bars of 'Anarchy', the first eight bars of 'Alternative Ulster', 'Neat Neat Neat' ... it's chronic. And the bar's shut.

We leave to go back through the second half of Bolton a second time.

The lights in the hall are soon out, so I'm forced once again to crouch in the corridor, where at least I can see what I'm writing. By now people are beginning to realise I'm writing something about the march and tend to accept this lunatic sat on the floor in the corridor, scribbling away at half past two in the morning.

Carol, one of the marchers from the West of Scotland section, comes up and tells me what an incredible week it's been for her. I talk well into Tuesday, overpowered by her enthusiasm.



NORMAN TEBBIT:
Minister Of Employment would you buy a Youth Opportunities Programme from this man?

13 TUESDAY OCTOBER

FREEZING FLOOR beneath frozen trousered-legs inside a sleeping bag. An AUEW official comes in to tell us to go away. The engineering union has never been particularly hospitable to its own members, let alone unemployed workers, but as if to remind us of our unwanted presence, he turns the water off at the mains. I'm caught with my face covered in soap, my teeth still bitter after a night of late smoking. We run round the labyrinthine corridors until we find a Ladies to invade.

I'm grateful for the ice-cold trickle of water and the paper plateful of watery porridge after the wash. The food is not the main sustenance of the march; gorge yourself on argument, the endless dialogue, the exchanges of experience and lifestyle. Enthusiasm is the strength that drives the legs. Sure, the hills drag and rain has only to crash down for five minutes and any comfort is lost for the rest of the soggy-trousered trek, but the day's walking is increasingly something to look forward to. The march is a time to pause and think, to relax even.

The feet don't stab pain up the legs anymore but the padding for my blisters is now compacted and digs hard. Banners and chants sag for a while and then suddenly, as predicted, the police provoke The Incident.

One of the West Ham crew chants 'Animals' and he's nicked. The front of the march pile in to save him; only two of us run up from the back. We surround the cop and drag the marcher away, running him to the back of the march and changing his leather jacket for a blue cagoule.

Another marcher is wrenched from the cops but the fickleness of the stewards and the inexperience / ineptitude of the majority of the march means that one lad from Preston gets lifted. Standing near the back of the meat wagon, he is suddenly grabbed by the boys in blue and thrown into the van. He's later charged for assaulting a police officer.

Same old story. Same old tactics. At every stage of the charging process the original incident is amplified until some kid nicked for loitering wonders whether he *did* actually start the revolution that the court is discussing.

"HA! HA! FUNNY POLIS!" — Paisley RAR EP.

Anti-cop chants for the next two miles. Deason whispers to a close-packed audience over dinner — 'How to cope with the fegs ...'

We start off; speed up the pace and slow down on the anti-police chants. Remember this is a protest against Thatcher *first*.

Steep hills all the way to Blackburn, steep hills in the town. I get dragged off with a crew of red skins to do security at the Blitz/Mo-dettes RAR gig tonight. We do a tour of the fire exits in Blackburn's King George's Hall and come back to guard them after a meal in a cafe. The venue looks like the Hippodrome and smells like the Palladium — RAR Oi! gig in plush surroundings. More contradictions. Sit around backstage most of the night so Attack are just a throbbing noise. The Mo-dettes got in a pile-up on the motorway and couldn't make it to Blackburn, but Blitz did make it and I did get to see them.

"Relax. Hang around for two years and then maybe there'll be a job for you."
— Norman Tebbit: Employment Minister, to Right To Work delegation

Would that there was a mass working class rock subculture, aggressive and militant, to challenge the poseurs ... the music business ... the government ... But the sad truth is that Oi! is not. While The 4 Skins may have had a certain novelty (who else has started a full scale war?) and Infa-Riot do have a commitment to their protest, Blitz come across as non-league amateurs. The lurching skunks that they've brought with them gob at the Clockwork Orange white boiler suits and bowler hats onstage but to me they're the UK Subs without the humour. No joke; this is a lost movement.

After rumours all night of waiting hordes of Nazis outside in the cold, ready to attack from all sides (usual RAR gig paranoia), we search out the truth and return having found only a late-night chippie.

Return to base through police-laden streets. Avoid arrest, and the chance of a warm cell, to lie bent double on a cold school corridor floor. Do we care ...?

14 WEDNESDAY OCTOBER

WAKE at 6.45 to the sound of stirring porridge. The catering crew jump around as only those who haven't been to bed can. I need two cups of tea and two plates porridge to wake me up, only to fall asleep again waiting for a game of snooker.

We slug out into the cold outside for a marchers' meeting. Rise and shine and People's March sectarianism. It's in everyone's interests for the two marches to unite but the People's March organizers set off two hours before the agreed time in an attempt to leave us behind. For once the police stop the right person and the sixty marchers (twenty five of them stewards) who are the 'official' protest (making the thousand RTW marchers 'unofficial') aren't allowed to leave Blackburn.

'NO COMMUNISTS IN THE KREMLIN' — Crisis

Down the road, through the posses of shoppers and out into more winding, walled roads and straight, forested hills. Stop for soup and sandwiches and wait for the People's March to catch up. They wait half a mile down the road in a pub — ever been jilted?

On to Preston, to the market square and a break. An hour free! I head off for a piss and a phone box. Ring Tony Stewart of this august journal; the first contact with the non-marching world ... He could not have realised it, but talking to him was both exhilarating and acutely strange. It was *that* alien trying to converse with someone who hadn't been a part of it all but warming to hear more interest shown.

Walking round a Co-op store was similarly unnerving. We eat, meet, go buying comics, march to a school, eat again and head off for the gig. I'm stewarding again with the same crew but this time at Preston Poly in a compact, modernist theatre.

Dislocation Dance and Tarzan 5 play civilized. The carpetted warmth and intelligent pop make for a smooth evening. Relax the raggedness and chat. Stewarding is easy: no threat, no trouble. Again we talk through the early morning — a different group on different subject matter. The Mekons and the riots (?).

Restricted conversation and punks

CONTINUES OVER

vin Cummins

THE BEST OF BLONDIE

14 GREAT TRACKS

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FROM OVER PAGE

lolling on mushrooms outside the women's toilets where I end up writing my diary. Dan Dare; Yeah! Yeah!

15 THURSDAY OCTOBER

THE last day's march starts with vans to another school. The last day's march starts sluggishly. The column drags but walks on, even those now on crutches (One lass from Newcastle hopped the whole way on steel sticks). On this march there are no liberal hurdles for the disabled to tackle.

Seeker, a guide dog, has led his partially blind owner all the way from Liverpool. Dog and man have been on nearly every unemployment march organized from the early Right To Work marches to this May's People's March. Hundreds of miles of protest but then you don't need eyes to see the madness of unemployment.

I find John Deason and chat about the march and other initiatives on unemployment. He's very upset by the determination of the People's March organizers to split the two demonstrations in spite of repeated attempts to link with them.

But he is thrilled by the phenomenal success of the Right To Work March 1981. "It's the biggest march we've ever had with the most political and militant kids we've ever had. What's particularly exciting is that the unity of this demonstration means that the racial and sexual prejudice of some of these kids is soon combatted. They're learning all the time."

We talk and march. I worry about the come-down after the charged political energy of the march and wonder how kids that have been rapidly politicized during the week will cope with going back to life on the dole in their own areas.

We stop in a layby for food. The smell is either silage or the stench of marchers having relieved themselves. Leaving the layby, gaps appear and stragglers straggle. Lethargic and tired. But then houses acne the skyline and Blackpool approaches. Hail the seaside resort, small-time Tory suburbia housing the big-time Tory conference circus.

Cars' horns sound, fists and waves stretch out from the local workers to the alien unemployed. The cops niggle and niggle waiting for the excuse to wreck tomorrow's demonstration. Lancashire's Highway Patrol CHIPS brigade finally leave off and buzz off (one of them falls off too). We squeeze into a school, teachers hurrying away and kids hanging around to spy on the orange jackets. We set up for the night, borrow a gym mat and crash, having had not one hour's sleep to soften the twenty miles.

The last march meeting. The last twisted press reports to be read out, with quotes from the mysterious march spokesman who never existed. Only last minute phone calls saved our accommodation tonight. A Tory on the Local Education Authority had rung up the school saying we'd left the school in Preston this morning in a state of chaos. When the Preston headmaster was contacted he praised the self-discipline of the march and welcomed us back for another year! Whatever we do, it seems we the unemployed are filth.

"PARIS MAQUIS QUOTIDIEN, UN JEU TRUQUE OU TU PERDS" — Metal Urbain

Tony Cliff addresses the marchers but the RAR crew leave for an early tea and transport to the gig at Blackpool's Squires. Downstairs in this pub that takes in all the rejects other pubs have turned out, the DJ plays rock 'n' roll. Upstairs Personal Column kick off the last night of the Anger On The Road Tour. They huff and puff and joke their way through the set. Their breathless pop songs encompass the nastiness of the 1980's and the singer plays with the titles ('Blood and Guts', 'A Woman's Place?', 'British Style', 'Ignorance Is Bliss?'...) "This isn't Birmingham? So you mean you're not the rock 'n' roll capital of the world?". Pump and pinch.

The Out might as well be playing Brum; they've no presence here. They play cabaret pop — no pinch. Only their shiny-pants girlfriends dance. Neat sound, babe.

Coup de Grace offer no dialogue either. They are Blackpool (joy) division four — their way is feedback. Give me The Distractions. Give me some swing. Convert me to pop. The singer, white suit this time, talks back, "It's funny how the Prime Minister and the Queen always have to be protected from their loyal subjects." Celebrate with Manchester pop.

"Where my generation might identify hostile authority with the boss, this generation lives more of its life on the streets, the territory patrolled by police"

— Gus MacDonald, presenter of Granada TV's teen talk-in, Devil's Advocate.

One of the drivers, who I've got to know over the week, comes up and tells me he's just been nicked ferrying marchers back from the gig to tonight's residence. We find out that panda cars have been following our transport in order to charge us for overloading. Fancy spending a night wandering the streets of Blackpool?

The answer is simple: we tell the police that if they don't let us transport our marchers back, then all one thousand of us will march back through the town at two in the morning.

They back down. Just as they will search and lift straggling marchers but never risk busting in on us at night for a mass search, they dare not take on all of us at once.

Celebrate: Make Blackpool Rock!

16 FRIDAY OCTOBER

SHAKING limbs in a frozen fit. Kicked out at 6.30 and walk, face dripping with cold water, through the bitter frosts that spikes Blackpool's morning air. Trail past the endless cordon of bed 'n' breakfasts following a group of orange blurs in the distance. Queue outside a methodist hall — no drizzle to excuse the cold. No porridge to sympathize over; only boiled eggs. I eat a couple of eggs but I'd rather throw them at Thatcher.

We celebrate after breakfast and go through the last day's procedure. A RTW delegation had already been jogging with Lord Thorneycroft along Blackpool front. They couldn't catch him but then Thorneycroft wasn't slowed by walking 180 miles beforehand.

Another group of marchers had already been down to the Winter Gardens, where the Tory Party were gigging this last week. A handful of orange jackets pay an early morning visit to the conference and the cops panic — they seemed to think that *this* was the Right To Work March. Let them wait.

Marchers go through the highlights of the week. The lorry driver who turned up to a RTW picket and said he'd never crossed a picket line in his life and wasn't going to now. The company who said it was their policy not to let convenors out to meet the march failing to impress the RTW delegation who said it was our policy to picket them out. (And out they came).

I talk to a group of Futurist YOPS kids from Blackpool who joined the march. They were told they'd lose pay if they went on the march. "We told them we were going on it anyway and stuff YOPS. Now they say they'll sack us" Who said fluffy fringes can't be militant?

This is D-Day. Seige Day. Action Day. Everyone bops around. One quiffabilly ('Gene Vincent Lives' next to 'Kick The Tories Out!') says it feels like Christmas. Don't buy me a present, give me struggle in stockings.

John Deason jaunts and grins, friendly and confident. Today the march hits home. After all the harassment (arrests, complaints, sectarianism, searches and sniffer dogs). We've arrived.

"ASSEMBLE IN HATE / HOT UP AND DEMONSTRATE / SCHMUCK, YOU'VE THE CHOICE / THIS IS THE PEOPLE'S VOICE" — Redskins

March from the station; orange jackets everywhere. A thousand rebel unemployed, nine thousand trade unionists and militants. The loudmouths sing the whole repertoire. Every chant thrown up during the march is now thrown out at the audience. Rally and circle the Winter Gardens. Cameras click and roll — press everywhere (but not a report in sight). Another army, blue-uniformed and stupid, glare back with macho-moustache stares. Three thousand law and order merchants protecting our very own Prime Minister from her electorate.

Six angry, articulate kids (only six?) are allowed through the barriers to swap pleasantries with Norman Tebbit, who tells us to , "Relax. Hang around for two years and then maybe there'll be a job for you."

This time we march in the sunshine and the Tories are suffocated by numbers. The best-dressed marchers infiltrate the Monetarist temple, the scruffy hooligans point the finger at the cops and learn.

There is no great climax — nothing could rise above the high of the last ten days. The soaring moment will come afterwards; another year, another place. For now, savour the struggle we have been a part of and remind yourself of the ingredients of the militant cocktail for when you step off the coach home into the weekend. Keep mixing; shaken and stirred.

so far so good...

Pat Metheny 'As Fall Wichita, So Falls Wichita Falls' ECM 1190. "his best since American Garage - no nonsense jazz/rock".

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Other ECM albums for 1981

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Heinz Reber/Thomas Demenga 'Cellorganics' digital recording	ECM 1196
Meredith Monk 'Dolmen Music'	ECM 1197
Abercrombie Quartet 'M'	ECM 1191
Contact Trio 'Musik'	JAPO 60036
John Clark 'Faces'	ECM 1176
Barre Phillips 'Music By. . .'	ECM 1178
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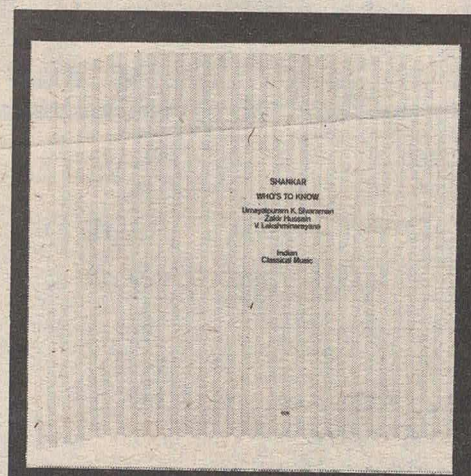

Ravi Shankar: 'Who's To Know' ECM 1195 "Virtuoso performance, approaching genius".

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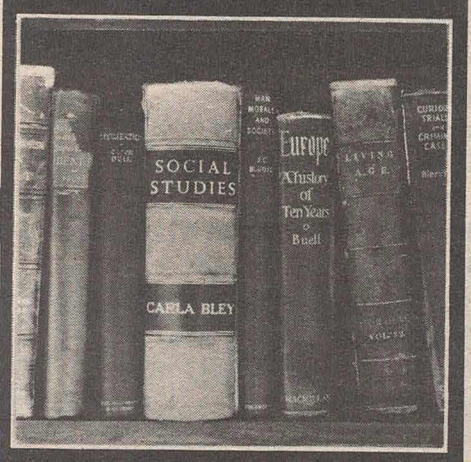
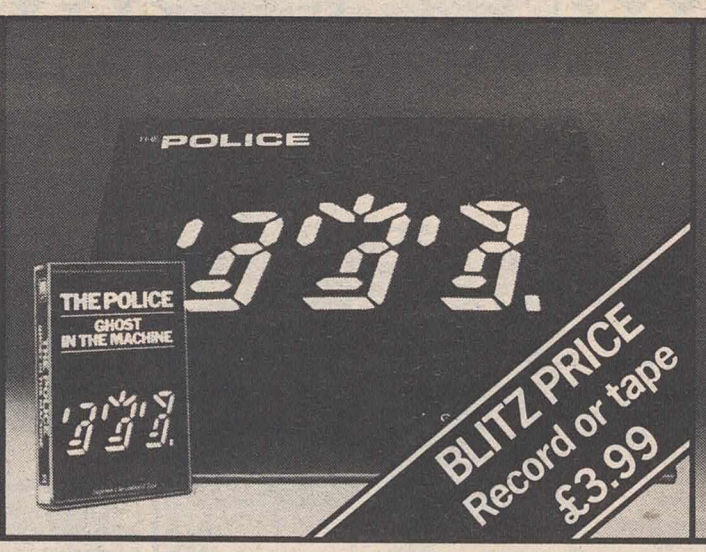


Carla Bley 'Social Studies' WATT II (U.K. tour begins this week). "One of jazz's major latter day writers'- her sense of parody remains undiminished"

Madness 7



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LPs

SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION . . .

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS
Almost Blue (F-Beat)

"WARNING!" shouts the sticker that's stuck on the cover that covers the record that Elvis made in Nashville. "This album contains country & western music and may produce radical reaction in narrow-minded people."

Country 'n' western — phew! It's one small step sideways in Costello's career, perhaps, at least where his songwriting goes (though not his singing). But 'Almost Blue', these 12 interpretations of other people's work, is a richly satisfying sidestep. It has the feel of being both a homage and a holiday . . . so enjoy it, maybe get enlightened, and let's watch how the experience inspires the man's own creative muse when next they get back together.

Country music, mind, has never been too far below the surface in the Costello catalogue — like his own 'Stranger In The House' and in the feel of nearly all his more mournful, reflective material. For anybody true to their Liverpool-Irish roots, it could barely be otherwise: that culture's steeped in it, and always will be.

The tone of 'Almost Blue's' treatments is respectful, therefore, but never slavish. It's a contemporary album, and it's an Attractions album; producer Billy Sherrill seems to have ensured that the set's authenticity rests with content, not with the form. The one major concession to trad sound is the addition to the band of guitarist John McFee, who supplies a lot of sad, sweet pedal steel.

There's no perversion of the songs' intentions, either. It might be the sophisticated view that country is trite, and maudlin and sentimental. But Elvis still plays it straight. The easy option of exploiting the coy, camp and kitsch angles — which would overcome most English rock artists — isn't entertained for a moment. Costello and company cut through the layers of smart prejudice to find the music's enduring values: its sly humour, its lyrical craftsmanship (more echoes of EC's own approach), its melancholy dignity.

Down to detail. Side one opens with a brash rock work-out, in the Rockpile vein, 'Why Don't You Love Me (Like You Used To Do)': it's the noise of a group enjoying itself, and not to the exclusion of *our* enjoyment. The remainder of the side is calmer — like 'Success' *("has made a failure of our home")*, Merle Haggard's 'Tonight The Bottle Let Me Down', and the beautiful 'Brown To Blue', all about the divorce that *"changed your name from Brown to Jones / And mine from Brown to Blue . . ."* If you've just opened a beer, stand by to cry into it.

Flip across and there's the year's best-deserved hit, 'Good Year For The Roses', a poignant George Jones lip-trembler. The easy-rocking 'Sittin' And Thinkin', 'Colour Of The Blues' (yep, *that* colour again) and Billy Sherrill's 'Too Far Gone' lead up to the pumping beat of the Jerry Lee / Joe Turner number 'Honey Hush', then finally, 'How Much I Lied' — more of that grief inhibited by the stern necessity for manly appearances.

If you can find it in your moralistic modern heart to forgive the music's frequent lapses of character — the fatal tendency to take consolation in booze, the frankly reactionary sexist stereotyping (She hasn't made the bed! Our relationship's on the rocks!) — you'll be rewarded by the very-human realism of country's emotional power. The tunes are lovely as well.

Seek out the best, bury the rest. Let 'Almost Blue' be your primer, and Elvis Costello your guide. You know something? This is the kind of country where a man could build himself a home.

Paul Du Noyer

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Let Them Eat Jellybeans (Alternative Tentacles)

Often a soft centre

AN ITINERARY through the American and Canadian 'underground', not so much an adventure, more a march from a mutually agreed rallying point. A selected catalogue of placards.

I worry when apparently disruptive pop music demands grave nods of approval and little more. As with Crass, I find myself formally in agreement, yet emotionally and imaginatively corralled.

Most of the music on this Dead Kennedys-instigated album falls prey to the narrowest constraints and contradictions of 'protest'. Side one is a torrent of aural gelignite of the fundamentalist punk brand which often slips into self-parody and routine. Pity.

Flipper's 'Ha Ha Ha' is a commendably sniggering put-down of suburban hypocrisy, and The Kennedys themselves delivery 'Nazi Punks Fuck Off', a necessary, purging statement.

Yet the purest negativity, the raw accusations and complaints, leave the groups short on scope for future diversity, and render them easily defined (by now) as mere wierdos sprung from a drop-out's vacuum, crucially lacking any recognisable social backdrop; 'protest' without the 'folk'; lone loonies from the underworld. Sure, they are 'right' and Reagan on the cover is 'wrong', but there's nothing here to persuade the casual listener.

Broadly, side two, which indicated the madder, messier parts of 'America's Darker Side', contains the same drawbacks, but incites reactions more liberating than bawling at your own reflections. The Offs' 'Everyone's A Bigot' is a spritely, on-beat chunk of realisation, Geza X's 'Isotope Soap' goofy dementoid sufferation, and Christian Lunch's 'Joke's On You' a terrifically delivered, laugh-or-l'd-cry denunciation of Born Again America. And this is all very fine, a comfort for those enlisted to the crusade, some jolts and jokes to lighten the load.

Ultimately, though, these songs function only as the spiritual aides to heavier concerns. Or, if you like, Jello Biafra's politics are more interesting than his records. This record contains little of the spark which ignites new potential, freshens finer emotions, or kindles desires for an improved world, which make the greatest pop music a radical (suggestive) power.

Dave Hill

RACHEL SWEET
And Then He Kissed Me (CBS)
REX SMITH
Everlasting Love (CBS)

WHAT'S happened to Rachel Sweet since she left Stiff is enough to make a grown man cry.

Liam Sternberg produced some of the most potent pop records of all time with this kid's voice and now all you've got, courtesy of Rick Chertoff and Pete Solley, is this horrible great Springsteen bash of a pop sound, steamrolling through straight Brooce pulls like D. L. Byron's 'Shadows Of The Night' — *"He said o girl it's a cold world / When we're restless and we're young . . ."* — or, even worse, medley-time aux Spector / Greenwich / Barry, 'And Then He Kissed Me / Be My Baby'.

Rachel has herself caught the viral Bruce-bug: embarrassing self-penned efforts like 'Billy And The Gun' and 'Streetheart' run rife with the man's tedious jungleland imagery. *"When you stare into my eyes, you look like a cruel James Dean"!* Oh gawd.

Only the duet on 'Everlasting Love' with Rex Smith, Broadway star and *Interview* interviewee, gives the girl a chance to really *use* that voice. When I saw Clem Burke drumming to Michael Des Barres' version of the song at the Venue, it was obvious that something great could be done with it. And fortunately, though it's a bit awkwardly structured, Chertoff, Sweet, and Smith have turned it into one of the year's most gorgeous pop records.

Rex gets it as his title song, which probably caused a few little wrangles round Columbia way. The bulk of his LP aims more for the Joel than the Springsteen end of the market, though the two aren't far apart. Chertoff does the whole production job this time, and manages to make it about as dull and bland as possible — again excepting the single.

There's a perfectly horrendous 'What Becomes Of The Brokenhearted' thrown in for token classics' sake, and an equally mundane bash at The Chi-Lites 'Oh Girl'. Lord knows who the other songwriters are — Bolotin and Henderson? LaVoie? Banks and Piercy? They're probably all the same person.

Barney Hoskyns

SINGERS AND PLAYERS
War Of Words (99)

THE BEST reggae is a mountain with lots of hollows: scoops of sound, shapes. British reggae, though, has rarely got into that kind of shape in the studio: it's been flat, even bland, more plains than mountains.

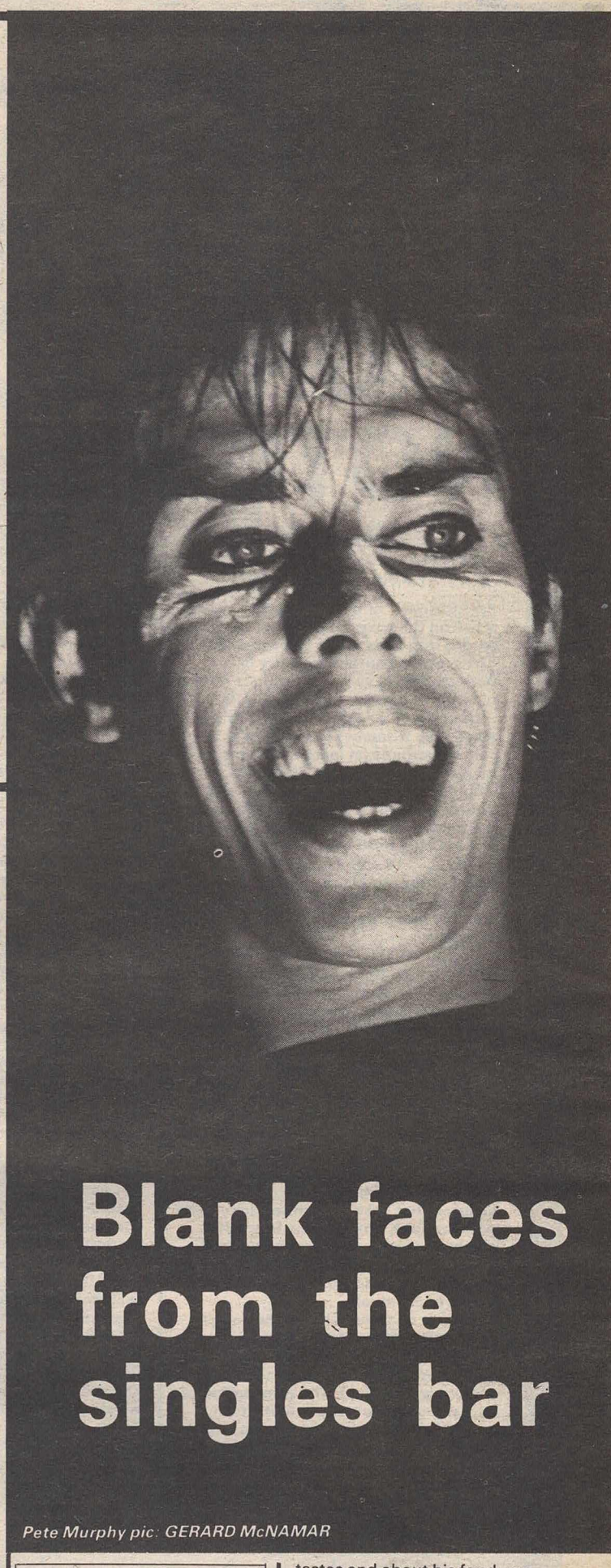
Dennis Bovell, Aswad and a few others have been putting that right over the past couple of years, but Singers And Players get it even more right. The bas(s)ic sound sweeps the length of the album: it's heavy but never dragging, with ingenious textures, phasing and phrasing, which rarely result in fiddley cliched dub effects. The effects are always part of the whole, tight in, spare yet full and rich in impact.

Hats off to producer Adrian Sherwood (previous credits include New Age Steppers and London Underground); he's not only done the right things in the studio, he's chosen the right people to go in there in the first place, Singers And Players being an umbrella for Jah Woosh, members of Creation Rebel, Ari Stepper, Keith Levene, and singer Bim Sherman — who's hung around Jamaican studios for years and deserves to be better known.

Prince Far I makes a magnificent toasting vocal contribution with 'Quante Jubila', coming over better than he does on his own stuff for Pre. He should do a whole album with this lot: with that gruff resonant brass-lined voice, he could read out the Highway Code and make it poetic. Sherman, of course, is altogether sweeter, but that helps to bring out the heaviness of the sound and produce a powerful lyricism. All this is most evident on 'Sit And Wonder', which gets its Afro passages spot on: there's no desperate compensation with flailing polyrhythms. In fact, the album's strength is its simplicity.

Two questions. Who's J Vincent who wrote most of the material? Why the hell is an American label putting out 'War Of Words' first?

Paul Tickell



Blank faces from the singles bar

Pete Murphy pic: GERARD McNAMAR

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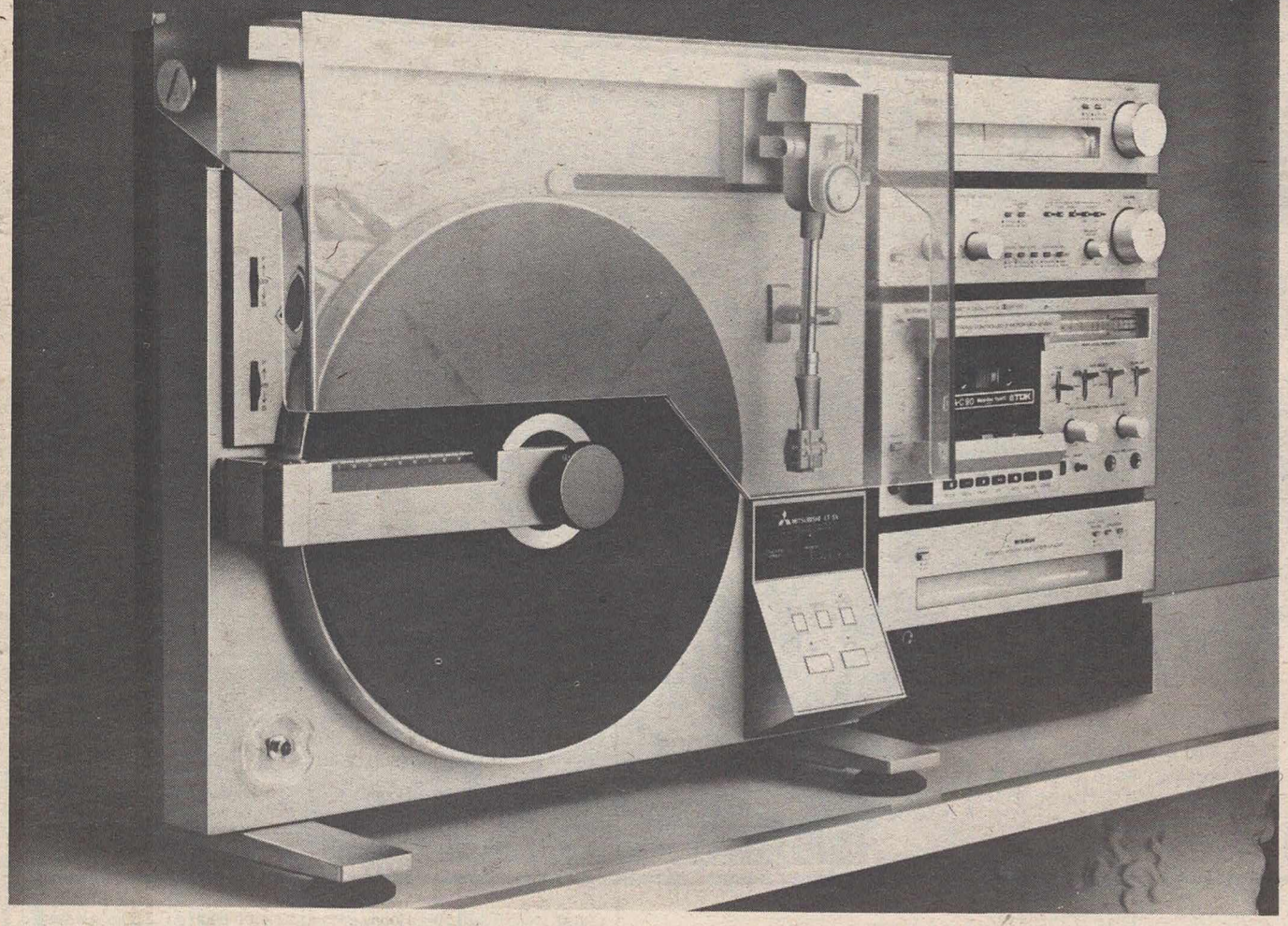

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CABARET FUTURA
Fools Rush In Where Angels Dare To Tread (Mary)

CABARET FUTURA was a great idea, and it gave a lot of people a chance, and Richard Strange proved you could be a good MC without flouring yourself up like Joel 'Money, Money Money' Grey. The Futura of course was no permanent revolution, and not everyone shone. Put a bunch of entertainers together on a regular basis following something of a policy and you have . . . a mixed bag.

Which is the story of this live album, recorded at the club last spring. Bravely it's less of a monument to the place (A Best Of Futura) more an attempt to be representative and flog variety and a cross-section — of the good, bad and indifferent.

Everest The Hard Way (Average Arty White Funk Band) manage to be all these things at once, whereas Positive Noise might not be any of them. They get on my blind spot. You've heard tell all sorts about this band before they split, but all they mean to me is thorough orthodoxy, low-key dour pomp, and meaningful words hewn out by a front man complacent about his literary tastes and about his fondness for existentialist adventure yarns by emigre Polish windbag Joseph Conrad.

Kissing The Pink, with clever arrangements and ethereal vocals, leave me cold too. Monkey House Blues (who?) aren't much better, veering between flat funk and appalling imitations of Tom Verlaine. Inexplicably they get two cuts (perhaps it made sorting out the royalties easier — a sticking point on many a compilation), whereas The Distractions, with a catching piece of pop, get one.

The ubiquitous Richard Jobson is another act with two slots. The poetaster is at his worst on 'India Song', which has something to do with a French novelist and incongruously sounds like a drinking poem. 'Daddy', based on the Sylvia Plath poem, is also incongruous — but great. It's a demystificatory improvement on the original, with Jobson (courtesy of Russell Webb's music) turning it into a piece of autobiographical burlesque which alludes to his own miner father — and 'Vienna'.

This is the kind of off-beat moment which made the Futura. That and class. And that's Eddie And Sunshine — *the* cabaret stars, and here they come with 'Echoes' and 'Man For Sale', delicate evocative soulful songs which

BAUHAUS
Mask (Beggars Banquet)

BAUHAUS have received little credit in these pages for a series of 45s over the past two years which, for quality and variety, should set them alongside the more obvious Dexys, Ants and Costellos of this world amongst Britain's leading singles artists.

Perhaps they have been too readily dismissed on the evidence of their disappointing debut LP 'In The Flat Field'; or perhaps *NME* has been too awash with mediocrity from the Celtic fringes of the north and the suited pseuds of the south for a less easily categorisable Midlands group to get a look-in; or maybe their singles just keep going to the wrong reviewer (Paul Du Noyer — I name the guilty man!) . . . Whatever the reasons, it's about time Bauhaus got their hideously painted faces on the bloody cover.

With a welter of Hammer horror treatments of religious / sexual hang-ups, welded to a metallic hard rock distorted through a wide-ranging use of studio effects, the fact is that they have managed to create a number of mini-classics.

From the gothic-electronic 'Bela Lugosi's Dead', wreathed by the hiss of percussive vampire bat's-wings, to the gloatingly chanted heartless headlines and spewing doom-rock of 'Terror Couple Kill Colonel' . . . And on, to the superbly realised 12-inch 'Telegram Sam' — the warped teenybop A-side backed with a grindingly heavy version of John Cale's 'Rosegarden Funeral Of Sores' and (perhaps their best track) the riveting 'Crowds', which starts out as a gentle, exasperated love lament and escalates to a demented stream of obscene hatred, resolved by the singer walking away cleansed and calmed . . .

And on, to the rapped-out techno-punk of 'Dark Entries', fantasising a descent into the degraded delirium of a sexual underworld . . . And on, to the Iggy-like *"search for satori"* of the vicious disco track 'Kick In The Eye' . . . And on, through more venomous jagged rhythms, to the violent physicality of 'The Passion Of Lovers' . . .

This catalogue of absurd, desperate fantasies and powerfully realised music has earned Bauhaus a grass-roots following that should take 'Mask' straight into the charts. Unfortunately, though, the album doesn't match up to the singles that heralded it.

In a way, the much maligned 'In The Flat Field' was a stronger piece of work; as none of the tracks had been released as singles, it had to find its own sources of strength — which, in defiance of the blurred, tinny production, came out in the ravening heavy metal of the title track and the Led Zeppelinesque epic 'Nerves'. (Which neatly serves to illustrate the fact that the true path of latterday HM runs through the Pistols, Iggy, Stranglers, Killing Joke and their ilk rather than the retarded hacks who generally masquerade under the title).

'Mask', on the other hand, relies heavily on the inclusion of 'The Passion Of Lovers' and 'Kick In The Eye' to sustain a supporting cast of generally lacklustre material. Too many tracks are only half-realised fillers. For a group who have repeatedly stretched the singles form to its limits, it's strange to find the LP full of predictably formal four-minute songs.

One notable exception is 'Of Lillies And Remains', a tongue-in-cheek throwaway which at first smacks of the Velvets' 'The Gift' as Peter Murphy recites a fanciful story over a clipped backing. There's an interesting shift from his mundane speaking voice (reflecting the ordinariness that Chris Bohn called "Bauhaus' true face" in his *NME* interview) to the staginess of his usual scathing Bowie-cloned singing voice . . . but that's about all.

Throughout the album, David Jay (bass & keyboards), Kevin Haskins (drums) and Daniel Ash (guitar) operate as an ambitious, effective rock unit, but they aren't used to their full potential. Their desire to stretch the studio creates a number of interesting effects, but too often it leads to a predominance of arid metallic textures. Far more interesting is the kind of contrast used on the title track, 'Mask', where Bauhaus' usual tormented electronics are suddenly submerged beneath a haltingly melodic fade-out — the best moment on the LP apart from the singles.

Bauhaus' greatest hits LP, I guarantee, will be a killer. That, in fact, is the one they should call 'Mask'. Because as this record shows, like many other 'singles bands', behind the facade of those brilliant 45s the true face of Bauhaus is a blank.

Phil McNeill

open the album. The close is just as good with Richard Strange doing possibly his best song 'Let's Flatten Manhattan'. It's enlightened, politicised decadence with rousing sax and guitar: a riot in white gloves.

Paul Tickell

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Heavy Metal Soundtrack (Epic)

DOUBLE album soundtrack to the animated screen epic, the cartoon universe of "mystery . . . sexual fantasies . . . decay and destruction . . . awesome good and terrifying evil . . ." Artistes include Sammy Hagar, Trust, Ozzy-less Sabbath (with a charming ditty entitled "The Mob Rules'), Nazareth, even old Grand Funk Railroad . . .

It's only about half Metallic, however: there's also easy listening jazz-rock (Donald Fagen), silly minimelectro (Devo's 'Coalmine'), Medium Guitar Wave with a synth perm (Cheap Trick times two), mellow LA heaven (Journey, Don Felder), and more chantings of the million-dollar chanteuse (Stevie Nicks).

But apart from the Cult's hysterically doomy but still rather magnificent 'Veteran Of The Psychic Wars' (penned by Michael Moorcock), 'Heavy Metal' is pretty heavy going.

Barney Hoskyns

MINK De VILLE
Coup de Grace (Atlantic)

POOR Willy deVille. Eternally trapped in his fantasy time-warp of Bronx street-serenading '63, all roses growing up through the concrete and placed elegantly in his pretty signorinas' hair, doesn't he realise that everything he's ever wanted to do was done, perfected, *completed* by the vastly superior Tony Orlando on Dawn's 'Knock Three Times'?

Here the 'Spanish Harlem' repetition compulsion finds its transference on Arthur Alexander's 'You Better Move On', a version of which you may recall was once done by The Rolling Stones. All castanets, acoustic guitars, desperate Clarence Clemons-ish sax (Nitzsche can't get Steve Douglas anymore), and Willy's would-be heartache, it's a pretty sad performance all round.

Still, I guess it makes some miserable kind of sense that Willy's ended up on Atlantic; Ahmet Ertegun is of course the first name in the special thanks department, and you can imagine Willy thus: "Oh, Ahmet, what were those early Drifters sessions *really* like . . .?" Save the last dance for the real thing.

Barney Hoskyns

GRATEFUL DEAD
Dead Set (Arista)

Chemistry Professors

OWSLEY, Kesey, Casady . . . Acid tests, Avalon, Altamont, *Apocalypse Now* . . . Garcia, Hunter, Constanten . . . Pig Pen, pyramids, pranksters . . . What a long, strange, sordid, sentimental, and sometimes supernatural trip it's been.

It's a trip that has changed the Dead, inevitably. Richard Cook, reviewing their first Rainbow show a fortnight ago in *NME*, remarked on their "professionalism": they've become "a rather efficient rock'n'roll unit" — which, as he pointed out, is a sad fate for an inspirational group like The Grateful Dead.

As if they realised this, the night I saw the Dead was very different. Time after time, Jerry Garcia would send a song spinning off its axis into the anxious unknown. Worrying at it, stretching, pushing and itching, Garcia's uniquely eloquent guitar repeatedly challenged the band to push through some intangible barrier — a barrier that at one time, on 'Dark Star', 'Around And Around', 'The Eleven', they could have thrust aside and leapt across with some glorious act of faith . . . but to little avail. They would travel just so far . . . Hart & Kreutzmann would rumble into a tentative two-step, Phil Lesh would send down one of those primeval bass avalanches . . . they're going . . . it's happening . . . like those first little shimmers and tugs as the acid hits the brain . . . and then nothing. Gently, almost timidly, they fade back down and Bob Weir instantly cranks out the intro to one of his dreadful innocuous boogies. But at least — I'll swear it — they *tried*, and that was genuinely humbling and exciting.

Garcia's muted urgency that night, coupled with such moments as the exquisite guitar solo and shattered vocals on 'High Time', convinced me once again that this dumpy little grey-haired man is, if not the greatest, certainly the most humane, of rock's seven geniuses.

'Dead Set' is the Dead's sixth double live LP (well, one was a triple, actually) and their second this year, following the acoustic twin-set 'Reckoning'. Although it draws on virtually the whole of their history, the absence of any material from the records which defined acid-rock ('Anthem For The Sun', 'Aoxomoxoa' and 'Live Dead') reinforces the fact that this is the "professional" side of The Grateful Dead.

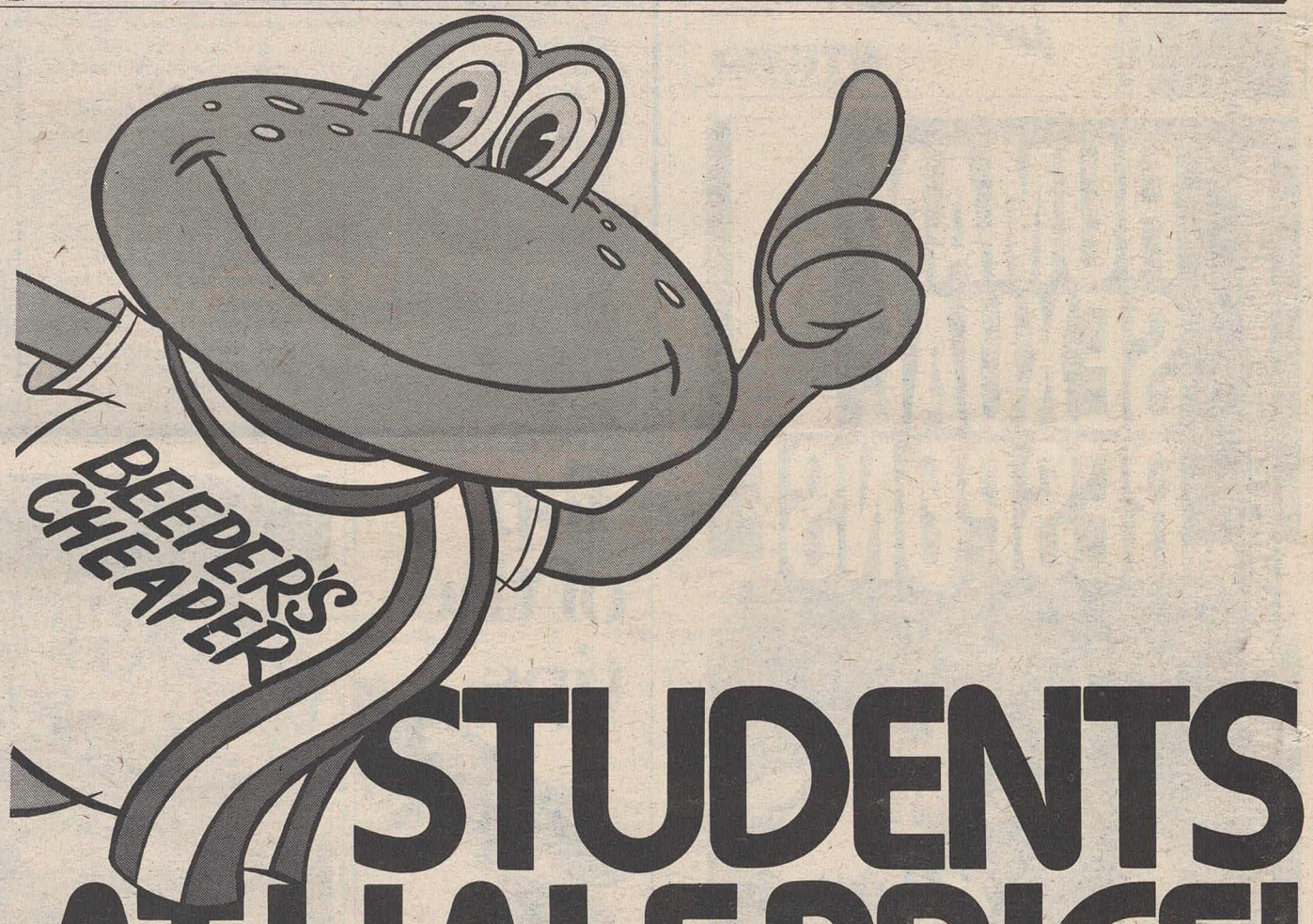
At its best, it is magnificent — a kind of electrified rationalisation of the mellow contemplations of 'American Beauty' (which, incidentally, is brilliantly reflected in Dennis Larkin's cover illustration, derived from the twin recording venues of New York and San Francisco).

At its worst — which is on the mercifully rare occasions that Bob Weir steps up to the mike — it's feeble. Weir's ham-fisted stabs at 'blues' vocalising on 'Little Red Rooster' and 'New Minglewood Blues' are grotesquely incongruous next to Garcia's unaffected and truly affecting singing on 'Friend Of The Devil', 'Candyman' and even the mawkish 'Brokedown Palace' (all, curiously enough, extrapolated from 'American Beauty').

Not that Weir's presence is superfluous — or, for that matter, that the Dead can't still play fine, fiery liquid rock. To hear Garcia, Weir and Lesh striking sparks off each other as the two drummers propel 'Franklin's Tower' through a brief mid-song climax is to witness in action the chemistry that has kept the five of them (plus, at the moment, keyboard player Brent Mydland) together all these years.

Those moments of mutual ecstasy are the key to the Dead and the real basis for their fans' enduring allegiance: still the most popular unknown rock group in the world. These days the poignancy may outweigh the power, but they are still a one-off: there never was another group like The Grateful Dead, nor ever will be again. Long may they work.

Phil McNeill



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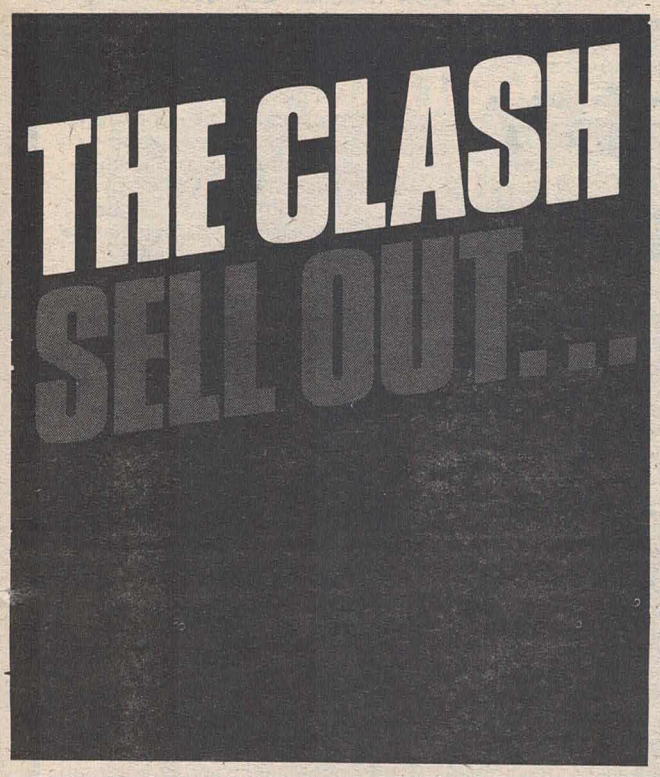

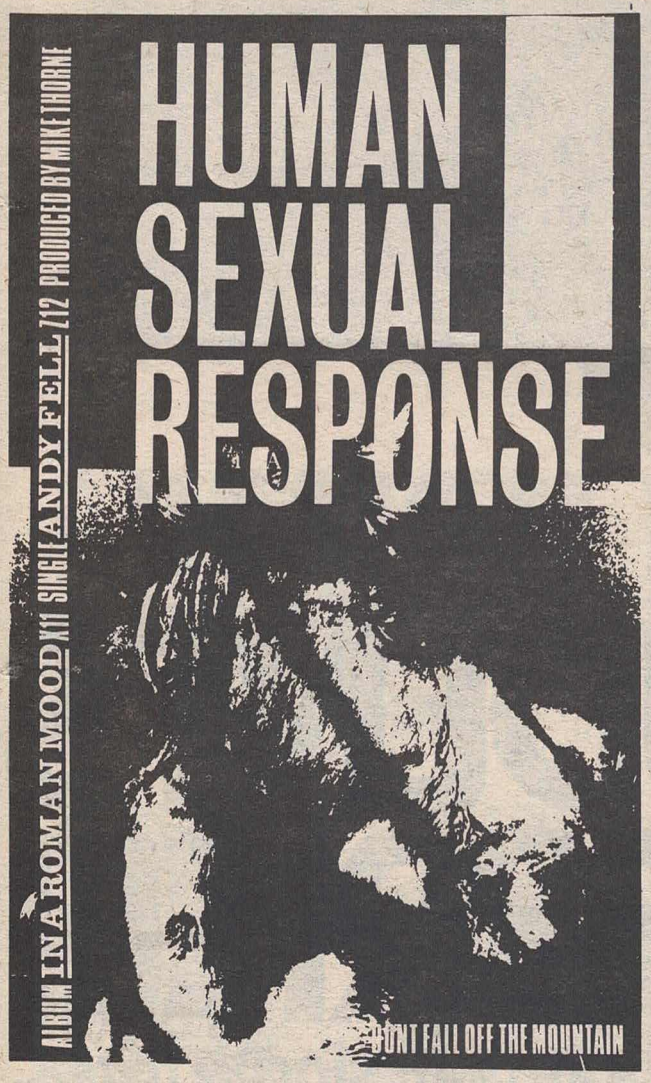

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STYLISTICS
Closer Than Close (Philadelphia International)

BETCHA BY GOLLY WOW
I'M STONE IN LOVE WITH YOU
ROCK & ROLL BABY
YOU MAKE ME FEEL BRAND NEW
LET'S PUT IT ALL TOGETHER
AVCO Recording Artists
The Stylistics

The Stylistics as they were: back on the bus.

THOUGH SECRETLY I always adored 'Sixteen Bars' (1976), the super-orchestral, Van McCoy-arranged jet-schmaltz that gave The Stylistics their monster hits in the mid-70s was somehow a terrible betrayal of what Thom Bell had earlier achieved with the group.

However, it's with Bell — who produces and arranges exactly half this album — that they've since returned to the delicate beauty and economy of the early hits, those immaculate confections that hovered and spun round your ears until you let them in — 'Betcha By Golly Wow', 'I'm Stone In Love With You,' and 'You Make Me Feel Brand New.'

The profound difference between Bell and the other sultans of schmaltz emerges only too clearly on 'Closer Than Close', when, for instance, one plays the bleary, diaphanous, Dexter Wansel-produced 'It's Only Love' alongside Bell's 'Habit', the song which ends side one. But even with a really weak melody and the tritest Linda Creed lyric (e.g. the title song), Bell never fails to get inside every part of his sound.

There is no standardisation of rhythm and harmony on Bell's cuts, as there always is on Wansel's half of the album, whether it's comparatively uptempo (for The Stylistics') 'funk' — 'What's Your Name' — or the soapiest slush — 'Mine All Mine'. Where Wansel is an all - purpose - man - about - the - studio, Bell is a genuine artist. He leaves nothing to the muso sessionmen.

Bell has always used voices — especially the seraphic falsettos and tenors of his great lead singers, William Hart of The Delfonics, Ted Mills of Blue Magic, and Russell Tompkins of The Stylistics — with exquisite care, encouraging them to ride the waves of strings like glistening surfers and lose themselves in harmony.

Though there's nothing on 'Closer Than Close' that does adequate justice to that talent — nothing like The Delfonics' 'Didn't I Blow Your Mind', or the 'Magic of The Blue' LP, or Dionne and The Spinners' 'Then Came You' (they just don't write 'em like that anymore — that's why 'Endless Love' is No. 1) — there's still 'Habit', which is gorgeous, and both 'I've Got This Feeling' and 'Almost There' end up with a couple of sublime minutes, vocal arrangements which simply take off and entrance, leaving thousands of miles below them the depressing commercial pressures which seem to prevent Philly making any more records like 'Back Stabbers', 'I'll Be Around' and 'Don't Let The Green Grass Fool You'. **Barney Hoskyns**

HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE
In A Roman Mood (Don't Fall Off The Mountain)

HSR are an American outfit who try very hard (remember their 'way out' *OGWT* performance?) to be weird and wonderful. Dig those crazy lyrics! *"Orestes is restless / Electra's expectant"* goes 'House Of Atreus', the band's attempt at an epic ... King Crimson's 'In The Wake Of Poseidon' decked out for the '80s. This song is meant to represent HSR's human, touching side and show off their knowledge of myth and the past. It's almost as dreadful as their modernist Devo dimension. Get this from 'Keep A Southern Exposure', *"The restructured Freudian psychodynamics / Of composting toilets is basic mechanics"*.

The music stinks as much as the words: over a big primitive drum sound are three different vocalists who all sound like variations on Mark Mothersbaugh, and over them come the guitars, such a dull effort at sounding contemporary. The listener, though, is meant to find all this very stimulating and complex: the old and the new held in tension, King Crimson and Devo spawning ...

Nothing, really. Just poor imaginations: the band's idea of getting things right is to write a song called 'Pound' and have pounding drums. Brilliant. Hilariously, the first side of 'In A Roman Way' keeps putting you in mind of a HM re-working of 'My Sharona'. The producer is Mike (Wire, Soft Cell) Thorne and he hasn't crossed the Atlantic well. As for the crankateers he found when he got there . . .

Paul Tickell

MEDIUM MEDIUM
The Glitterhouse. (Cherry Red)

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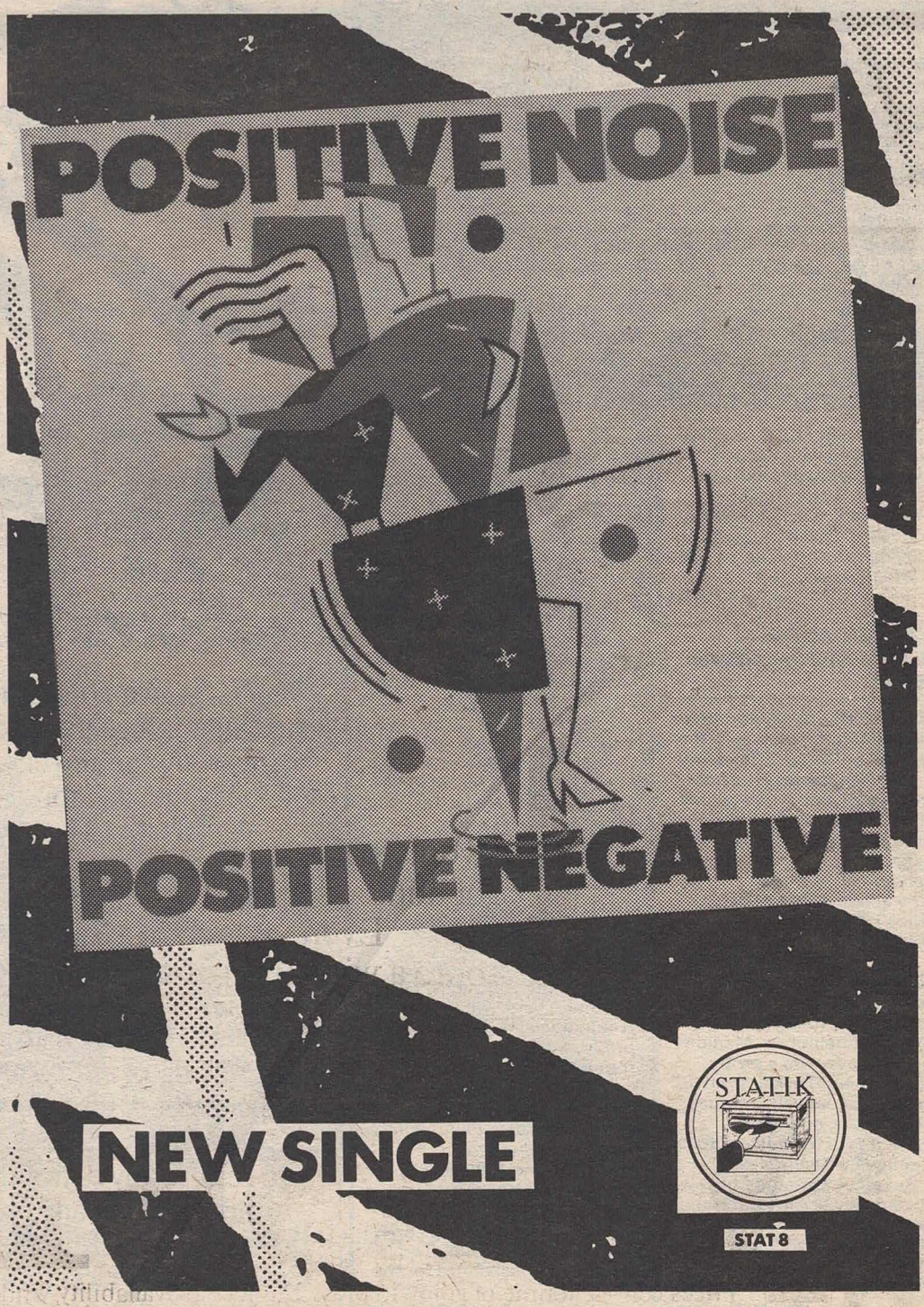


variably funky noises with starburst blasts of horns and guitars. How does it sound? It doesn't sound awful.

Medium Medium are stalking ponderously, but surely, across a shadowy gantry betwixt morbid post-punk, and that humpy groinbeat that everyone's been borrowing. There are particularly moments within these grooves when Medium Medium abstain from being studiedly wretched and allow some space instead. When they get *loose*, like on 'Hungry So Angry' (a lament for desire-departed, a bouyant, butt-heavy bassline mover), and leave their careful music to flail its own devices, they reveal a startling new surge of frowning soul.

Elsewhere, the whole scheme is more organised. It veers from attractively forbidding to mildly ruined. None of it is rubbish. Medium Medium take pleasure in slowly constructing rhythm-rivetted soundscapes like 'Serbian Village' (a tense yarn of rejection and madness), and 'Guru Maharaj Ji' (an ironic put-down), where the barren outlines are eloquently stuffed with insurrectionary angles of guitar, and some beatific and / or paranoic relishes.

Sadly, the easy enticement of the sound is often crushed by deadly, insular lyrics, too numbing in their outlook to prompt any serious bouts of excitement. Certain tracks are mere speculations with the basic inputs, and sometimes MM plummet, howling, into Self-Parody Canyon.

But amidst the odd disjointedness, the moaning and meandering, there's a certain glow of clear, passionate potential, some churning, burning artillery to bump-start your heart. Lean back and let go, you people!

You could make a lot of friends.

Dave Hill

JAZZ

FREDDIE HUBBARD is a bothersome cat. His slobbish decline from glittering young trumpet star for Blue Note in the early 60s to CTI-zak noodlehead in the 70s was a dismal waste of a fine player. Recent times have seen him heading for the old groove again, and 'Outpost' (Enja) looks a promisingly straight up and tall date with the clean - living rhythm section of Kenny Barron, Buster Williams and Al Foster in tow. Years in airport lounge fairyland have taken their toll, though. Ears lent to 'Santa Anna Winds' or 'Dual Force' are rewarded only by a meticulous array of tricks, trills and high notes plastered together with no sleight of thought.

Yet I can forgive him all, everything, for the one breathtakingly gorgeous ballad, 'You Don't Know What Love Is', a heartbreaker of a tune if ever there was one, the melody fingered and pumped to shiver every drop of feeling through the horn's lovingly crafted tone. For a man dividing his time between disco twelve - inchers and the sterner demands of this type of session, perhaps it's all Freddie's prepared to put out for.

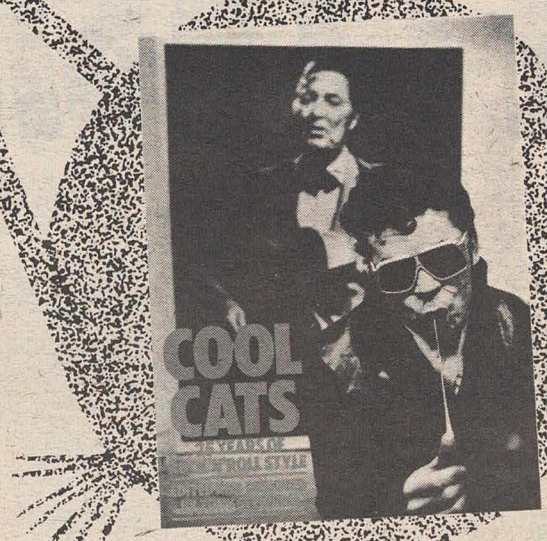
No such bother about 'Jump Up / What To Do About' (hat Hut import), a double by altoman **Jimmy Lyons** and drummer **Sunny Murray** recorded at a spiky Willisau concert last year. With Murray, the big bear of free drumming, sparking unstoppably throughout, the tracks (founded mostly on uncomplicated riff ideas by Lyons) broil in cymbals with the sax bobbing about on top and John Lindbergh's bass cantering on below.

Lyon is mostly fine, though he seems to lose concentration at times, lost maybe in the sweating tempos. His is an immediately recognisable voice with a keening edge to the tone, a moving muse that speaks with tears inside. Lindbergh is precociously snap - fingered, musters a cricket's speed with the bow. I'd pick out 'Jump Up' and the blazing 'Riffs No. 5' to picture the many vocabularies open to even a basic instrumentation like this: Lyons picks over the ideas like a man with bubble gum all over his fingers, pulling every which way while the drums explode all around him. The bassist just hovers somewhere between involvement and sideline encouragement. Real good!

Mr. Bohn has drawn 'Live In East Germany' (Leo) to my attention. Remarkable it is, as it's from the east side of the wall, a 1978 gig by Russian practitioners **Vyacheslav Ganelin, Vladimir Tarasov** and **Vladimir Chekasin**. They're classical players on a crazy night off and just go rampaging through 46 minutes of tousle - headed free playing, through the occasional concession to riffery suggests some preparation. Piano, reeds and drums (there seems to be a bassist on hand too) contort in shapes very much of the US 60s free scene, but rediscovered with such freshness that the illusion is dreamt anew. The reedman is fond of two-sax solos that call to mind Rahsaan Roland Kirk's cheerful outpourings and the pianist does a passable Cecil Taylor in key-slugging: blustering good fun, hugely enjoyed by the audience — don't let names put you off.

Richard Cook

COOL CATS



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RECORD NEWS

PYRAMIDS SHAKIN' WITH STEVENS AND DONEGAN

THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS have two major projects coming up in the near future. The first sees them appearing as special guests on the upcoming Shakin' Stevens UK tour (November 15-December 6), and the other is the release by Virgin of the EP on which they team up with skiffle king Lonnie Donegan. As previously reported, the band and Donegan first came together to record a BBC-Scotland special titled *Jock 'N Roll* (for December screening), and it proved so successful that they decided to do it again in the recording studios. A-side of the EP is a medley of early Donegan hits — 'Cumberland Gap', 'Wabash Connonball' and 'Don't You Rock Me Daddy-O' — and it's coupled with two new songs by Felice and Boudleaux Bryant, composers of many Everly Brothers hits, titled 'Only My Pillow' and 'Grab It And Grow'. Release date is November 6.

● **Starfighters,** whose first headlining tour was reported two weeks ago, have a new single released to coincide with their outing. It is 'Power Crazy' taken from their current self-named debut album, and the B-side is the previously unissued live track 'I Want You'. The 12-incher contains an extra track called 'Get Out While You Can'.

● Static Records have signed Belgian group **TC Matic,** and release their self-nemed debut album this Friday (23).

Police action

THE POLICE have a new single rushed out by A&M this week, featuring a track taken from their current smash hit album, titled 'Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic'. The flip side is not on the LP, and it's called 'Flexible Strategies'. It comes in a full-colour picture bag.

● **George Benson** has a new single released by Warner Brothers on October 30, titled Turn Your Love Around'. It's coupled with 'Nature Boy', taken from his 'In Flight' LP.

● Atlantic Records join the pre-Christmas rat race with two compilation albums. The first is the 11-track 'The Best Of **Roberta Flack'**, issued on October 30, and containing such classics as'Killing Me Softly' and 'The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face'. Then on November 6 comes 'The Best Of **Yes'**, which has the bonus of a free single featuring 'I've Seen All Good People' and 'Roundabout'.

● This weekend, Abstract Records release a fantasy EP by **Three Times A Day** called 'I Crave To Be A Hermaphrodite'. Produced by Nick Garratt of The Subs, it is — we're told — a record of "outrageous, extravagant mental images of a sexual and fanciful kind."

● Taken from his chart album 'The Garden', the new **John Foxx** single for October 30 release is 'Dancing Like A Gun'. The B-side is a brand new Foxx composition titled 'Swimmer I', and on the 12-incher there's a bonus track called 'Swimmer II'.

● First long-term signing to the newly formed Pinnacle label are **The Climb,** comprising two brothers from beautiful downtown Orpington. Their debut single 'I Can't Forget (A Mother's Crime)'/'Only A Human' is issued this weekend, with a different B-side titled 'Your Hell' on the 12-inch version.

● Disco star **Phyllis Hyman** has a new single out on Arista this weekend in both 7" and 12", coupling 'Tonight You And Me' and 'I Ain't Asking'.

● Aura Records have scheduled three albums for November release. 'Live In Texas — Dead Armadillos' is a live **Trapeze** LP recorded in Austin, Texas; 'Live In Paris' is a new set by **Annette Peacock,** and includes a 15-minute version of her classic 'Survival'; and the compilation set 'Best Of **Allan Clarke'** speaks for itself.

● 'Sold Out On Love' / 'The Split' is a new single by **Teresa D'Abreu,** backed by The Yellow Chair, and it's issued next month by Mosa Records (through Pinnacle) in a picture bag. Teresa is best-known as a founder member of The Sadista Sisters, and this single marks the start of a new phase in her career.

● Berlin label Zensor Records (with UK districution by Rough Trade) next week releases a digitally recorded **Throbbing Gristle** live album titled 'Funeral In Berlin', featuring highlights from their two concerts in that city. From the same label comes 'Vertrauenmann Des Volkes', the first LP by **Frieder Butzmann** (who was featured in *NME's* round-up of new German groups last winter), which includes work with Gristle's Genesis P. Orridge. Upcoming next month is an EP by Mannheim girl group **Trummerfrauen.**

● **Buggles,** whose new single 'I Am A Camera' has just been released via their new outlet Carrere Records, have now completed work on their latest album. Titled 'Adventures In Modern Recording', it will be issued next month.

● **b-Movie** are to start recording their first album for Some Bizzare Records, and among tracks to be featured are 'Remembrance Day', 'Marilyn Dreams' and 'Nowhere Girl'. The latter title is scheduled as their upcoming single.

● **David Thomas,** better known as the bulky lead singer of Peru Ubu, has an album issued under his own name by Rough Trade on November 2 — titled 'The Sound Of The Sand & Other Songs Of The Pedestrian'. Among backing musicians are Richard Thompson, Boney M's Eddie Thornton, past and present members of Pere Ubu, and Philip Moxham of Young Marble Giants. A new **Pere Ubu** album is in the pipeline for New Year release.

● The gig at London Marquee this Saturday (24) by five-piece rock band **Grand Prix** is to be recorded by RCA. And the label issues the band's new single 'Keep On Believing' on November 20 in picture disc form.

● A three-track EP by The Damned's **Captain Sensible** is due out next week, through Rough Trade . It's called 'This Is Your Captain Speaking', and the tracks are 'The Russians Are Coming', 'What Do You Give The Man That's Got It All?' and 'Arseholes To You'.

● **Crass** will be releasing a double album shortly before Christmas. The first record is a studio set, and the other is basically a live recording based around their show at London's 100 Club in the summer. They'll be mixing it as soon as their current tour ends.

● Back after several months' absence, **Johnny Bristol's** new single 'Take Me Down' is issued by Hansa (through Ariola) this weekend in 7" and 12". It was produced by Gus Dudgeon, and is taken from his album 'Free To Be Me', due out on November 2.

BLACK SABBATH have their new single 'Mob Rules' issued by Vertigo this weekend, coupled with a live version of 'Die Young' — it's also available in 12-inch format, and is the band's first single to feature their new line-up with Vinny Appice on drums. 'Mob Rules' is also the title of their new album, due out shortly. It's understood there's a chance of Sabbath playing some selected UK dates around Christmas time.

● The second album from **Chas Jankel** is due for November 6 release by A&M, titled 'Chasanova'. On the same day and label, **Elkie Brooks** has her LP 'Pearls' issued.

● **The Angelic Upstarts,** currently playing a series of UK gigs, have a single out on the Zonophone label next Monday titled 'Different Strokes'. Recorded under the guidance of Dennis Bovell, it features Roy Young on lead vocals.

● **Freeez,** who made a big impact earlier in the year with 'Southern Freeez', release their first single since the spring tomorrow (Friday). Titled 'Anti-Freeez,' it's on the Beggars Banquet label, and is also available as an extended disco-remix 12-inch.

● Rialto Records have relinquished their licensing deal with PRT, and have become an independent label with distribution by Pinnacle. First single under this arrangement is 'This Is Your Lunch' by **Slow Twitch Fibres,** who have just completed support dates with Carlene Carter and Q-Tips, and are about to start their own headlining tour. The single also comes in a 12-inch format.

● 'The Sweetest Girl' by **Scritti Politti** was one of the tracks on the *NME*-Rough Trade C81 cassette. Now it's been remixed and coupled with 'Lions After Slumber'. and it's released as a Rough Trade single, also available in 12-inch.

● Hot on the heels of the two compilation albums 'The Girls With Soul' and 'The Boys With Soul', Stax Records (now distributed here by RCA) release two **Isaac Hayes** albums — 'To Be Continued' and the soundtrack set 'Best Of Shaft', written and performed by Hayes. They both sell at around £2.99.

WORLD LIGHTS UP AGAIN

LIGHT OF THE WORLD split up in June after six chart singles, two albums and a farewell tour climaxing at Hammersmith Odeon. Then they evolved into three separate and flexible units — LOTW, Beggar & Co and Incognito. The only two original members now working under the Light Of The World banner are Gee Bello (vocals and percussion) and Nat Augustin (guitar, bass and vocals), and they have just signed with EMI Records. As a result, a new Light Of The World single is released next Monday in both 7" and 12", titled 'Ride The Love Train'.

New Nouveaux classic

CLASSIC NOUVEAUX have a new single out next Monday through EMI, and it features two brand new compositions. The A-side is 'Never Again (The Days Time Erased)', co-produced by Sal Solo and Colin Thurston, who recently worked on the Duran Duran album — and it's coupled with an instrumental titled '627'. Two different versions of these tracks are featured on the 12-inch format. It's understood the band are planning to fit in a special London concert before Christmas, details to follow shortly.

TOUR NEWS

Feeling good for Christmas

DR FEELGOOD have been lined up for an 18-venue UK tour, their first major outing to feature ex-Count Bishops sideman Johnny Guitar, who replaced Gypie Mayo on lead guitar in June. It ties in with the November 9 release by Liberty United of their album 'Dr Feelgood's Casebook', which is a compilation set featuring some of their best known numbers, such as 'Roxette' and 'Milk And Alcohol'. As reported last week, their new single 'Waiting For Saturday Night' has just been issued — marking Guitar's recording debut with the band, and he also co-wrote the track.

Dates are Loughborough University (November 13), Sheffield University (14), London New Cross Goldsmiths College (20), Brighton Polytechnic (21), Exeter University (23), Bath University (27), Cromer Links Pavilion (28), Leicester University (December 1), Nottingham University (3), Leeds Polytechnic (4), Liverpool University (5), Aberystwyth University (10), London School of Economics (11), Manchester Polytechnic (12), Durham University (14), Glasgow University (18), Redcar Coatham Bowl (20) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (21).

Bonds UK investment

GARY U.S. BONDS — who's been enjoying a new lease of life since the release of his debut EMI-America album 'Dedication' — returns to the UK next month to headline four major concerts, as part of a full European tour. They are at London Hammersmith Odeon (November 24), Manchester Free Trade Hall (25), Edinburgh Odeon (27) and Newcastle City Hall (28). Promoters are Harvey Goldsmith and Outlaw, and tickets are on sale now priced £4.50, £4 and £3.50 (London); and £3.75, £3.25 and £2.75 (the other three venues). He'll be accompanied by the same six-piece band who backed him in his two sell-out shows at London's Venue in August. Bonds' latest single to be issued, culled from the 'Dedication' LP, is 'It's Only Love'.

Japan plan Xmas gigs

JAPAN have decided to tour Britain again this year, and dates are currently being finalised, with details expected in a week or two. It's understood that the outing is being scheduled for December, and it's likely to culminate in a string of concerts at a London venue not normally associated with rock.

Meanwhile, the band's new single 'Visions Of China' — written by singer David Sylvian and his brother, drummer Steve Jansen — is released by Virgin on November 6. The B-side is 'Swing', and there's a bonus track titled 'Taking Islands In Africa' on the 12-inch version — both these songs are from their last album 'Gentleman Take Polaroids', though the latter has been re-recorded. The next Japan album 'Tin Drum' comes out on November 13, and is said to have a distinctly Chinese flavour, following their visit to that country earlier this year.

☐ **THE CHEATERS** preview their upcoming album 'Sweat It Out' (on Revo Records) at Blackpool Jenks (this Thursday and Friday), Carlisle Creeps (Saturday), Blackpool Jenks again (October 25-26), Manchester Chorlton Lamplite (27), Barrow Champers (29), Stoke Crewe and Alsager College (30), Workington Matador (31 and November 1), Liverpool C.F. Mott College (5) and Middleton De La Salle College (6).

☐ **MINK DeVILLE** have added Birmingham University on November 7 to their short UK tour, but they've cancelled their show at Edinburgh Coasters on November 9. With their new album 'Coup De Grace' recently issued by Atlantic, the band have a single titled 'You Better Move On' released on October 30.

☐ **THE EXPLOITED** have cancelled one of the dates in their tour itinerary, announced last week — at Bristol Granary on November 9. But they've added another three gigs to their schedule, visiting Liverpool Warehouse (November 12), Grimsby Community Centre (13) and Hull Tower Ballroom (14).

☐ **VIRNA LINDT, Shake Shake** and **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations** are among acts appearing in 'A Night At The Popera', presented by the Compact Organization tomorrow (Friday) at London's Screen On The Hill Cinema in Hampstead (admission £2.50). Swedish star Virna, who'll be making her UK debut in this show, has her second single 'Young And Hip' issued the same day.

ANY TROUBLE, newly returned from the States, resume gigging here at Carmarthen Trinity College (October 29), Shrewsbury Harper Adams College (30), London Camden Dingwalls (November 5), Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College (6), Bristol Polytechnic (7), London Marquee (11), Kingston Polytechnic (13), Nottingham University (14), Redcar Coatham Bowl (15) and London Middlesex Polytechnic (20). More dates are being finalised.

ALTERED IMAGES, currently enjoying a chart breakthrough with their single and album 'Happy Birthday', are embarking on a college tour opening at Durham University on October 27. Remaining gigs this month are Keele University (28) and Hatfield Polytechnic (30), and their November dates will be announced shortly. Between times, they're busy recording new tracks with producer Martin Rushent.

☐ **JOOLS HOLLAND & His Millionaires are playing a string of dates in support of their self-named debut album, for A&M release early next month. They appear as special guests in the five shows, announced last week, by American all-girl group The Go-Go's. And they guest with Level 42 at Uxbridge Brunel University (tomorrow, Friday), Manchester University (November 4), Keele University (11), Leicester University (12), Guildford Surrey University (13), Bristol Polytechnic (14), Canterbury Kent University (18) and Reading University (21).**

Doll By Doll call off tour

DOLL BY DOLL, who set out two weeks ago on a comprehensive 20-date UK tour which should have run until the end of the month, were forced to cancel the remainder of their schedule after playing only four shows. This is the inevitable result of lead singer and guitarist Jackie Leven collapsing and being ordered complete rest for three weeks, as he is suffering from physical exhaustion. The band still intend to begin work on their fourth album in mid-Novmeber, their first to feature their new line-up, and they say that the 16 cancelled gigs will be re-scheduled as soon as recording commitments allow.

☐ WILKO JOHNSON's Solid Senders have pulled out of their guest spot for the last few days of The Blues Band's 'Itchy Feet' tour (this Thursday to next Tuesday). They offer their apologies, but explain that it's due to several major dates in Portugal — which have been in the pipeline for some time — finally being confirmed.

LOFGREN SET FOR ONE-OFF

NILS LOFGREN flies in to play a one-off concert at London Hammersmith Odeon at the outset of an eight-nation European tour — the date is Tuesday, November 10, and tickets are on sale now priced £4.75, £4.25 and £3.75. He'll be featuring his newly formed band of Dave Platshon (drums), Kevin McCormick (bass), Stuart Smith (piano and guitar) and Tommy Lofgren (piano). He'll also appear in BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* and *Radio 1's In Concert* during his visit, and he's likely to return here for further dates in December after he's finished in Europe.

Linx London extra

LINX have added a third London concert to their debut British tour schedule, announced two weeks ago. Tickets for their shows on December 4 and 5 at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, went on sale last week and sold out in a couple of days. So now they will also appear at the same venue on Sunday, December 6, and tickets priced £5, £4 and £3 are available from the box-office now.

Spears targets

BILLIE JO SPEARS sets out early next month on a lengthy 30-date UK concert tour. The county star is accompanied by her own band Southern Express, and the support acts are Free Spirit and the Ned Porridge Band. The schedule comprises:

Manchester Apollo (November 5), **Birmingham** Odeon (7), **Sheffield** Crucible (8), **Norwich** Theatre Royal (9), **Derby** Assembly Rooms (10), **Croydon** Fairfield Hall (12), **Belfast** Queen's University (13), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (14), **Hayes** Alfred Beck Centre (15), **Oxford** New Theatre (16), **Inverness** Eden Court (18), **Glasgow** Apollo (19), **Skegness** Festival Pavilion (20), **Corby** Festival Hall (22), **Harrogate** Festival (23), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (24), **Coventry** Theatre (28), **Cardiff** New Theatre (29), **St Albans** City Hall (30), **Southend** Cliffs Pavilion (December 1), **Eastbourne** Congress (2), **Herne Bay** Kings Hall (3), **Chatham** Central Hall (4), **Oakengates** Town Hall (5), **London Drury Lane** Theatre Royal (6), **Worthing** Assembly Hall (7), **Liverpool** Empire (9), **Sandown** Pier Pavilion (11), **St Austell** Cornwall Coliseum (12) and **Ipswich** Gaumont (14).

☐ **RAY DORSET & Mungo Jerry** have November dates at Sunderland Close Encounters (11), Northampton Five Bells (12), Sheffield University (13) and Mansfield Civic Theatre (16). The gigs tie in with the release this weekend of their new single on Stagecoach Records (through PRT), a re-working of the Dylan classic 'Knocking On Heaven's Door'.

☐ **SLADE** have made a couple of changes to their previously reported pre-Christmas tour schedule. They've added Sheffield Lyceum on December 6, and their show on December 9 is switched from Lancaster University to Edinburgh Odeon.

☐ **RICHARD JOBSON** has made a couple of changes in his college tour schedule, announced last week. Two dates, originally planned for this week, have been switched for reasons of logistics and are now re-set as follows — London City University (November 2) and Reading University (3).

☐ **SPIDER** continue their non-stop tour with newly confirmed gigs at Southend Zero Six (October 26), Peterlee Norseman (29), Carlisle Mick's Place (30), Manchester Ashton Spread Eagle (31), Blackpool JR's (November 1, 27 and 28), Dunstable Queensway Hall (2), Chadwell Heath Greyhound (9 and 23), Birmingham Mercat Cross (10), Bedford Horse & Groom (13), Nottingham Boat Club (14), Chesterfield Brimington Tavern (21) and Gravesend Red Lion (22).

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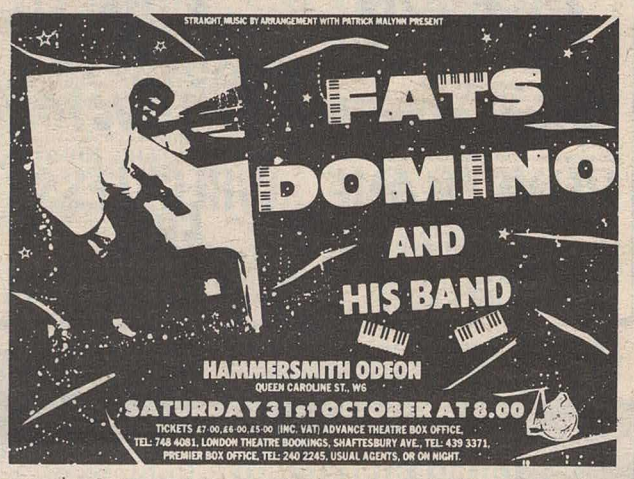
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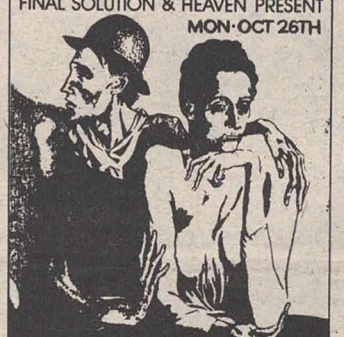

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Saturday 24th Oct £2
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Sunday 25th £1.00
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The occasional blues, featuring **Little Stevie Smith** — Harmonica player to the greats.

Saturday 24th October £1
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At last — hard rock has hit Croydon.
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Irrestible to even the most hardened voyeur — Sounds. 5-part harmonies. *Beach Boys?* This lot are better
+ The Marines

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MCP by arrangement with ITB presents

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Q: ARE YOU READY TO ADVANCE YOURSELF?

PLEASE NOTE, THIS IS THE NEW YORK PALLADIUM, **NOT** THE LONDON PALLADIUM.

Nationwide Gig Guide

The Ramones. Pic: Pennie Smith

Crass. Pic: Peter Anderson

OVER 700 dates again this week — in fact, even more than in our last issue. Which means that we're even more cramped for space, so let's press on without embellishments. And our two page-top featured acts this week are THE RAMONES, whose London one-off on Thursday is all we shall see of them this year; and CRASS, whose tour opening this weekend consists entirely of benefit gigs.

Among those joining the autumn pandemonium on the road are BAD MANNERS, JOHN MARTYN, THE EXPLOITED, SUBWAY SECT, THE SOUND, TENPOLE TUDOR, LEVEL 42, CHAS & DAVE, SANTANA, TOM PAXTON, BAUHAUS, JANIS IAN and country star BOXCAR WILLIE. Full venue details are listed below, of course.

GANG OF FOUR headline a CND concert at London Rainbow on Friday, ZZ TOP fly in for a one-off at Hammersmith on Monday, and blues giant OTIS RUSH provides the highlight of this year's Camden Jazz Festival at London Roundhouse on Tuesday. Now then, let your fingers do the walking.

Thursday 22nd

Chelsea: Norwich

Aberdeen The Venue: **Saracen**
Accrington Cook and Bill: **The Lulu Boys**
Bath Pavilion: **UK Subs**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Cedar Club: **Bizarre Unit**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **Bad Manners**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bolton Aquarius Club: **Grace**
Bordon The Robin Hood: **Arkwright's Ferret**
Bracknell South Hill Park Centre: **Morrissey Mullen**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton New Regent: **Aztec Camera / New Moon Through Glass**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Girlschool**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Glass Life / Rhythm Puppet**
Canterbury Alberry's: **Silent Movies**
Canterbury Art College: **Why This / The Thin Men**
Canterbury Kent University: **Greg Lake Band**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Crass / Dirt / Annie Anxiety**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Heartbeats / Cayzer House**
Chesham Underground Club: **Dark Star/ Marillion**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Chichester Festival Theatre: **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers / Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Hot Snacks**
Coventry Theatre: **George Shearing**
Coventry Warwick University: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Croydon Cartoon: **Southland Outlaw Band**
Darwen Highfield Club: **Dave Berry**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Sheena Easton**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Pzazz**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Dead On Arrival / Coma**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Dr. Hook / Sundance**
Glasgow Cinders: **Weapon Of Peace**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Imprints**
Glasgow Night Moods: **Vic Goddard & Subway Sect**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Blues Band**
Hull University: **Neil Innes**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **Max Boyce**
Keele University: **The Polecats**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Martian Dance**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Rage**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Girls At Our Best**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Au Pairs**
Letchworth Youth Club: **Mouse & The Underdog**
Liverpool Brady's (The Cave): **The Interns**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Madness / Belle Stars**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Ponderosa Glee Boys**
London Barking North-East Polytechnic: **The Raincoats**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co.**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **National Gold**
London Charing Cross Duke Of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Gay Brown / Free Money**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Alternative Cabaret / Combo Passe**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Nashville Teens / The Swim**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Sonny Rollins Group**
London Euston The Pits: **The Aces / Telegents**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Jane Aire & The Belvederes / The Boolie**
London Fulham King's Head: **Sidestreets**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Miles Over Matter / The Tonix**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Hawkwind**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Ramones / Telephone / Siam**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Harlequins / Siral Models**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Force**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lambeth The Angel: **The Cobras**
London Marquee Club: **Girl**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London N.1 Carved Red Lion: **Harfoot Brothers**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Morris Band**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **The Gladiators**
London Plumstead Bag O'Nails: **The Escorts**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Panic**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **George Adams & Don Pullen Quintet (for four days, omitting Sunday)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Thomas Ornberg's Hot 5**
London Southall White Swan: **The Attendants**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Cruisers**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Speedos / Auntie & The Men From Uncle**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Clash**
London Stratford Green Man: **Salt**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Horseshoe: **Easy**
London Victoria The Venue: **Peter Hammill / Hambi & The Dance / Motivation**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Mirage / Why Worry Orchestra**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Ivor Biggun**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: **The London Apaches**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Juice On The Loose**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Loose Change**
Manchester Ritz Ballroom: **New Order / The Event Group / Beach Red**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Dancing Counterparts / Twizz & The Gay Bee Keepers**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **The Genes**
Newcastle The Mitre: **R & B Spitfires**
Newcastle Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre: **East Side Torpedoes / Barfly**
Norwich Flixton Rooms: **Chelsea**
Norwich Jacquard Club: **Vital Disorders**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **Kick Partners / No Tigers / The Reactors**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Palais: **Gregory Isaacs**
Nottingham Rock City: **Jnr. Walker & The All Stars**
Oakengates Town Hall: **Tom Paxton**
Oxford Blades: **Poison Girls**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **The Pencils**
Paignton The Coverdale: **Epsilon / Ace**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Radio Active**
Plymouth Palace Theatre: **Alex Harvey Band**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Culture**
Preston Warehouse: **The Membranes / Zanti Misfitz**
Reading University: **Bauhaus**
Sheffield Big Tree Hotel: **Kelham Island**
Sheffield City Hall: **Tangerine Dream**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **The Mau-Maus / The Untouchables**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Theatre Of Hate**
Solihull Civic Hall: **China Doll**
Stockport Smugglers: **Julian**
Stroud Crown & Anchor: **Chalice**
Sunderland Le Metro: **The Halcyon Days Are Over**
Swansea Dublin Arms: **The Dynamos**
Tadcaster Galaxy Club: **The Gents**
Willenhall The Cavalcade: **Sub Zero**
Wokingham Angie's: **Red Beans & Rice**
Worcester Majestic Club: **Wattie Watworth & The Rainies**

Friday 23rd

Gang Of Four: London

Aberdeen University: **The Au Pairs**
Barrow Champers Nitespot: **The Gents**
Birmingham Aston University: **The Polecats/Johnny Storm**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Escha/Savvy**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Reality**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Odeon: **Greg Lake Band**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Rialto Club: **The Gladiators**
Birmingham Rum Runner: **Wattie Watworth & The Rainies**
Birmingham Star Club: **Square Club/This Product/Do-Go-Tees**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Misty In Roots**
Bradford Star Hotel: **Diz Disley**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Bow Wow Wow**
Bradford University: **New Order/Crispy Ambulance**
Bridgend Youth Club: **Moira & The Mice**
Bridlington Spa Pavilion: **Saxon**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Mets/In Step**
Brighton Dome: **The Shadows**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **New Moon Through Glass**
Canterbury Marlowe Theatre: **Alvin Stardust**
Canterbury Technical College: **Naughty Thoughts/The Pulsators**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Odyssey**
Cardiff University: **Q-Tips**
Carlisle Talk of the Border: **Dave Berry**
Cadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chris Thompson & The Islands**
Chatham Central Hall: **Chas & Dave**
Chichester Festival Theatre: **George Shearing/Marian Montgomery**
Cleator Moor Civic Hall: **Crass/Dirt/Annie Anxiety**
Cleethorpes Peppers: **Alan Price**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Jack Jones**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Mosquitos**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Uk Subs**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Drivers**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Segovia**
Cumnock J.F.C.: **The Imprints**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Tangerine Dream**
Derby Rainbow Club: **Flux Of Pink Indians/Enemy**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Vic Goddard & Subway Sect**
Farnworth Blighty's: **Jnr. Walker & The All Stars**
Fleetwood Church Army Club: **The Membranes / One Way System / Zanti Misfitz etc.**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey band**
Glasgow Strathclyde University Doolittle Bar: **The Bitter Lemmings**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Die Laughing / Traitor**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Here & Now**
Huddersfield Cleopatras: **Gregory Isaacs**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Hull University: **Mark Williamson Band / Arc**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **Max Boyce**
Kingston Three Tuns: **The Escorts**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **Total Outlay**
Leeds University: **Neil Innes / Ivor Cutler / Surfin Dave**
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: **20th Century Blues**
Londn Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Dingwalls: **African Star / The Pinkoes**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Central Polytechnic: **Jam Today / Tour De Force**
Londn Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Philip Jap**
London City University: **Siam**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Remipeds**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Ravenna & The Magnetics**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Randy Crawford**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **The Chefs / Mood Elevators**
London Enfield Starlite Rooms: **The Drifters**
London Euston The Pits: **Red Beans & Rice / Fast Eddie**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Snax**
Lonfon Fulham Greyhound: **No Dice / Drastic Measures**
London Fulham King's Head: **The 45's**
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: **Shades**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Manufactured Romance / The Ejected**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Renaissance / Sector 27**
London Hampstead Screen On The Hill: **Virna Lindt / Shake Shake / Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Dolly Mixture / The Microdots**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Some Burglars**
London Hendon Middlesex Polytechnic: **A Flock Of Seagulls / Kidz Next Door**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Venigmas / The Dead Beats**
London Hornsey The Railway: **John Vincent's Lonely Heart**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Refreshers**
London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Marquee Club: **Telephone**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **Richard Jobson**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Fast Buck / Paz**
London Plumpstead The Ship: **The Battz**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Juan Martin Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Gang Of Four / Wasted Youth / The Lemon Kittens / Way Of The West**
London Sidcup The Dutch House: **National Gold**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Jimmy McPartland / Bill Skeat Quartet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Hershey & The Twelve Bars / The BMT's**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand King's College: **Blurt / Maximum Joy**
London Stratford Green Man: **Situation Critical**
London Stratford North East Polytechnic: **Aztec Camera / Blue Orchids**
London Trent Park Middlesex Polytechnic: **Johnny Mars Band**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Skin Tight**
London Victoria The Venue: **Black Slate**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Tudor Lions / The Ya Ya's**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Bumble & The Beez**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Torque**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co**
London W.C.1 New Merlins Cave: **Guilty Innocents / The Lemons**
Malvern Mount Pleasant Hotel: **Death Beat**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Bad Manners**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **John Martyn**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Freshies**
Manchester University: **The Fall**
Matlock Pavilion: **Dawn Fury**
Neath Talk of the Abbey: **Rage**
Newcastle City Hall: **Dr. Hook / Sundance**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Starfighters**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Weapon of Peace**
Newcastle Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre: **Hombru / Badger In The Bag**
New Romney Southland Youth Wing: **The Pulsaters / Another Language**
Northwich Park Club: **Marillion**
Norwich East Anglia University: **The Blues band / Supercharge 81**
Nottingham Rock City: **Havana Let's Go**
Nottingham University: **Madness/Belle Stars**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Splash**
Portland The Playhouse: **Black Roots**
Preston Polytechnic: **Moscow Philharmonix**
Retford Porterhouse: **Our Daughters Wedding**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Bauhaus**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Sabre Tooth**
Southampton The Stowaway: **The New Brendas**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Tom Paxton**
St. Albans City Hall: **Randy Edelman**
Stevenage The Swan: **Energy**
Stoke (Burslem) Mayfair Ballroom: **Demon**
Sutton-in-Ashfield Newcross Hotel: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Level 42/Jools Holland & His Millionaires**
Waterlooville Football Club: **International Rescue/Paralysis/Astral Bodies/Four People I Have Known/The Time**
Watford College: **Hambi & The Dance**
Weston-super-Mare Old Pier: **Vice Squad**
Wokingham Angie's: **Ruthless Blues**
Wolverhampton Barley Mow: **Sub Zero**
Wolverton The Victoria: **Fool**
Worthing Bounstone School: **Poison Girls**

Nationwide Gig Guide

Saturday 24th

Santana: Birmingham

Andover Country Bumpkin: **Ray Dorset & Mungo Jerry**
Aylesbury Friars: **Gregory Isaacs**
Barrow Champers Nitespot: **The Gents**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Echo Base/Crucial Music**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Santana**
Bridlington Spa Pavilion: **Madness/Belle Stars**
Brighton Dome: **The Shadows**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Spring Offensive**
Cardiff Casablanca: **The Dynamos**
Carlisle Talk of the Border: **Dave Berry**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Le-Mat/The Pencils**
Chester College of Education: **Afrikan Star**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chichester Festival Theatre: **Sonny Rollins Quartet**
Coventry General Wolfe: **L'Homme De Terr/Channel A**
Coventry Stony Stanton Social Club: **The People/Tropical Harmony Steel Band**
Coventry Warwick University: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Stray**
Croydon Cartoon: **The 45's**
Derby Rainbow Club: **The Enemy/Aftermath**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Our Daughters Wedding**
Farnworth Blighty's: **Jnr Walker & The Allstars**
Glasgow College of Technology: **Starfighters**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **The Au Pairs/The Plastic Flies**
Greenock Victorian Carriage (lunchtime) and Glasgow The Waterfront (evening): **Strutz**
Guildford Surrey University: **The Birthday Party/The Sleep/Imperfect Hold**
Hatfield The Forum: **Tom Paxton**
Hereford Market Tavern: **The Xit**
Hythe Seeboard: **Silent Movies**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **Max Boyce**
Leeds Warehouse: **Haircut One Hundred**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Greg Lake Band**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **John Martyn**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Honey Bane/The DTs**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **This 'n' That**
London City Polytechnic: **Manufactured Romance**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Pinkies/Ground Control**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Black Roots**
London Enfield Starlite Room: **The Drifters**
London Euston The Pits: **La-Rox/Terry Vision & The Screens**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Siam/Lucky Saddles**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Isaac Guillory Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Dark/Dead Man's Shadow**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Saxon**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Aerial FX/Dance**
London Hampstead Town Hall: **Jam Today/Jean Hart/Joanne Richler & Friends**
London Hayes The Gledwoods: **The Blank Generation**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Ravenna & The Magnetics**
London Holloway Co-op Hall: **The Helicopters**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Juice On The Loose**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Emotional Spies**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Alan Price**
London Marquee Club: **Grand Prix**
London N1 St. James Church: **Poison Girls / The Androids Of Mu**
London N4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London NW1 The Cellars: **Songwainers**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Combo Passe**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **The Gladiators**
London Plumstead Lord Raglan: **The Escorts**
London School of Economics: **Aztec Camera / Blue Orchids**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Jimmy McPartland / Bill Skeat Quartet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Nightdoctor / The Avengers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Stratford Green Man: **Hotline**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Skin Tight**
London Victoria The Venue: **Roger Chapman's Short List**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Sore Throat / Blackheart**
London W.1. Embassy Club: **Deja Vu**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Brian Knight Band**
Loughborough University: **The Polecats**
Lytchet Matravers Chequers: **The Press**
Malvern Nags Head: **Mind Tunnel / Voice Of Nature**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Tangerine Dream**
Manchester (Chorlton) The Lamplight: **Stilts**
Manchester Mayflower: **Misty In Roots**
Manchester Pips: **Wattie Watworth & The Rainies**
Manchester Polytechinic: **Martian Dance**
Manchester University: **The Raincoats**
Manchester (Whitworth) Rawstrons Arms: **The Feel**
Millfield School: **Matchbox**
Muirkirk Main Street Club: **The Imprints**
Newcastle City Hall: **Bad Manners**
Newcastle University: **Bow Wow Wow**
Newton Fosse Club: **Dawn Fury**
Northampton College: **Rage**
Northampton The Morris Man: **Energy**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Bauhaus**
Nottingham Beeston Community Centre: **Flux Of Pink Indians / The Subhumans**
Nottingham Rock City: **The Blues Band**
Nottingham University: **Alvin Stardust**
Oakengate Town Hall: **Randy Edelman**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Peterborough Sovereign Hall: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Peterborough Wirrina Stadium: **The Lulu Boys**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Hambi & The Dance**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Culture Club / George O'Dowd**
Reading Bulmershe College: **Supercharge 81**
Reading Central Club: **Culture**
Reading Target Club: **C-Saim**
Reading University: **The Ivory Coasters**
Retford Porterhouse: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Salford University: **Girls At Our Best**
Sheffield City Hall: **Dr. Hook / Sundance**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Gang Of Four**
Sheffield University: **Neil Innes**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Sub Zero**
Southampton University: **Alex Harvey Band**
St. Albans City Hall: **Q-Tips**
St. Annes Lowther Pavilion: **The Membranes / Zanti Misfitz / Natural Scientist etc.**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Hawkwind**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **Weapon Of Peace**
Torquay 400 Ballroom: **Odyssey**
Waterlooville Football Club: **The Now / Vivienne Encore / Spit Like Paint / East Of Eden / Look Back In Anger**
Watford Herts College: **The Dance Band**
Weston-super-Mare Old Pier: **Messenger**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (Lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Fuzz**

Sunday 25th

John Martyn: Edinburgh

Bath Pavilion: **Culture**
Beckenham Elm Rd. Baptist Church: **Bright Spark**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackburn Bay Horse New Inn: **Dennis Delight**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Greg Lake Band**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bristol Locarno: **the Blues Band**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cambridge Guildhall: **Hondo**
Cardiff University: **Alvin Stardust**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chemical Alice**
Cheltenham Town Hall: **George Shearing**
Chichester Festival Theatre: **Cleo Laine & John Dankworth**
Croydon Cartoon: **Rockola**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **The Shadows**
Edinburgh Ital Club: **Weapon Of Peace**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **John Martyn**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **Bow Wow Wow**
Exeter Northcott Theatre: **Alan Clayson & The Argonauts / Count Arthur Strong**
Falkirk Civic Hall: **Max Boyce**
Fife St. Andrew's University: **The Au Pairs**
Gillingham Central Hotel: **UK Subs**
Glasgow Maestro's: **Our Daughters Wedding**
Glasgow Rock Garden: **Strutz**
Glasgow Theatre Royal: **Donovan**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Bauhaus**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Hull Tower Ballroom: **Starfighters**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leamington Spa Pavilion: **Tom Paxton**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Tiffany's: **The Raincoats**
Liverpool Grafton Rooms: **Misty In Roots**
Liverpool Rainhill Service Centre: **The Gents**
London Barons Court Tavern: **The 45's**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Pope**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Marshall Doktors / Dirty Strangers**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Green Papers / Keith Allen / Harry Monk 5**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Future Daze / Le Jet Set / Group IV**
London Deptford The Duke: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Mel Torme / Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
London Finchley Torrington: **The Cobras**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chris Thompson & The Islands**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Johnny G Band**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Graham Read's Futuristic Rhythm**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Saxon**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Uprights**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Transporter featuring Claire Hamill**
London Lambeth The Angel'; **Red Beans & Rice**
London Marquee Club: **Overkill**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Salisbury Stompers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Juice On The Loose**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Gregory Isaacs**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **National Gold**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Haig**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Clash**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Green Man (evening): **Nightwork**
London Stratford Theatre Royal: **The Home Service**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Horseshoe: **Chinatown**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Eddie Capone's Treatment**
Manchester Walkden Bulls Head: **J. G. Spoils**
Newcastle City Hall: **Tangerine Dream**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Oldham (Royton) The Railway: **Stilts**
Peterborough The Halcyon: **Energy**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Mr. Zoot**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Earl Okin / Abalon**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Jo-Ann Kelly's Second Line / M.M.T.**
Sheffield Hackanthorpe Social Club: **Dawn Fury**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Martian Dance**
Sheffield Marples Club: **Crass / Dirt / Anne Anxiety**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Hawkwind**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers / Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Cuddly Toys / Lines / Tin Soldier**
Swinton (Tolladine) Tanvas: **Wattie Watworth & The Rainies**
Windsor Blazers: **The Drifters (for a week)**
Wokingham Angie's: **Cruise**
Woodford White Hart: **Roy Weard & The Last Post**

Monday 26th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Bad Manners**
Bannockburn Tam Doo Nightclub: **Strutz**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Night Out: **Odyssey**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Trojan**
Birmingham Sloopy's: **The Solicitors**
Brighton Top Rank: **Culture**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Hawkwind**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Janine / Shattered Dolls**
Cheltenham Everyman Theatre: **Tom Paxton**
Cheltenham Eve's Club: **The Sound**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Theatre Of Hate**
Croydon Cartoon: **Glasshouse**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Shadows**
Dumfries Lorburn Hall: **Max Boyce**
East Kilbride Queensway Hotel: **Weapon Of Peace**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Donovan**
Edinburgh Usher Hall: **Tangerine Dream**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **The Au Pairs**
Exeter University: **Greg Lake Band**
Glasgow Doune Castle: **The Plastic Flies**
Glasgow The Mayfair: **Bow Wow Wow**
Glasgow Pavilion: **John Martyn**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **George Shearing**
Huddersfield Changing Lights: **The Gents**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley The Funhouse: **Whipps**
Leicester University: **Richard Jobson**
Leeds Warehouse: **Our Daughters Wedding**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Chase**
London Acton White Hart: **Air Command / Gothic Renaissance (Part 1)**
London Camden Butchers Arms: **The Helicopters**
London Camden Dingwalls: **H20 / The Light Brigade / The Dice Men**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Carla Bley Band with Mike Mantler**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **13 At Midnight / Uropa Lula / Birds With Ears**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Grafitti / Freefall**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Onlookers / Variations / Mouse & The Underdog**
London Euston The Pits: **Ska-dows / The Room**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Gorillas / The Commuters**
London Fulham Kings Head: **John Spencer Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Virtual Image / Fear Of Falling / 24 Hour**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **ZZ Top**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Arc / Movie Stars / Razz / The Strangers / The Creamies / The Cadiacs (Battle of the Bands)**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Lower Levels / Blazing Red**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Henry McCullough's Snooker**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Marian McPartland (for a week)**
London Marquee Club: **Starfighters**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Syco & The New Yorkers**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Santana**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Death March / Urban Dissidents**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Scorch**
London Victoria The Venue: **Combo Passe / Bop Natives / The Edukators**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Clash**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Mets**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Birthday Party / UT**
London W.1 Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 Whisky A-Gogo: **Aztec Camera / The Jazzateers**
Luton The Mad Hatter: **Project 4 / Pegasus / High Treason**
Manchester University: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Newcastle City Hall: **Madness / Belle Stars**
Northampton Black Lion: **Bullets For Silver / Groovy Underwear**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Marillion**
Oxford Scamps: **Pigbag**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **The Blues Band**
Sheffield Marples Club: **Nico / Eric Random**
Southend Zero Six: **Spider**
Stockport Cobdens Place: **The Distractions**
Stoke Wagon & Horses: **Limelight**
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **Alan Price**
Todmorden Town Hall: **Crass / Dirt / Annie Anxiety**

Tuesday 27th

Aylesbury Civic Centre: **Misty In Roots**
Belfast Queen's University: **Tenpole Tudor**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Locarno: **Bauhaus**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bradford Alhambra Theatre: **Tom Paxton**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Dr. Hook / Sundance**
Cambridge Great Northern: **Innocent Bystanders**
Canterbury Kent University: **The Sound / Shea Ramah**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Gregory Isaacs**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Rage**
Chatham Central Hall: **Boxcar Willie / Skeeter Davis**
Cheltenham The David Roles: **Wattie Watworth & The Rainies**
Corby British Legion Club: **Energy**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Talkies**
Dartford Railway Hotel: **John Kirkpatrick**
Edinburgh Coasters: **The Fall**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Tangerine Dream**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Bad Manners**
Glasgow The Waterfront: **The Plastic Flies**
Hastings Chatsworth Hotel: **Naughty Thoughts**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **The Blues Band**
Huddersfield Changing Lights: **The Gents**
Huddersfield Cinderella's: **Hobbies Of Today**
Keele University: **Richard Jobson**
Lancaster University: **John Martyn**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester Granby Hall: **Madness / Belle Stars**
Leicester Saracens Head: **Haste To Waste**
Leicester University: **Alvin Stardust**
Liverpool *Royal Iris* boat trip: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Interns**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tom Gribben & The Saltwater Cowboys**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Otis Rush Blues Band / Alexis Korner - Colin Hodgkinson Duo**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Introze / Dogs Of War**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Angels One Five / London Secrets / Alarm Clocks**
London Euston The Pits: **The Electric Guitars / Ground Zero**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Devotion**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tour De Force / The Refreshers**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Smart**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Future Daze / The Silence**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Ton Tons M'ecoute**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The 45's**
London Marquee Club: **Straight 8**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **25th Street / Hands Off**
London Plaistow North-East Polytechnic: **Zounds**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Dizzy Gillespie**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Santana**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Hot Rod Gang**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Stiff All Stars / The Room**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Cannibals**
London Stratford Green Man: **Strange Gang**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators / The Wrecktangles**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Horseshoe: **The Helicopters**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Cuban Heels / Manufactured Romance / A Bigger Splash**
Newcastle Fan Club a the Bierkeller: **The Fall**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **If All Else Fails / None So Blind**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Theatre Of Hate**
Oxford Blades: **Level 42**
Oxford New Theatre: **Hawkwind**
Sheffield Halfway Mill: **The Mau-Maus / The Untouchables**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Our Daughter's Wedding**
St. Albans Adelaide Club: **Dave Berry**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Greg Lake Band**
Virginia Water Gleeklub: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
West Bromwich The Bush: **Sub Zero**
Wigan Trucks: **Crass / Dirt / Annie Anxiety**

Wednesday 28th

The Exploited: Retford

Bexhill Continental Club: **Naughty Thoughts**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Town Hall: **Randy Edelman**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **021**
Birmingham Imperial Cinema: **Gregory Isaacs**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Bradford University: **Alex Harvey Band**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford University: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Brighton New Regent: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
Brighton Polytechnic: **The Sound**
Cambridge Kelsey Kerridge Centre: **The Shadows**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Jnr. Walker & The All Stars**
Coventry Warwick University: **Chas & Dave**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **Boxcar Willie / Skeeter Davis**
Croydon Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **George Shearing**
Croydon The Star: **The 45's / The Marines**
Derby The Bell Hotel: **Parade**
Dunstable The Wheatsheaf: **Fool**
Durham University: **Girls At Our Best**
Edinburgh Odeon: **Bad Manners**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Albania / Thirty Bob Suits**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **National Gold**
Hastings Downtown Saturday Night: **Haircut One Hundred**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Weapon of Peace**
Hull New Theatre: **Max Boyce**
Hull The Tower: **The Fall**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Madness / Belle Stars**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool University: **Bow Wow Wow**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Drops Of Brandy / John Townsend**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Nightdoctor**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Roy Weard & The Last Post**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Archie Shepp Quintet / Louis Moholo's African Drum Ensemble**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Simon Purcell Trio**
London Chiswick Town Hall: **The Weathermen/Canyons & Matches**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Masked Orchestra/1942**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Mirage/Direct Hits**
London Euston The Pits: **Burlesque / Praxis / The Acid Drops**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Deadbeats**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Ginger/The Room**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Suspects**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Panache/Human Beans**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Kid Cairo's Master Plan**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Juice On The Loose**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Rage/Bailey Bros.**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Nicky Barclay Band**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Burlesque/Ian Fergusons**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Dizzy Gillespie**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Santana**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Quarter Moon**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Ska-dows / Lino's Lost Patrol**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Stratford Green Man: **Idle Flowers**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Janis Ian**
London Victoria The Venue: **Our Daughters Wedding / John Watts / The Electric Guitars**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Mad Shadows**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Flying Colours**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A-Gogo: **Rye & The Quarter Boys**
Luton Cesar's: **Matchbox (until Saturday)**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Fagins: **Bauhaus**
Manchester The Gallery: **Controlled Anger**
Mountain Ash New Theatre: **Alex Harvey Band**
Newbury Silks: **The Nashville Teens**
Newcastle City Hall: **John Martyn**
Preston Guildhall: **Tangerine Dream**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Exploited**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Loose Change**
Sheffield Marples Club: **Poison Girls/Canker Opera**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Alvin Stardust**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Donovan**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Crosswind/Body Check**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Dr Hook/Sundance**
Stourbridge McCoy's: **Sub Zero**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Twelfth Night**
Wakefield Rickles Nightscene: **The Gents**
Walsall West Midlands College: **Afrika Star**
Wigan Pier: **Limelight**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Gatsby Five**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Carol Ring & The Meacons / Enery / We're Only Human / Wattie Watworth & The Rainies**
York TA Centre: **The Raincoats**

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1 John Carpenter's **ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK** AA
in Dolby Stereo
Progs 1.20 (not Sun). 2.55. 5.30. 8.10
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

2 "They hit the road . . . the road hit back!"
GOODBYE PORK PIE AA
Progs 1.20 (not Sun), 3.35, 5.55, 8.15
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 PETER YATES'
The JANITOR AA
Progs 1.25 (not Sun)
3.15, 5.40, 8.10
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

classic 1 2 3 4
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1 ZEFFIRELLI'S
ENDLESS LOVE AA
Progs 2.45, 5.45, 8.40

2 *1981 Royal Film Performance*
CHARIOTS OF FIRE A
in Dolby Stereo
Progs 2.30, 5.35, 8.25

3 UNTIL SUNDAY
QUARTET (X)
Progs 2.40, 6.05, 8.50
FROM SUNDAY
WALT DISNEY'S
SLEEPING BEAUTY (U)
Progs 2.00, 5.00, 8.00

4 **FELLINI'S CITY OF WOMEN** X
Progs 2.05, 5.05, 8.10

classic LEICESTER SQ.
(Charing Cross Rd.) 930 6915

RED NIGHTS OF THE GESTAPO (X)
Sun & Week 2.50, 5.55, 9.05
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classic 1 2 3
OXFORD ST. 636 0310
(Opp Tottenham Court Rd. Tube)

1 James Bond is back
FOR YOUR EYES ONLY A
in Dolby Stereo
Progs 12.45, 2.55, 5.35, 8.15
Late show Fri & Sat 11 pm

2 MICHAEL CANE
ESCAPE TO VICTORY (A)
IN DOLBY STEREO
Progs 1.30, 3.35, 5.55, 8.20

3 *"Every great love leaves its mark!"*
TATTOO X
Progs 1.10, 2.55, 5.25, 8.05
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

4 ZEFFIRELLI'S
ENDLESS LOVE AA
Progs 1.15, 3.35, 6.00, 8.30
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

5 **TIME BANDITS**
Progs 1.10, 3.30, 5.55, 8.20 A
Late Show Fri & Sat 11pm

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1 **FELLINI'S CITY OF WOMEN** X
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Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

2 **STRIPES** (AA)
Progs 1.45 (not Sun) 3.35, 6.00, 8.30
Late show Fri & Sat 11pm

3 "They hit the road . . . the road hit back!"
GOODBYE PORK PIE AA
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1 JOHN BOORMAN'S **EXCALIBUR** AA
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2 MEL BROOKS' **HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART I** AA
AN EMI/COLUMBIA RELEASE THROUGH COLUMBIA-EMI-WARNER DISTRIBUTORS LIMITED
© 1981 BROOKSFILMS LIMITED ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
Progs: 1.10 (not Sun), 3.30, 5.50, 8.10
Late show Fri & Sat 11 pm

3 SEAN CONNERY in **OUTLAND** AA
A Ladd Company Release Through Warner Bros. A Warner Communications Company. Released by Columbia EMI Warner Distributors Ltd
© 1981 The Ladd Company. All Rights Reserved.
Progs: Wk 1.45, 3.55, 6.10, 8.30. Sun 3.30, 5.40, 8.00
Late Show Fri & Sat 11pm

4 NINJUTSU- THE SUPREME MARTIAL ART !
ENTER THE NINJA X
Progs: 2.40, 4.35, 6.35, 8.35
Late Show Fri & Sat 11 pm

5 **ALTERED STATES** X
Progs: Weekdays 1-10(not Sun) 3.15, 5.45, 8.15
Late Show Fri & Sat 11 pm

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

ABC 1 & 2 SHAFTESBURY AVE
Sep Perfs. All Seats bkble for last eve perfs. late shows and all day Sat, Sun and B/hols.
1: HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART 1 (AA)
Wk & Sun: 2.00, 5.20, 8.20
Late show Fri & Sat 11.15
2: HONKY TONK FREEWAY (AA)
Wk & Sun: 2.00, 5.10, 8.10

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4 EDGWARE ROAD
1: Mel Brooks
HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART 1 (AA)
1.50, 4.10, 6.35. Sun: 6.35, 9.00
Progs 3.30, 5.55, 8.15. Sun: 5.55, 8.15
Late show Sat 11.15
2: VIOLENT STREETS (X)
2.40, 5.35, 8.35. Sun: 5.35, 8.35
Progs 2.00, 4.50, 7.45. Sun: 4.50, 7.45
Late show Fri & Sat 11.15
3: CONQUEST OF THE EARTH (U)
Wk & Sun: 4.45, 8.50
JAWS 2 (A)
2.30, 6.30. Sun: 6.30. Late show Fri & Sat 11.15
4: TATTOO (X)
3.15, 6.00, 8.45. Sun: 6.00, 8.45
Progs 2.30, 5.10, 7.50. Sun: 5.10, 7.50
Late show Fri & Sat 11.15

ABC 1, 2, 3 BAYSWATER (Queensway)
1: Mel Brooks
HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART 1 (AA)
Progs 1.15, 3.05, 5.35, 8.05. Sun: 5.30, 8.00
Late show Fri & Sat 11.15
2: Steven Spielberg's
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Progs 2.00, 4.50, 7.45. Sun: 4.45, 7.35
Late show Sat 11.15
3: TATTOO (X)
Progs 2.00, 4.50, 7.45. Sun: 4.45, 7.35
Late show Fri & Sat 11.15

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 FULHAM ROAD
Seats bkble last sep prog. L'cnd Bar. Doors open 15 mins prior
1: HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART 1 (AA)
Sep progs. Wk & Sun: 2.00, 5.00, 8.30
2: Steven Spielberg's
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Sep progs. Wk & Sun: 2.00, 5.00, 8.30
3: THE FOUR SEASONS (AA)
Sep progs. Wk & Sun: 2.00, 5.00, 8.30
4: TATTOO (X)
Sep progs. Wk & Sun: 2.00, 5.00, 8.30
5: TESS (A)
Sep progs, Wk & Sun: 2.00, 8.10
Special offer, Monday only — all seats £2 for all above cinemas for a season

ENQUIRIES for all ABC West End & Greater London Cinemas.
RING TELEDATA 01-200 0200 (24 HRS)

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

OCTOBER
23 Gang of Four
23 Renaissance
24, 25 Saxon
26 ZZ Top
26-29 Santana
28, 29 Janis Ian
30 The Shadows
30 Greg Lake
31 Fats Domino

NOVEMBER
1 Revillos
1 Randy Edelman
1 John Martyn
2, 3 Dr Hook
3 Comsat Angels
5 Au Pairs
6 Rush
7, 8 Kool & The Gang
8 Theatre of Hate
8 Styx
9 Bauhaus
9 Psychedelic Furs
10 Nils Lofgren
12 Tapper Zukie
12 Enigma
12, 13 The Nolans
15 Depeche Mode
15 Iron Maiden
16, 17 Madness
17 Stranglers
18 Chris De Burgh
19 Madness
19 Orchestral Manouevres in the Dark
21, 22 Judas Priest
22 Level 42
23 Rick Wakeman
23, 24 Pointer Sisters
24 Gary US Bonds
25 Peter Skellern
25-27 Thin Lizzy
28 Glen Campbell
29 9 Below Zero
30 Shakin' Stevens

DECEMBER
1, 2, 4 ELO
4 Stranglers
4-6 Linx
5, 6 Human League
6 Shakin' Stevens
7, 8 James Brown
8 Echo And The Bunnymen
14, 15 Joan Armatrading
16, 17 Duran Duran
19 Rose Tattoo
20 Christmas on Earth
20 Slade
21, 22 Gillan
23 Toyah
24,26 Blizzard of Ozz

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME.
POSTAL APPLICATION ENCLOSE SAE PLEASE.
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

Greyhound Stadium

THE GREYHOUND
900 High Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex
Nearest B/R Goodmayes or Chadwell Heath N98 night bus to Central London
Admission £1.00
(£1.50 Fri & Sat)
8pm — midnight
10.30pm Sunday

Thursday 22nd October
Mod Night
HEARTBEATS
+ Cayzer House
Friday 23rd October
CHRIS THOMPSON AND THE ISLANDS
Saturday 24th October
Psychedelic Night
LE MAT
+ The Pencils
Sunday 25th October
Kosmik rock
CHEMICAL ALICE
Monday 26th October
Heavy Rock
JANINE
+ Shattered Dolls
Tuesday 27th October
Heavy Power Package
RAGE
+ Bailey Bros + Video Show
Wednesday 28th October
NEAL KAYES HEAVY METAL SOUNDHOUSE
Thursday 29th October
Mod Night
LONG TALL SHORTY
+ The Crowd

Scala CLUB CINEMA
KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Thursday 22
De Niro in **THE LAST TYCOON** 7.00
+ **SEDUCTION OF JOE TYNAN** 5.05 9.05
Friday 23
Golden Turkey triple
PLAN 9 + **GLEN OR GLENDA?** + **TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE** 7.20 11.15
Saturday 24
Patrick McNee, Diana Rigg in
THE AVENGERS 2.00 6.30
11.30 All night **MARILYN MONROE**
Sunday 25
Cocteau triple
BEAUTY & THE BEAST 1.00 5.50
+ **ORPHEE** 2.35 7.25
+ **TESTAMENT D'ORPHEE** 4.15 9.05
Monday 26
Mann's **THE JERICHO MILE** 5.45 9.10
+ **92 IN THE SHADE** 7.30
Tuesday 27
Marilyn Musicals: **THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOWBUSINESS** 5.20 9.00 +
GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES 7.25
Wednesday 28
Bogarde: Fassbinder's **DESPAIR** 7.00
+ **THE NIGHT PORTER** 5.00 9.05
Thursday 29
Bogart: **MURDER INC** 7.30
+ **THE AFRICAN QUEEN** 5.40 9.00
30p membership. Inst adm

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

Paradise Productions Present

ALVIN LEE
DARK STAR
Plus Special Guests
THE PRETTY THINGS
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Tuesday, 17th November, 1981
at 8.00pm
Tickets — £4.00, £3.50, £3.00 inc VAT
Available from
HAMMERSMITH ODEON BOX OFFICE — 748 4081.
and usual agents.

Brunel University S.U. ENTS — THE **Brunel Kingdom** ROOM — PRESENTS

LEVEL 42 · Jules Holland — **FRIDAY 23rd OCTOBER** 8pm ADMISSION £2.00

TWELFTH NIGHT plus support — **WEDNESDAY 28th OCTOBER** 8pm ADMISSION £1.25

R.A.R. in association with H.C.R.C.
WRECKLESS ERIC plus support — **FRIDAY 30th OCTOBER** 8pm ADMISSION £1.50

BAR AVAILABLE TO CLUB MEMBERS
Nearest Tube Uxbridge (1½ miles). Tickets from S.U. Kingston Lane Uxbridge. (03125)
ALSO FROM PETE'S GIG SHOP HIGH ST. UXBRIDGE

University Essex
Students Union Hall
Colchester
LEVEL 42
Plus Support
29th October 1981
Tickets £2 in Adv.
£2.50 on Door
Doors open 8.30

SUNSET JAZZ
3 NORTH END CRESCENT, W14
Tel: 603 7006
Thursday 22nd October
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
Friday 23rd October
ROOT JACKSON with the **G.B. BLUES CO.**
Saturday 24th October
BRIAN KNIGHT BAND
Sunday 25th October
HUMPHREY LYTTLETON + ALAN ELSDON
(Special Charity Show)
Wednesday 28th October
NEW ART SCHOOL BANDS
Thursday 29th October
TERRY SMITH BLUES BAND

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY
THE PINKIES * TC MATIC
HOLLOWAY ROAD THEATRE
Polytechnic of North London, London N7
Friday October 23rd ***8 — 11.30pm***
Admission £2.50
Tickets from: **Rough Trade, Honky Tonk, Bonaparte.**

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
OUTLAW IN ASSOCIATION WITH MAM PRESENT
RICK WAKEMAN
in concert
MONDAY 23rd NOVEMBER 8pm
TICKETS £4.50 £4.00 £3.50
TICKETS FROM BOX OFFICE AND USUAL AGENTS (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

Harvey Goldsmith and Outlaw Present
GARY. U.S. BONDS
+ SUPPORT
Hammersmith Odeon
24th November 8pm
Tickets £4.50, £4.00, £3.50
Available from Box Office
and usual agents

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m.c.p. and kiltorch present
BAUHAUS

SUN. 25th OCTOBER 7.30
GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL
tickets £3.00 from box office tel. 0483 67314
TUES. 27th OCTOBER 8.00
BIRMINGHAM LOCARNO
tickets £3 from box office, tel. 643 1286. Cyclops Sounds and Virgin.
FRI. 30th OCTOBER 7.30
LANCASTER UNIVERSITY
tickets £3.00 from box office tel. 0524 65201
TUES. 3rd NOVEMBER 8.00
BRISTOL LOCARNO
tickets £3 from box office, tel. 276193 or Rival and Revolver Records
TUES. 10th NOVEMBER 7.30
GUILDHALL PORTSMOUTH
tickets £3.00 from box office tel. 0705 24355
plus support

CUT IT OUT
Leeds Univents Gigs
FRI 23rd OCT **NEIL INNES + IVOR CUTLER £2.50**
SAT 31st OCT **IAN GILLAN £4.00**
SAT 14th NOV **BOW BOW WOW £2.50**
WED 25th NOV **LINX £2.75**
Tickets by personal or postal application from
The Record Shop
Leeds University Union
PO Box 157
Leeds LS1 1UH
MORE TO COME!
Enclosing SAE & Cheque/PO payable to Leeds University Union ..... and on the door on the night.
No restrictions on under 18s & non-students.

160-162
VICTORIA STREET,
LONDON
SW1E 5LB
TEL. 828 9441
Opp. Victoria
Tube Station

THE **Venue**

Main Band on at 9.30pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 22nd Oct. £3.00
PETER HAMILL
+ Hambi and the Dance
+ Motivation

Friday 23rd Oct. £3.00
BLACK SLATE

Saturday 24th Oct. £3.50
ROGER CHAPMANS SHORT LIST

Monday 26th Oct. £2.00
101 Records Nite with
COMBO PASSE + BOPNATIVES + EDUKATORS

Tuesday 27th Oct. £2.00
CUBAN HEELS
+ MANUFACTURED ROMANCE
+ A BIGGER SPLASH

Wednesday 28th Oct. £2.50
OUR DAUGHTERS WEDDING
+ John Watts
+ Electric Guitar

Thursday 29th Oct. & Friday 30th Oct. £3.50
DEFUNKT
+ 23 Skidoo

COMING SOON

Saturday 31st Oct. £4.00
JUNIOR WALKER AND THE ALLSTARS
Late Night: £3.50
HALLOWEEN FANCY DRESS BALL
Monday 2nd Nov. £3.00
CLINT EASTWOOD AND GENERAL SAINT
Tuesday 3rd Nov. £2.50
THOMPSON TWINS
Wednesday 4th Nov. £2.00
FAD GADGET
Thursday 5th Nov. £3.00
THE GO-GO's
Friday 6th Nov. £3.00
ALEX HARVEY
Saturday 7th Nov. £4.50
ODYSSEY
Sunday 8th Nov. £4.50
JOHN HOLT AND BACKING BAND
Wednesday 11th Nov. £4.00
TITO PUENTE LATIN SEPTET
ALL TICKET PRICES INCLUDE FREE BROCHURE

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
OUTLAW presents
JOHN MARTYN
and his band
SUNDAY 1st NOVEMBER 7·30pm
TICKETS £4·00 £3.50 £3·00
FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

CITY OF LONDON POLY
MANUFACTURED ROMANCE
+ The Pope **+ Erazerhead**
SATURDAY OCTOBER 24th
Doors open 8pm
102-105 Whitechapel High St.
Nearest tube **Aldgate East.**

DOMINION THEATRE
LONDON W1
Derek Block presents
THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
EVEREST THE HARD WAY
MONDAY 9th NOVEMBER 7.30pm
Tickets £3·50 £3·00
IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01·580 9562
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, & USUAL AGENTS

THIRTEEN AT MIDNIGHT

Launching Party & Benefit for Tower Hamlets Unemployed Centre
with
THE MEMBERS
plus
RIO AND THE ROBOTS
& Surprise Guest.
SATURDAY OCTOBER 31st 7.30
QUEEN MARY'S COLLEGE, MILE END ROAD, LONDON E3
(nearest tube MILE END)
£3.00 & £1.00 Unemployed (with cards). Tickets from Tower Hamlets Unemployed Centre, 59 Bow Rd., London E3.
South East TUC, Congress House Gt Russell St., London WC1

TO ADVERTISE RING
01-261 6153

KINGS HEAD
4, Fulham High St., SW6
736 1413

Thursday 22nd £1
SIDESTREETS
Friday 23rd £1.50
THE 45's
Saturday 24th £1
ISAAC GILLORY BAND
Sunday 25th £1
JOHNNY G
Monday 26th £1
JOHN SPENCERS BAND
Tuesday 27th £1
THE SMART
Wednesday 28th £1
THE SUSPECTS
Thursday 29th £1
MOTHERS RUIN

Golden Agency Presents
THE IDIOT BALLROOM
at the Windsor Castle
Harrow Rd W9
Westbourne Pk tube
every Tuesday 8—12
PREVIEW NIGHT
MURPHY FEDERATION
REAL IMITATIONS
BLUE MIDNIGHT
DICK HELEY
Compere — **Uncle Vince**
Sound — **Sir Alios Sound**
FREE

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:—

WHAT's ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

Nashville Teens
Played here in the dark ages, when the drummer's THUR. 22. kit collapsed. Still do 'Tobacco Road.'

RAVEENA & THE MAGNETICS
FRI. 23 Oct. From California, and led by the very appealing Raveena who swears she's not Rita Coolidge. They play the original country rock'n'roll.

BLACK ROOTS
SAT. "8-piece from Bristol whose declamatory reggae vocals and galvanic rhythm section had more people on the dance floor than..." N.ME. (Modesty forbids us to say who the other band was)

SUN. FUTURE DAZE + GROUPIV.
MON. THE ONLOOKERS + THE VARIATIONS
TUE. ANGELS ONE FIVE + LONDON SECRETS

MIRAGE
WED. 28. Multi-vocal/multi-instrumental jazz funk band with their own individual sound.

LONDON UNDERGROUND
THU. 29 OCT. Reggae band with refreshingly less percussion and a vocalist in Valentino head band and pirate pants.!!

THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 TILL LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 TILL 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M. TILL 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1929
PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO: 240 3961

THE ANGEL
on Lambeth Walk
SE11 01-735 4309
(Lambeth North Tube)

Thursday 22nd £1
COBRAS
Friday 23rd £1
MOTOR BOYS MOTOR
+ Answer
Saturday 24th £1
EMOTIONAL SPIES
+ Parting Shots + Sigmund the Fish
Sunday 25th £1
RED BEANS AND RICE
Tuesday 27th 75p
DOWNBEATS
Wednesday 28th 50p
TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS
Thursday 29th £1
APOCALYPSE
+ Support
Fri 30th — Whirlwind
Sat 31st — Future Daze + Silence
Sun 1st — Flat Tops

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

MCP presents

SLADE

plus Guests

ROYAL COURT THEATRE, LIVERPOOL
THURS. 10th DECEMBER 7.30 pm.
TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel. No: 051 708 7411

CITY HALL, NEWCASTLE
FRI. 18th DECEMBER 7.30 pm.
TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel. No: 0632 320007

ODEON THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM
SAT. 19th DECEMBER 7.30 pm.
TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel. No: 021 643 6101

ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
SUN. 20th DECEMBER 7.30 pm.
TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from B/O Tel. No: 01 748 4081

Straight Music & Kennedy Street *present*

RUSH

WEMBLEY ARENA
4th, 5th & 6th NOVEMBER @ 8 pm

Still a few tickets left for each night at £5.00. Available from **London Theatre Bookings, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Telephone 439 3371.** (Booking fee charged) or by post from **Rush Box Office, 12 Great Newport Street, London WC2 H7JA**
Postal orders only, payable to **'Kennedy Street Enterprises'** — *please enclose s.a.e.*

STAFFORD NEW BINGLEY HALL,
MONDAY 9th NOVEMBER @ 8 pm

Tickets £5.00, from usual agents, or by post from **Rush Box Office, YQ Bookings, P.O. Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 2JQ.** Postal orders only. Payable to **'Kennedy Street Enterprises'.** — *Please enclose s.a.e.*

PERRY HAINES
PRESENTS
LONDON'S NEW DANCE CLUB
EVERY SATURDAY

ROX

OPENING NIGHT
Saturday 31st October
with
HAIRCUT 100
PLUS
DJ **STEVE LEWIS**
AND
MYSTERY GUESTS

FREE MEMBERSHIP — ADM £2.50
ALL DRINKS 50p to 10.00 pm
BEST DRESSED SNAPPED FOR I.D. MAG

ROYALTY SOUTHGATE N14
1 min Southgate Und. Stn.
Tel. 01-886 4112

PVK PRESENTS
BRIAN KNIGHT
(Legendary Slide Player)
AND HIS BAND
SAT 24th OCTOBER
SUNSET JAZZ
NORTH END CRESCENT
SAT 31st OCTOBER
NEW MERLINS CAVE
MAGERY ST W1
(Residency Through Nov)
"R & B"!

★ THE 100 CLUB ★
100 Oxford Street,
London W1

Thursday 22nd October
Jamaican Superstars
THE GLADIATORS

Tuesday 27th October
ANGELIC UPSTARTS
+ *KIDZ NEXT DOOR*

Masquerade to '82
HARLEQUINS
Thurs. 22nd Oct. — STARLIGHT CLUB

Reaction Promotions presents
60's NIGHT
on Wednesday 28th October at 9pm
at
THE WHISKY A GO-GO
Special Guests
RYE AND THE QUARTERBOYS
The Whisky a Go-Go,
35 Wardour St., W.1.

DOMINION THEATRE
TOTTENHAM COURT RD.W1
Derek Block presents
THE COMSAT ANGELS
THE MO-DETTES
PLUS
THE CUBAN HEELS
TUESDAY 3rd NOVEMBER 7:30pm
TICKETS £3.25 £2.75 AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01.580.9562
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE & ALL USUAL AGENTS

LIVE ON STAGE + FREE!

Sunday 25 October
7 - 9.30 pm **CAYENNE**
3 - 5.30 pm **SPHERE**

At the new Dickie Dirts, junction of Coldharbour Lane & Denmark Hill, London SE5. Presented by the **Jazzcentre + Dickie Dirts,** the sponsor of the **Camden Jazz Week, Oct 26-31 at the Round House.**

jazzcentre

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 22nd October — £1.25
JANE AIRE AND THE BELVEDERES
+ The Boolie

Friday 23rd October — £1.75
NO DICE + Drastic Measures

Saturday 24th October — £1.50
SIAM + Lucky Saddles

Sunday 25th October — 50p
MIMMS AND GOLD
(Folk Duo)

Monday 26th October — £1.50
THE GORILLAS
+ The Commuters

Tuesday 27th October — £1.25
TOUR DE FORCE
+ The Refreshers

Wednesday 28th October — £1.25
GINGER ex Mickey Jupp ex Charlie Dore
+ The Room

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 21st October — £1.00
KID CAIRO'S MASTER PLAN

Thursday 22nd October — £1.00
THE FORCE
featuring Deke Lennard & Sean Tyla
with Little Bob Story

Friday 23rd October — £1.00
THE REFRESHERS

Saturday 24th October — £1.00
JUICE ON THE LOOSE

Monday 26th October — £1.00
Henry McCullough's
SNOOKER

Tuesday 27th October — £1.00
TONS TONS M/ECOUTE

Wednesday 28th October — £1.00
KID CAIRO'S MASTER PLAN

GREGORY MR COOL ISAACS

RAINBOW THEATRE
Sunday 25th October at 8pm
Tickets £4.50 £4.00 from the Rainbow Theatre Box Office 01-263 3148 and usual agents

Sat. 24th Oct. Friars Aylesbury
Tue. 27th Oct. Sophia Gardens Cardiff
Wed. 28th Oct. B'ham Digbeth Civic Hall

MARSHALL ARTS PRESENTS
LEO KOTTKE
DOMINION THEATRE
TOTTENHAM COURT RD. LONDON W1
WEDNESDAY 11th NOVEMBER AT 8pm
TICKETS £4.50, £3.50, £2.50
AVAILABLE FROM THEATRE BOX OFFICE (01-580 9562)
USUAL AGENTS OR ON THE NIGHT (Agency tickets are subject to booking fees).

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 (Phone 468287)

THURSDAY 22nd OCTOBER
AU PAIRS
SATURDAY 24th OCTOBER
HAIRCUT 100

MONDAY 26th OCTOBER
OUR DAUGHTERS WEDDING
THURSDAY 29TH OCTOBER
CUBAN HEELS

Late Bar — 9 till 2 am

Contemporary Music Network

10th Anniversary — Arts Council OF GREAT BRITAIN

CARLA BLEY BAND
Tour of England

October
Mon 26 — **London,** Round House, 7.30 pm
Tue 27 — **Southampton,** Solent Suite, 8 pm
Thu 29 — **Kendal,** Brewery Arts Centre, 8 pm
Fri 30 — **Leeds** University Union, 8 pm
Sat 31 — **Bristol,** Arnolfini Gallery, 8 pm

November
Sun 1 — **Liverpool,** Bluecoat, School Lane, 7.30 pm
Mon 2 — **Coventry,** Warwick University Arts Centre, 8 pm
Wed 4 — **Norwich,** University of East Anglia, LCR, 8 pm
Fri 6 — **Bradford** University, Great Hall, 8 pm
Sat 7 — **Leicester,** Phoenix Arts, 8 pm
Sun 8 — **Birmingham** Repertory Theatre, 7.30 pm
Tue 10 — **Brighton,** Gardner Centre, Sussex Univ., 7.45 pm

Further details from the venues or from
Contemporary Music Network, Arts Council of Great Britain, 9 Long Acre, London WC2E 9LH. Tel 01-379 7717

Paradise Present

A Special "I Love Music Show"

Featuring

ENIGMA

With Special Guests

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
Thursday, 12th November, 1981 at 8.00pm

TICKETS £3.00
Available from Hammersmith Palais Box Office & usual agents.

THE BASEMENT BAR
Clarendon Hotel,
Hammersmith W6

Thursday 22nd October — £1.25
Psychedelic Night
MILES OVER MATTER + The Tonix

Friday 23rd October — £1.50
MANUFACTURED ROMANCE
+ The Ejected

Saturday 24th October — £1.50
THE DARK + Dead Man's Shadow

Monday 26th October — £1.00
VIRTUAL IMAGE
CROWN AGENT
24 HOURS

Tuesday 27th October — £1.25
CUDDLY TOYS + The Zoomiiz

Thursday 29th October — £1.25
FUTURE DAZE + The Silence
Booking enquiries 602 6351
24hr ansaphone 748 1454

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101 CLUB
101 St Johns Hill. Tel 01-223 8309

Wednesday 21st October — £1.00
R.V.K.

Thursday 22nd October — £1.00
ALTERNATIVE CABARET
+ COMBO PASSE

Friday 23rd October — £1.50
REMIPEDS

Saturday 24th October — £1.50
Flying Ducks Night
THE PINKIES
+ GROUND CONTROL

Sunday 25th October — £1.00
THE FORCE

Monday 26th October — £1.00
GRAFITTI

Tuesday 27th October — £1.00
THE INTROZE

Wednesday 28th October — £1.00
MASKED ORCHESTRA

THE OLD QUEENS HEAD
133 Stockwell Road, London SW9

Thursday 22nd Oct — £1
IDLE FLOWERS
+ Auntie & The Men From Uncle

Friday 23rd Oct — £1
HERSHEY & THE TWELVE BARS
Ex Manfred Mann ex Gonzales

Saturday 24th Oct — £1.50
NIGHTDOCTOR
+ The Avengers

Monday 26th Oct — £1
DEATH MARCH
+ Urban Dissidents

Tuesday 27th October — £1
THE STIFF ALL STARS
+ The Room

Wednesday 28th October — £1
Skas on 45 presents:
SKA-DOWS
+ Linos Lost Patrol

Reggae Runnings

PRESENTLY prolific Jamaican vocalist **Triston Palma** sees the release this week of his debut album for Midnight Rock, the label owned by toaster Jah Thomas. Entitled 'Show Case In A Roots Radics Drum And Bass' (MRLP 90000), the set is a six track original with a discomix format of their respective drum and bass versions.

Mr Palma came to prominence last year through the auspices of Youth in Progress associated with Sugar Minott and others of similar Trench Town environment and following success with songs such as 'Round The World' established himself with a variety of freelance productions. Current discos from Palma include: 'You Don't Know', featuring **Captain Sinbad** and backed with **Ashantiwaugh's** 'People In The Ghetto Suffering' (Jabba Roots); 'Butto Fi True' featuring **Nicodemus** and backed with **King Errol & Ringo,** 'Living Ain't Easy' (Nigger Kojak); 'Reggae Taking Over' with **Jah Thomas** (Midnight Rock) and a latest release 'Entertainment' alongside Jah Thomas and **Toyan** (c/w **Little John** & Toyan, 'Jah Guide I' (Greensleeves GRED 66). Latest 7" pre from the singer include: 'Take My Hands' (Afro Eagle) and a pair for Black Solidarity, 'Collie Man' and 'Never Let Go'.

Issued back to back on Studio 1 discomix two popular titles, **Carlton & The Shoes,** 'Let Me Love You' c/w **Don Drummond & The Skatalites,** 'Heavenless', the latter segueing into a more recently recorded drum and bass version with guitar. Also reissued on Sonia E Pottinger's High Note label, **Alton Ellis** rock steady favourite 'Breaking Up', musicians. **Papa Ritchie** extends a toast of the same with 'Phantom'.

Other new discomix titles include: **Beshara,** 'Men Cry Too' c/w 'Man A Reason' (Mass Media Music MMM 12-1004); **Don Evans,** 'Lately I Found Out' c/w 'Park Heights Special' (Park Heights); **Jesse James & Family Love,** 'Young Girl' c/w **Mad Professor and Sane Inmates,** 'Swapo's March Song' (Ariwa ARI 1003); **Juliet Nelson,** Love Story' c/w **John Kpiaye,** 'Night Loving' (Nature NR12); **Carl Livingston,** 'Living As A Poor' c/w **Ansel Collins,** Dark Shadows' (Orthodox Music OMI 001); and a Bob Marley medley recorded by Alvin Ranglin artiste **Barbara Jones** featuring 'No Woman No Cry' / 'Stir It Up' / 'Wait In Vain' / 'Small Axe' / 'Nice Time' / 'One Love' c/w **GG All Star,** 'Dub Of Bob Marley' (GG).

Latest 7-inch pre-release number: **Johnny Osbourne,** 'Ice Cream Love' (Volcano); **Roland Burrel,** 'No Other But Marcus' (Jah Guidance'); **Dave Robinson,** Black Man Dance' (African Museum); **Blue Bells,** 'Breaking Up Hard To Do' (Thunder Bolt); **Leroy Smart,** 'She Love It In The Morning' (World Wide Success); **Cecil Brown,** 'Hands Of The Wicked' (Thrillseekers); **The Jays,** 'Cuss Cuss' (Jays); **Winston Hussey,** 'Where Fat Lies Ant Follow' (Leggo Sounds); **Freddie McGregor,** 'Once A Man' (Heavy Duty); **Eric Bubble,** 'Morning Ride' (Black Star Liner); and **Horace Martin,** 'Africa Is Calling' (Musical Ambassador).

Newest release in the Trojan Explosion EP reissue series features: **Susan Cadogan,** 'Hurt So Good; **Nicky Thomas,** 'Love Of The Common People' c/w **Ken Boothe,** 'Crying Over You'; **Greyhound,** 'Moon River' (TMX 4014).

Weekend running call all music lovers each and every Friday night at the Central Club, London Street, Reading for entertainment by your resident sound **The Lady Makers** with international languages such as lovers rock, calypso, soul, roots, rubadub. Doors open 8.00 pm to 2.00 am.

Inna West End style every Saturday for all lovers and ravers **Danny Casanova** from Phebes in session with a reggae and soul selection at the 100 Club, 100 Oxford Street, London, W1 from midday to 3.00 pm. Admission: £1.50. Still in the West End later in the evening Saturday night residency with **Tiffany Hi-Fi** — the sound with the velvet touch at Gossips of Dean Street. Starts 10 pm.

Penny Reel

Thursday 22nd October
SKY RIDERS (Douglas Hickox, 1976). American industrialist (Robert Culp) and family are kidnapped by munition hungry terrorists and rescued by James Coburn in a hang glider and Charles Aznavour affecting an absurd Greek accent. Think I'd stick with the terrorists. **(ITV).**

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (Richard Thorpe, 1952) All the young rakes will be bunched around mummy and daddy's TV set tonight for this creaky old swashbuckler: Stewart Granger, James Mason and Deborah Kerr star, Richard Thorpe directs by numbers — what can you say about this kind of classic corn except perhaps *turn your aerial back to front and return to zenda!* **(BBC1)**

Friday 23rd October
JUST FOR FUN (Gordon Flemyng, 1963) Unmissable and virtually plot-less excuse for parade of early Sixties pop hits like Bobby Vee, the Crickets, etc., and pundits like Jimmy Savile and Alan Freeman. Cheap, clean, fun (whatever happened to cheap, clean fun?) choc full of wildly improbably cameos and cartoon-like 'interpretations' by groups of their songs (The Spotniks in diving gear for 'My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean'?!). Also notable for *the original* Fun Party. **(ITV Thames)**

WHERE IT'S AT (Garston Kanin, 1969). What is Garson Kanin — the man who co-wrote *Adam's Rib* and *Pat and Mike* — doing directing this lame satire on 1969's favourite subject the 'generation gap'? Not very much, evidently — would seem to be the obvious answer. **(BBC1)**

Saturday 24th October
MEET ME AT THE FAIR (Douglas Sirk, 1953). At last I snatch a Douglas Sirk movie from the jaundiced jaws of philistine M. Smith (and despite Smith's paranoid assurances to the contrary in these pages, Douglas was happily married all his adult life: some cineastes argue, of course that this films are exclusively shaped by those strange childhood incidents . . .) BBC2 have been screening the frothier (absolutely no slur intended) Sirks in an intermittent sort of Saturday Afternoon season this past year — and that's the perfect place for them. This one has comedy, music, romance, 'Scat Man' Crothers as a character called Enoch and is 87 minutes long — perfect. So, BBC2 — now that I've got my VCR, how about *Written On The Wind, Magnificent Obsession* . . . **(BBC2)**

THE WILD GEESE (Andrew McLaglen, 1978). Pathetic sights in store for anyone who chooses to waste their time and intelligence watching this palpably pro-war film — grown men such as Richard Burton, Roger Moore, Richard Harris act out their schoolboy SAS fantasies although it's supposed to be a gritty look at the 'world' of the mercenary. Generated controversy by virtue of being shot in South Africa — and having a Joan Armatrading soundtrack to outrage the opposition to boot.**(ITV)**

TERROR IN A TEXAS TOWN (Joseph H. Lewis 1958). In a typical example of their penchant for understatement the BBC press release people inform us that this is an 'offbeat Western about a Scandinavian sailor' — well, yes, I'd say that was about as offbeat as a Western could be. Seriously this — cult director Lewis' last ever feature — looks more than interesting: the sailor in question returns to his father's Texan farm to find the surrounding area in the grip of a grasping land baron (boooo! hiiiiiisss!). **(BBC2)**

Sunday 25th October
THE FOUR FEATHERS (Don Sharo, 1977). Graham Greene once said of the Alexander Korda version of this wartime comedy cowardice classic 'even the richest of the ham goes down, savoured with humour and satire' but this one is a made for American TV version with professional aristocrats such as Robert Powell, Simon Ward and Jayne Seymour. Sounds like the sorta thing tha'll stick in my craw! **(ITV LWT)**

STORM OVER THE NILE (Zoltan Korda, 1955). And by no coincidence whatsoever over on the other big channel this afternoon . . . the fourth version of that wartime comedy cowardice class *The Four Feathers!* At least this one has James Robertson Justice in. **(BBC1)**

THE CLASS OF MISS MACMICHAEL (Silvio Narizzano, 1978). Yet another tedious instalment of the History of Glenda Jackson Part One — in yet another static, forgettable film, with yet another Oliver Reed self-parody. **(BBC2)**

Monday 26th October
SHAFT'S BIG SCORE (Gordon Parks, 1972). Follow up to the reasonable enough original is predictably overdone, with most everyone getting done to death. **(BBC1)** And, by no coincidence whatsoever . . .

SHAFT IN AFRICA (John Guillermin, 1973). Another great programming first (?) Frank Finlay, of all people, co stars with R. Roundtree in this modern moral yarn about slave trading being revived. The real question though is how fans of the series will resolve the cross-channel half-hour-or-so overlap. **(ITV Thames)**

Wednesday 28th October
MAGEE AND THE LADY (Gene Levitt, 1978). Pedestrian made-for-US-TV satire on creaky old Hollywood adventure movies with Sally Kellerman, Tony Lo Bianco and the financial assistance of the Australian Broadcasting Commission (?) **BBC1.** Thankyou and goodnight . . .

THE FRENCH LIEUTENANT'S WOMAN (Karel Reisz). Some flicker in Streep's now-archetypal peeping around that cloak disagrees with my taste in imaginary signifiers of sexuality, and I fear I shall have to be dragged, bodily, to The Greedy Media's Latest Event. Meryl has something of *the drip* about her — that same forceful fragility so beloved of Isabelle Huppert — and I yearn for less predictable profiles. But shucks, what do I know? I'm still trapped by the presence of Katherine Hepburn, dear . . . Otherwise: a Rubik's cube of contemporary fleshy bafflement — Pinter squeezing the playwright's points out of a recent history of sexuality and Reisz filing down his low profile past the tide mark. Perhaps I will go and see it . . . Reviewed 17.10.81. **(United Artists).**

GOODBYE PORK PIE (Geoff Murphy). Media gimmix abound around this one, too — heralding a new New Zealand cinema, it seems. The gamble is on the esperanto of youth culture — drugs, music, fast living — and the narrative is on-the-road. Sort of *Herbie Goes To Pot.* Reviewed this week. **(Brent Walker).**

HONKY TONK FREEWAY (John Schlesinger). Schlesinger goesch schlepstick in a big bad barney of a movie which bombed completely in America and looks set to do the same here. Supporters claim a resemblance to *It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* — and if that's at all true I'll be there in the queue, third in line after Schlesinger's Mum and Monty Smith. Reviewed this week. **(EMI).**

THE JANITOR (Peter Yates). Another new movie with submerged echoes of the Travis Bickle archetype (you remember Travis — he started all the punks off on that Mohican hairstyle in a Martin Scorsese movie called *Taxi Driver*), *The Janitor* is probably most worth noting as Step Two in the William Hurt ascendancy to fame. Here his voice booms out distinctively, but the dialogue is at times too sharp — too scripted — for effect. Sigourney Weaver is frittered away as well — but this "engaging psycho comedy" *(NME)* has enough points of interest and entrance to pull through respectably. Reviewed 10.10.81. **(20th Century Fox).**

TARZAN THE APE MAN (John Derek). To Reisz's *French Lieutenant's Woman* what a WendyBurger is to a Quail's Egg. Any hope of a stunned or stirring cinematic sexuality flounders under massive glops of the Derek Family's curious polymorphous - perversity - made - public crude crusade. And this week's pun casts its mind back to '10' to ask the question: why didn't we use the headline *Bo DUDley Is A Bunslinger?* I know . . . Reviewed 10.10.81. **(CIC).**

Ian Penman

ONE GEAR.

QT 50

FOUR GEAR.

FS1SE

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Trundle along to your Yamaha dealer before December 31st, buy one of these exemplary Yamaha bikes, and you can zap out again on yer own two wheels, clutching fifty quids' worth of biking accessories.

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The QT50 comes in racy red or heavenly blue. It's fully automatic (hence only the one gear), and is incredibly light and easy to handle, even in the thickest of traffic jams. It's also cheap to run and does around 100 mpg.

The FS1SE, on the other hand, is moody, black and chrome. In styling, performance and handling it takes after its five big brothers, the Yamaha 'Specials', and is equally at home in heavy traffic or on the open road.

(And, as if all that's not enough, if you buy either bike before October 31st, you'll also qualify for free insurance under Yamaha's current insurance offer. That means comprehensive on the QT50 and third party, fire and theft on the FS1SE.)

Get into your free gear now. The offer closes on December 31st or while present stocks last.

YAMAHA

The Clash
Stimulin

Lyceum

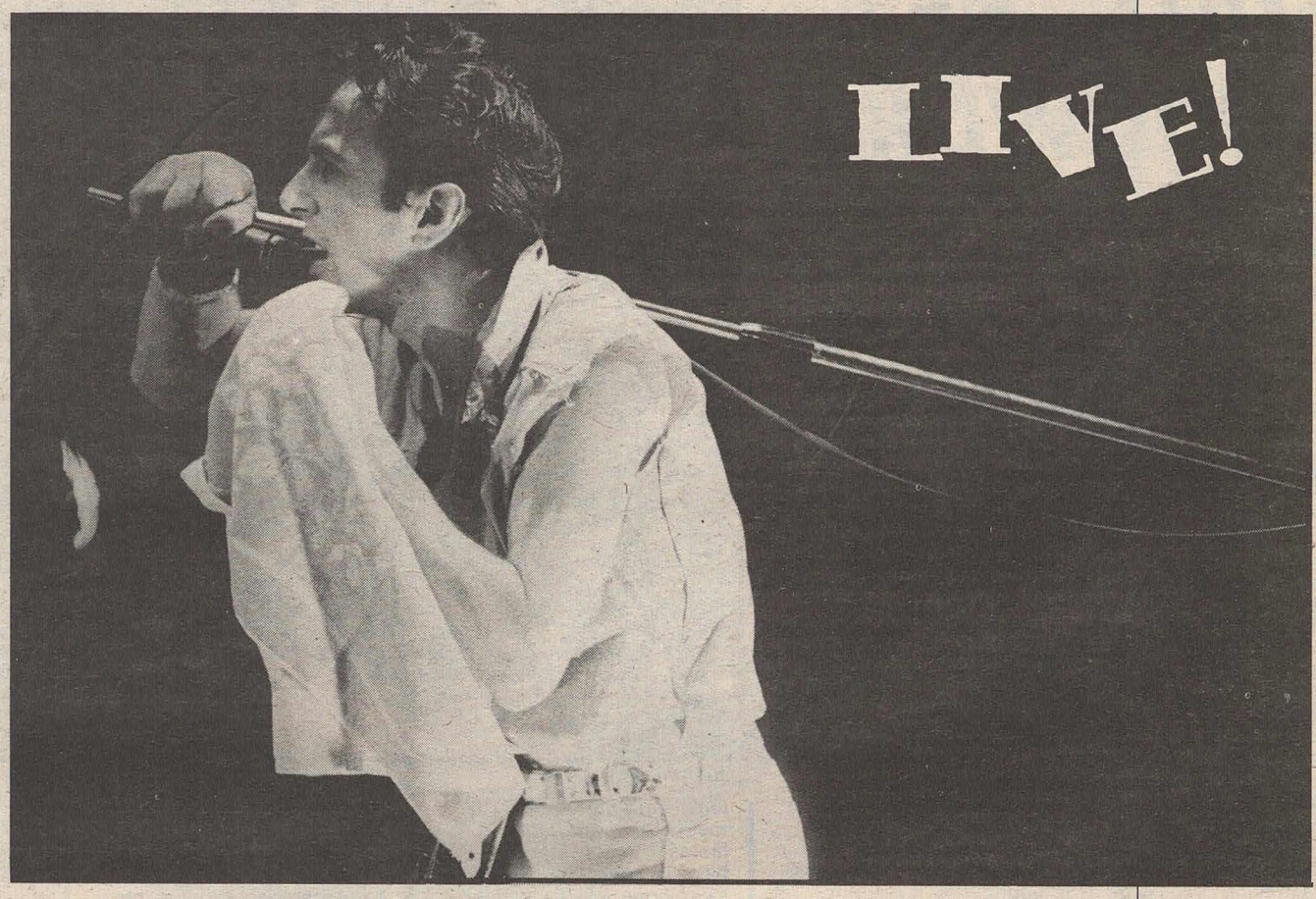
THE PATH of Joe Strummer is, as we know, lined with well-intentioned, golden-hearted errors, and the first of tonight's was Stimulin, whose sound mix was from start to finish a disaster. Diehard Clash zombies didn't care too much for them either. Not that anyone threw beer cans at them, like they did at Grandmaster Flash in New York, but when Alix Sharkey announced the band's last song, there were loud cheers of relief.

Stimulin aren't much more than a very tight drum kit on the best of nights, but then their drumperson *is* a veritable Robbie Mackintosh risen-from-the-grave. Tonight you could hardly hear the guy, which left a sort of muted shuffle of guitar, vibes, and trumpet to struggle under the PA-drowning boom of Alix Sharkey's voice. Sharkey, a kind of Edwyn Collins of the new London art-funk, is — to put it as briefly as possible — a bad singer, an ineffectual rhythm guitarist, a nervous stage presence, and a limited songwriter. I guess part of the appeal in this skinny white funk is its lack of fatback, but pure beat, stripped and streamlined for the Sweat set, is only another meta-music. Tonight's setbacks meant that even their one little bit of glory, 'Strippin' Down', sounded as though it were coming from under a pile of mattresses.

It's not The Clash's fault that their five-day binge at the Lyceum is really a small-scale replay of The Stones at Earl's Court. It's probably not their fault that two and a quarter hours of The Clash's greatest hits practically bored me to death. The fact remains that the majority of the audience — the equivalent of Rolling Stones "fans" five years ago — had "a good time". And who ever said The Clash were exempt from paying the price of fame?

There are more bozos than ever. There's Strummer trying not to be Strummer, but all the same emitting that absurd screech about five times during the course of every song. There's Jones flopping about like a great Pete Townshend puppet and playing some of the worst guitar the Lyceum has probably ever witnessed. And there's Simonon looking more like that oaf in *Rude Boy* every year. Only Topper isn't desperately trying to avoid self-parody, and thus only he avoids it. What can the poor boys do? They are, after all, inherently ridiculous.

This gig: The Clash aren't terribly exciting on stage — had you ever noticed? — and most of their post - 'Rope' songs are just so fake and precious they don't bear thinking about. But then again they can be one shit-ass rock'n'roll band (Shit-ass rock 'n' roll?!! Rock 'n' bogroll, surely? — Ed.): you can only love the mess of 'Stay Free', 'Career Opportunities', 'Brand New Cadillac' — the only track of real merit on 'London Calling'. As for 'Should I Stay Or Should I Go?', well, can I just say thanks, boys?



Joe Strummer Pic: Pennie Smith

THE PARODY LINGERS ON

The major part of the show, however, is all that piffle from 'London Calling' and 'Sandinista!'. You know, those wavering, sanctimonious pseudo-songs like 'Spanish Bombs', 'Somebody Got Murdered', 'Stand By Me', 'Charlie Don't Surf', 'Working For The Clampdown' . . . But what's worse is that Jones and Strummer seem to have forgotten how to play guitar, Simonon's bass had no body at all, and every song, rambling on feebly after their last choruses, simply petered out in a flurry of improvised blunders.

Stage appendages: tiger-striped barriers closing over the stage to the sound of air-raid sirens — in other words, nuked New York — conscience-appeasing news headlines for 'Guns Of Brixton' (tourist snapshots of Broadway for 'Magnificent Seven'!), Futura 2000 plus cans spraying up a very ugly backdrop and rapping his cameo spot 'Graffiti' . . .

Is there any place left for The Clash to go? They're so darned cross-cultural! Playing this set must be like lugging around some encylopaedia of ethnic musical forms. Which isn't to say the lugging hasn't paid off in the past — 'White Man', 'Armagideon Time', 'Magnificent Seven' — or that it won't again, but Strummer's earnest attempts to make cultures clash are always a case of hit-or-miss. There are certain Clash signatures which have got pretty wearisome — the screeches, the painfully-contrived angst, the "genius is pain" grimaces, perhaps the whole Clash beat — that decisively *unloose funk-rock* — itself.

What've we got for entertainment? A myth that can only further bind itself in chains, a rock'n'roll legend which can only be effaced by its own fame. Unless . . . but that's another story, an alternative universe.

Barney Hoskyns

THE LEXICON OF LOVE

Martin Fry Pic: Pete Hill

ABC

A-Z Club, Bayswater

SO I AM left alone to be rational. So, things, like . . . lust; the inopportune coupling of ABC and the A-Z Club. A one-night stand that should never have been and certainly not seen. The A-Z is a *miss*-place, a coal bunker from 1977, still pokey, a bundle of wet leaves soggy underfoot, a wet weekday wall in the Marquee, trying to, dying to . . . be a place to fling, to cling in, to . . . morrow.

So sorrowful an event. The A-Z boasts video cocktails and other code works but, sneery me, IT DOESN'T HAVE A CLOAKROOM. Just a place to faint onto a fag end. Is this the sleep end of this year's club craze? Black and smelly, cramped and SELL ME? *Show* me.

But the other. Always other. Just . . . the sort of questions ABC are basking in. Questions like: *can we step outside history by slipping into one another's arms?* And if not . . .

. . . Die untying the knot? ABC, of course, are so upset by the errors of the Lover's discourse, which is of course a crash course in Truth (and therefore in self-deception). The A-Z blackened and blighted ABC's spry rage. ABC (say, see, flee) rattle the symbols of conventionally condensed bitterness. There is no point in labouring the lost opportunity — that the A-Z was a dis-grace at a critical point in the ABC career course. They hated it. They went through (with) it. Love's decline into mere ceremony is as close to the 'truth' of the A-Z appearance as I need to get.

I could be descriptive, but where would that take us? Back. I could deny, but then, you have your spies. I'd rather destroy, move on and enjoy.

ABC: thaw.

ABC: oh, you!

ABC: don't die.

But while we're in the subject: why does Martin Fry keep repeating himself? Does he want to be hit? Has he already been hurt? Has his quest for true Love — and therefore for Truth itself — even begun yet? He has the ragged tempestuous nerve of one who has yet to resolve promises and problems.

For the time being: one hell of a performer; one hell of a Star in the making, if you like. If you like, one personal Hell in the making and marketing. Fears are *quite* enough. It is quiet enough to be roughly caressed by the course tides of expectation and rumour (the wreckers of many a good Truth).

For the real time, ABC are sex machine, desiring machine, pop machine, verb machine and any one of them verve machine, tongue machine, perspiring machine, success machine. In 'Tears Are Not Enough' and other as yet unreleased poisons ABC have a linguistic and catalytic hold on rendering pleasurable many of the Lover's more lamentable discursive positions (but primarily melancholy, incompleteness and disrespectful vigilance). These SONGS are as surely surface-tough yet yielding and adoptable as a Level 42 'Love Games' or a Costello 'Roses'. Isn't it obvious and marvellous that so much diversity can co-exist? And if *they* can . . . oh my.

In other ABCs: art of giving, kindness, distress, laughter, loneliness, patience, physical appearance, the physical gestures of love and a showy love of physical gestures, self-probing, — solitariness, love of speech, love (fatal) of truths.

Exc-use: a game with truth is always a game with life. ABC know this and demonstrate it craftily in the fusing of 'I' and 'd' in the whispers of 'Tears Are Not Enough'. Martin Fry scared the loving daylights out of us with his obvious feelings, and feel for the obvious and compact aphorism; eg, that true Love is only found at the end of a journey through misery and filth.

A-Z. And back again.

(It is interesting to note that in the alphabet of Love Martin Fry is, at some point or other, m/f.)

ABC: capability to seduce technology.

ABC: culpability to surrender to vocabulary.

ABC: I ONLY HAVE YOUR WORDS FOR IT.

Don't specify — hum the hints of the coming hypnosis, tear up the blueprint, don't frequent the A-Z. Let our singers do the talking, let ABC do the nightshift. My fundamental disagreement with Martin Fry (tears *can* be enough, conditionally) does not halt my adoring feelings. Anyone who raves about POWER the way . . .anyone with a jacket like that. ABC have 'it' and I shall savour the waiting. For that is all, really, that there ever is to savour. After all.

Ian Penman

WAS CRAWL OUT THE WOODWORK

Was (Not Was)

New York

"CAN'T FORGET the Motor City."

Once again, Detroit takes a big jump on us all, right into the lead in the dancing-in-the-streets sweepstakes. Who would have thought that a team led by two suburban cynics would restore the glory, the style and the beat-movement crown to the Detroit name? And they've done it with a truly regional music, drawing on the two great Detroit traditions of streamlined and efficient soul and hard rock punch. Who would have thought that Was (Not Was), so clever on record, so full of the artifice of the overdub, would pull together a live show so full of life, so colourful and quick, so *entertaining.*

In the tradition of P-Funk and Kid Creole, Was (Not Was) present a show, not a band — a moving circus with plenty of diversions, things to look at and hear, sideshows and barkers, a real carnival. They needed more room than the Mudd Club stage gave them for their eleven persons; the choreography was a bit cramped.

But glorious. The Was's biggest coup, visually, was scoring Dawn Silva and Lynn Mabrey, formerly known as the Brides of Funkenstein, to sing and grace their stage. Dawn and Lynn are lovely, sexy, funny, a delight to watch. They mug, clown, arch their eyebrows, wag a finger, shake a hip — and wail perfect harmonies.

Then there's Sweet Pea Atkinson, who made two singing appearances on the album and in the live show handles most of the lead vocals. This man has it — looks, style, cool, and a soul man's voice that definitely cuts it with the finest. He can do it all, from gruff to tender, quiet to roaring.

Dawn, Lynn and Sweet Pea provide the funky front line and take care of it perfectly. That leaves the band behind them free to spin, crash, tumble and wheel out the madness.

The musicians are mostly people who played on the album, and they've obviously benefited from much rehearsal since then. That, and a common vision of joining funk, pop and rock into a music that makes nonsense of boundaries. It's a tight, free-wheeling, non-aligned meeting of minds up there, ready to go where the inspiration suggests. They play — as in playfully — throwing around rock noises, funk noises, and soul vocals, entirely naturally, without a trace of self-consciousness.

So many gorgeous touches. The oriental feel of David McMurray's clarinet on 'Carry Me Back To Old Morocco' weaving through the sing-song melody and Dawn and Lynn's harmonies. The melodic counterpoint and fantastic textures thrown up by electric viola, flute and saxophone. Wayne Kramer's guitar — consistently bright and tough without being heavy, a real surprise. Carl Small's Afro-Latin percussion breaks. Dawn Silva's imperious, seen-everything look as she sings about the freaks coming out of the woodwork.

Don Was plays bass and Dave Was plays flute, and both play a background role visually, except when Dave steps forward to do the "former scientist" rap on 'Wheel Me Out', sounding like a twisted cross between Mel Brooks and a deranged Czar. There's a constant motion, band members slipping into and out of positions. The Was don't play leader, they just slip right into the stream.

All this camaraderie — the pleasure taken in making this music bubbles up in the player's faces and spills out all over the sound, which pumps, pushes, blasts, swirls and rocks. Watching them it's easy to forget you're seeing a small miracle. So many smiles they make it look easy. But five years ago, the audacity of Was (Not Was) would have been an impossibility. What audience would have accepted it?

Now, finally, thankfully, modern pop is getting the infusion of soul spirit and dance motion it has long needed. It's coming from many directions. Was (Not Was) take a lot of clues from George Clinton, and are part of this new dance parade, but they don't fit in neatly anywhere.

They keep shifting, and they kept me shifting. Moving around, trying it from different angles, trying out different steps. Music to move with.

Richard Grabel

Don and Dave Was

Pic: Laura Levene

Black Uhuru
Mink DeVille
The Undertones

Essen, West Germany

THESE BIENNIAL all-night Rockpalast bloat-ons are comically close to the idea of a festival mentality geared to Germanic efficiency: *You vill be entertained!* The groups appear and play at precalculated moments, the audience greets each with greedy acclaim (apparently these bonanzas are sold out even before the line-ups are announced), spotlights strafe the crowd grovelling in the

Adam and the Ants, E.L.O., Beatles, Jacksons, Sheena, Diana Ross, Police. They're all on Radio Luxembourg.

SUNDAY
Tony Prince's Top 30 Disco Show 9-11pm
The Golden Jackpot in The Golden Hour with Rob Jones–11pm

MONDAY
The Brasso Show and the Chart Champions 7-9pm
The Top 30 Airplay Chart with Rob Jones 9-11pm

TUESDAY
Britain's Top 30 with Bob Stewart 9-11pm
Lots of prizes in the Golden Jackpot 11-midnight

WEDNESDAY
Brasso with a Top Disco's Top 20. 9pm
The Beatles Hour. 10pm
Night Tracks with Benny Brown 1-3am

THURSDAY
Top of the Pops as on TV with Rob Jones 9pm
The Number Ones Show 10pm

FRIDAY
Stuart Henry's Rock Show 8-10pm
The Sensational Sixties Show 10-midnight
Tony Prince's Midnight Disco Party and Top 20 Imports

SATURDAY
Golden Oldies from Stuart Henry's Haunted Studio 8-10pm

RADIO LUXEMBOURG
More Charts, less chat
RTL 208

Judy, presumably At Her Best

Pic: Christina Birrer

SEX, VANITY AND SEX

Girls At Our Best Dislocation Dance

L.S.E.

A PUZZLING evening full of weird and wonderful mood changes. I began bored and uninspired and ended up losing my temper with a stranger in the street.

My boredom lifted when Dislocation Dance played support, in every sense of the word. They carried the evening, lifted it and held it together while all else fell apart. D. Dance play music; real music. In this band, the 1981 statutory one-man horn section can actually play the horn. It's such a relief to hear clear pleasant notes, even a melody. Most of the songs were unfamiliar, but I still felt drawn to them.

Their name is accurate and onomatopoeic. They are finely fractured but danceable, their tunes limp and jump, step forward and lean back with total charm. The horn player has a walking stick due to surgery . . . or too much dislocated dancing? The audience danced and laughed and demanded an encore.

This particular evening for Girls At Our Best was not their best. It all began happily enough, Judy dancing and smiling and urging her audience to have fun . . . but then a lighting rig collapsed, the audience surged and the music stopped. "Please everyone move back." With relief (I'm claustrophobic) I did as I was instructed. But the spell was broken. The songs lost their confident edge, a nervy aggressiveness slipped in, things were out of tune.

Losing touch with the buoyancy up front, I found the songs thin and insubstantial, inconclusive and depressing. I'm a stranger to their songs but I caught titles — 'Fashion', 'China Blue' and 'Water Bed Babies'; most were about sex, vanity and sex. Which I suppose is what it all comes down to (throughout their set I had to endure the piercing glare of a most bizarre looking man). There's a moral there somewhere: lone females shouldn't wear leather skirts.

Once again another mood slid into the evening. I did my best to appreciate the ambience, but for all I knew my companion had been crushed at the front. Perhaps L.S.E. was just too small and the stage too low for a successful evening.

"This song is bubbling under, in fact drowning." Judy introduced 'Politics' and a cheer went up. In fact it stood out from the rest, all round. A moment of clarity in the overcrowded unceasing tone and pace of their other songs.

I'm sure with Judy's fresh voice and pretty diction, their album 'Pleasure' could be a success. I'll reserve my final judgement when I've had a chance to see them without being sardined into an airless room amongst snogging students and dodgy older men. Girls At Our Best deserve a bigger venue, and a better night.

Laura Hardy

maw of the stage-facing floorspace, and arms are raised to handclap at the slightest hint of a four-in-the-bar beat.

At least this roster looks interesting. The Undertones open their set at 10.45. I'm feeling better already — it's the new band of the year! The reconsideration of myth and revision of options that captivate on 'Positive Touch' allow a live demonstration that mixes 'Jimmy Jimmy' with 'Julie Ocean', integrates the new horn section for the superlative 'It's Going To Happen' (no problem) and has the nerve to investigate the mechanics of the dream in a slow central interlude of 'Ocean' and 'Forever Paradise'.

With that peerless voice buffeting through the lyrics and Feargal's stageplay a riot of athletic shenanigans to match, The 'Tones have it all under wraps. The big pop rush is theirs for the giving, even on a cloddish date like this. No-one worked harder than them but no-one else made it look so easy.

Willy DeVille's show — these entertainers! — seems laboured by comparison, geriatrically entwined with studied professionalism, slick sneers masquerading as heartbeats. The new DeVille band gives a better account of itself than the tepid 'Coup De Grace' might suggest: Louis Cortellezi on saxes is determined to be Clarence Clemons (try John Gilmore, tosh — far more interesting) but does manage a trick or two, and Kenny Margolis' grandiose keyboards fit the sense of melodrama.

In the end it's down to DeVille: if he wants a soul-to-soul connection, then he'll have to make his voice and approach overcome the pimp-suit flash. It seldom does. Worthwhile exercises in blustery romanticism like 'She's So Tough' or 'Savoir Faire' are needlessly wracked and raunched into clichedom, DeVille ditching his sibilant guile for histrionics. When it works, it *works:* 'Mixed Up, Shook Up Girl' retains its deft understatement, but it's the dramatic 'Can't Do Without It' that peaks, the great soul pleading, the charged, perfectly realised sax break, the harmonic crescendo in the coda.

It's well after two when Black Uhuru take on the rabble (in the intervals we're treated to ZZ Top videos). This could be an interesting conflict; but as Marley's Wailers took on the mantle of international success and found it became them, so Uhuru seem able to adapt a basically uncompromising attitude to the hungers of an audience demanding the big beat. The opening is unforgettable — the vocalists burst through to the front of the stage as the instruments tumble forth like logs plummeting over a waterfall. Michael Rose is a man deeply mindful of heavy manners. Every player attacks like a percussionist: bent fingers chop down on keyboards, others slash at guitar strings. It's the hardest spectacle I've seen in a long time, with a sound to suit.

Even Rose makes concessions — alongside 'General Penitentiary' is 'Happiness', and there are (rather sardonic) gestures towards call-and-response with the audience. The trenchant power of Uhuru's claim that The Whole World Is Africa is what registers most clearly, though; this is Uhuru's time, and this is the time to see them — especially with Sly and Robbie at the back, separately introduced as 'The Taxi All-Stars'. When they're not doing their showbiz routines you can hear a rhythm section (as on the astonishingly powerful 'King Selassie') that is enough to make the earth quake.

Richard Cook

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The Gladiators, along with Culture and the Mighty Diamonds, are probably one of Jamaica's best-known and longest-established vocal trios, so it's surprising that it's so long since they last visited these shores.

They seem in their element when playing a small club to an expectant and responsive racially mixed crowd. Beginning with the apt 'Music Makers from Jamaica' and 'Jah Works', it wasn't until 'Dreadlocks The Time Is Now' that the mixture of vocals really began to jell.

Relying heavily on their 1978 'Proverbial Reggae' album for material, the Gladiators probably reached their peak with 'Stick A Bush', their distinctive vocals merging together perfectly.

At their best, Albert Griffiths, Gallimore Sutherland and Clinton Fearons' falsetto harmonies and melodies make a truly enchanting combination, with the heavy rhythm section adding extra weight. Their tribute to Robert Nesta Marley — sublime renditions of 'Soul Rebel' and 'Small Axe' — were marred slightly, however, by Albert Griffith's penchant to get members of the audience to sing different lines.

David Corio.

Junior Walker And The All-Stars

Dingwalls

REASONABLY ENOUGH, Junior Walker doesn't really give a flying one that he's probably a patronised artefact, his meaning firmly contained by a different time. He's seen as a crucial background participant in a music rendered "respectable" by passing time, the music of Gordy's Empire, now glibly understood and excitedly dribbled over as mere seven-inch slices from an epoch cleaned up by rose-tinted vision.

The options for '60s soul-shrines seem limited. Most go 'adult', flounder in the torrent of a younger, hungrier pack, or make dreadful, degrading eulogies of their past glories. Junior Walker, though, the dust on Motown's shoes, the slink in Motown's stride, gives the impression of a return to some kind of roots. If nothing else, he's walked out on the nastier choices of destiny.

So . . . Junior Walker And The All-Stars played The Camden Brewery. Our man comes across like everybody's favourite uncle at Christmas, his blunt, rumpled, laugh-lined features more suggestive of a blind man's Memphis tough than a gleaming Smokey. Cuddly, middle-aged Junior, honking on through thick and Dingwalls for, (I shall sentimentally agree), nowt but the love of it.

The All-Stars were a lead balloon. The guitarist looks like a Stylistics send-up. The faithful have been sharp-stepping and back-sliding to potent, keen, fuming Tamla dash since long before Junior's bassist trundled glumly towards the dressing-room door in a camel coat and cowboy hat. Junior cannot rekindle *that* kind of flame. Junior just hasn't done enough to overtake his first reputation.

Only Junior's saxophone can save him now.

It does.

His skating, teasing playing is as jammed full with all those daring, suggestive lilts and twitches as on the 'Chartbuster' volumes he lives off. He defines the art of tickling your heart with those heavy hints that leave you in no doubt. It is *flirtatious*, sly and flighty, it skims the surface of insinuation and floats elusively away. Junior belches out that phlegmy substitute for singing, then swans deliciously over the plodding R&B backbeat, showing off unfussily, working hard without *trying* hard, grooving sedately back and forth like he's part of some New Orleans jazz band in full flight now the funeral's over. Showbizzing with a chuckle, laughing, winking, sweating into his awful suit and loving every minute, Junior Walker could never have found the *substance* of his legend, but he walked out of that glass case and did justice to the *status.* Only a terminal misery could've hated it.

Stand back. Despite my still needing a cold shower whenever I hear 'Shotgun', Junior Walker has nothing to do with pop music anymore. Though he deserves his pedestal, it's pointless to pretend he's much more than an exhibit.

But the thing is, Junior Walker is one of those the taxidermist never caught up with.

Dave Hill

HOODOO

Wall Of Voodoo

Venue

HARD TO believe that what you hear tonight had its inception on Hollywood Boulevard at the Wall Of Voodoo World Headquarters — early home of most of the headliners, when their only aim was to score horror films. On the other hand, who could have given them a better horror film to score? The Venue looks — as usual — like a brothel, and the temperature is a few degrees below that of an abbatoir locker.

The sparse attendees (many eminently suitable for celluloid immortalisation Romero-style) have just had to suffer through near-interminable yowlings along the rough lines of Am - I - Alive? - Tell - Me - I've - Forgotten from an outfit who should remain nameless. The Lemon Kittens decline to show up at all, and thus Wall Of Voodoo are thrown onstage a good forty-five minutes earlier than even

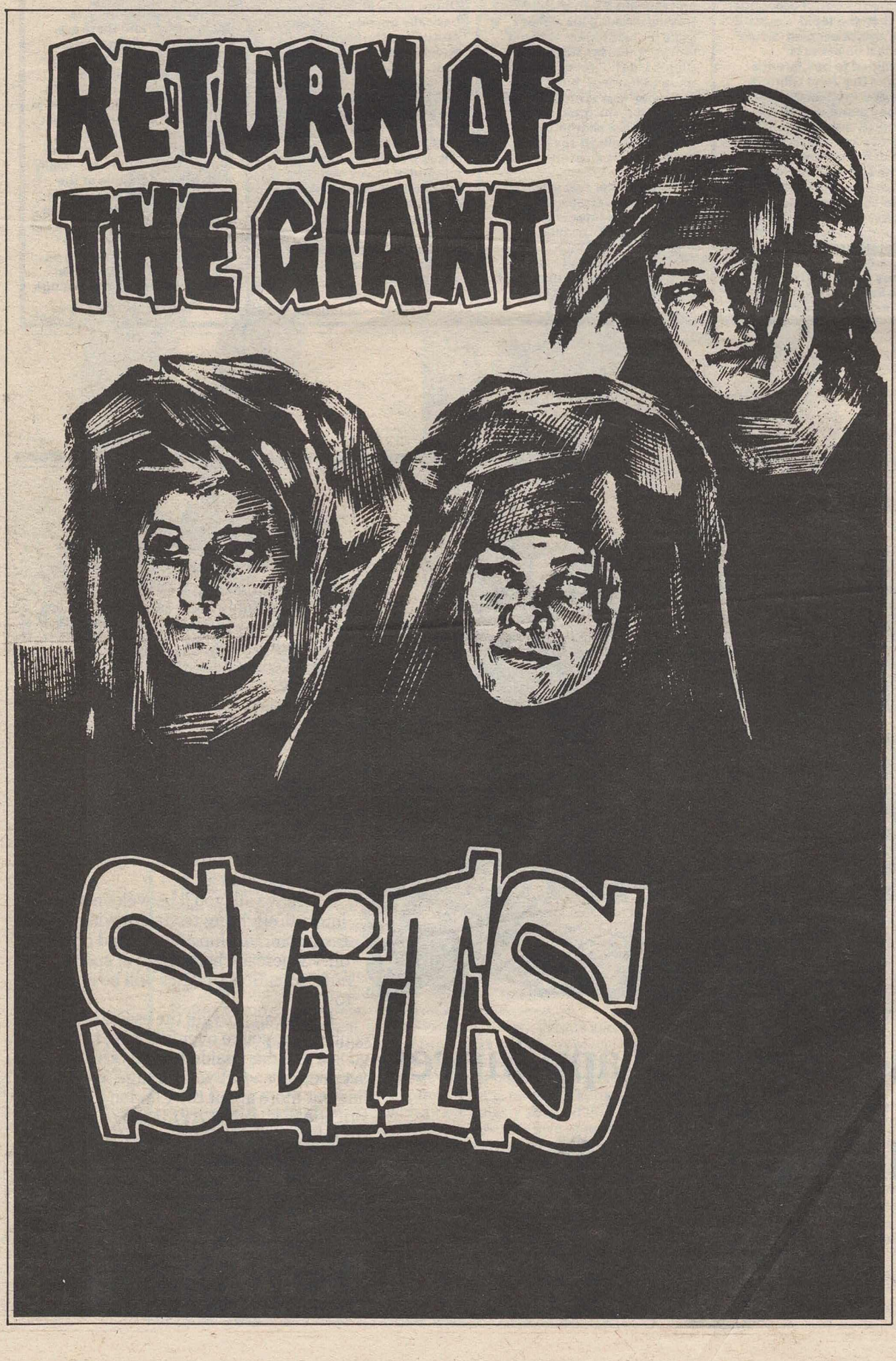
Dr Mix & The Remix Twenty Four Hours

Rock Garden

OUTSIDE, AUTUMN pisses its soggy leaves onto the heads of the passers-by. Covent Garden market is desolate save for the odd couples clutching their lapels on the way home from a night at the opera.

Inside the rock club, it's steaming flesh and cheap drink. The prospects are poor; an unheard-of support and ex-Metal Urbanites struggling to make a living.

Enter Leonard Rossiter crossed with King Kong. Six foot two singer Kenny Bishop bellows trash into the burning mike while clouting the back of his neck as if to straighten his head back into place. Idiot and proud of it, Twenty Four Hours are strictly for laughs, one step behind the realms of Madness and Bad Manners. Two drods leap on stage wearing garish latex Arab masks and proceed to go totally berserk while the



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THAT VOODOO (That Yoodoo So Well?)

they expected or we hoped.

They open with 'Tse Tse Fly'; the sound is *awful*. Undaunted, vocalist Stanard Ridgway (looking like a cross between Fee Waybill and a mortician in an outsize Flip-meets-frock coat) plunges into an aggressive 'Long Arm'. "A lot of big talk," he finishes up, "just like The Venue!" The band build back up into their Little Egypt-style electrics, then degenerate into muzzy feedback and fuzztones. Darkness.

Enunciation instead of emotion over Frankie Laine worship from the guitar quarters (highlight of the evening was a medley of cowboy specialities culminating in some full-blooded Morricone; Ventures eat your hearts out, this wowed 'em!) and an actual dancing keyboardist . . . These guys are PUTTING OUT!

They're righteously pissed off, witty and determined, sickened and seemingly as frozen as most of the onlookers. But they're dancing. Occasionally they ring a bell or excellent percussionist Joe Nanini strikes a triangle; they give a dissertation on Barstow (Barstow, California, that's where they're from); take time to say hello to Abbie Hoffman and Jeremy Thorpe out in the audience. They play 'Call Box (1-2-3)', 'Two Minutes Till Lunch', 'Animal Day', 'Can't Make Love' and a selection of others. Then they encore with 'Red Light', which anybody who's heard their LP 'Dark Continent' is always happy to hear (Album Review: on the way).

In fact, the beleaguered band don't just acquit themselves "respectably"; they show up the shoddy sound and the constipated, self-conscious club crowd for just what they are. It wasn't a Wall Of Voodoo concert; for that we'll have to wait. But at least Wall Of Voodoo manage to live up to their name — something the Venue certainly doesn't.

Cynthia Rose

Wall Of Voodoo's Stanard Ridgway — *Pic: David Corio*

ragged musos rattle through cliche after cliche of their favourite Bert Weedon guitar licks. Total innocents, in for a penny, in for a pound.

The audience looks bemused if not stunned, Twenty Four Hours couldn't give a toss and plough through a frenetic set as if it were last night on the Costa Del Sol, slamming away at subject matter ranging from animal experimentation to The Last Tango in Kilburn, complete with Spanish guitars . . . a veritable musical gang-bang. So this is what happened to Music Hall.

However, clowntime was soon over, time to put the young ones to bed and witness the last-ever performance of Dr Mix and the Remix. For singer Eric Debris (apt surname) is about to link up once again with guitarist Rikky Darling from Metal Urbain in an attempt to vamp up a more than flagging quintet.

Shiny boots of leather, jet-black Parisien romantics living on the grave of Morrison at Pere La Chaise, they are limp survivors of a world closer to Johnny Thunders than Iggy Pop. There is no personality, no vitality and no quality. The Detroit sound is squandered in one of history's most appalling mixes, reminiscent of 'Metallic KO' and 'L.A.M.F.'. The sound system at the Rock Garden has cracked, resulting in an empty bass tone and a screeching treble which empties a club quicker than the Slasher.

Dr Mix have no energy to fight this aural torture, and instead quietly retreat back into the valley of the New York Dolls. Unbelievably slobbing through endless '70s standards, wasting each one in turn, they are a sad testament to those French teenagers who maintain that their national youth culture is alive and kicking. Dr Mix & the Remix, immaturely glorifying the images of human wreckage and self-destruction that have influenced them (Dolls, Stooges, Velvets) have only one similarity to their mentors: like them they're living their lives with one foot firmly in the grave.

Simon Fellowes

Next week in NME

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Read Andrew Tyler's special briefing next week.

PLUS: The Tom Tom Club, Willy De Ville, & Charlie & The Caterpillars.

(Can we check this last one? — Ed)

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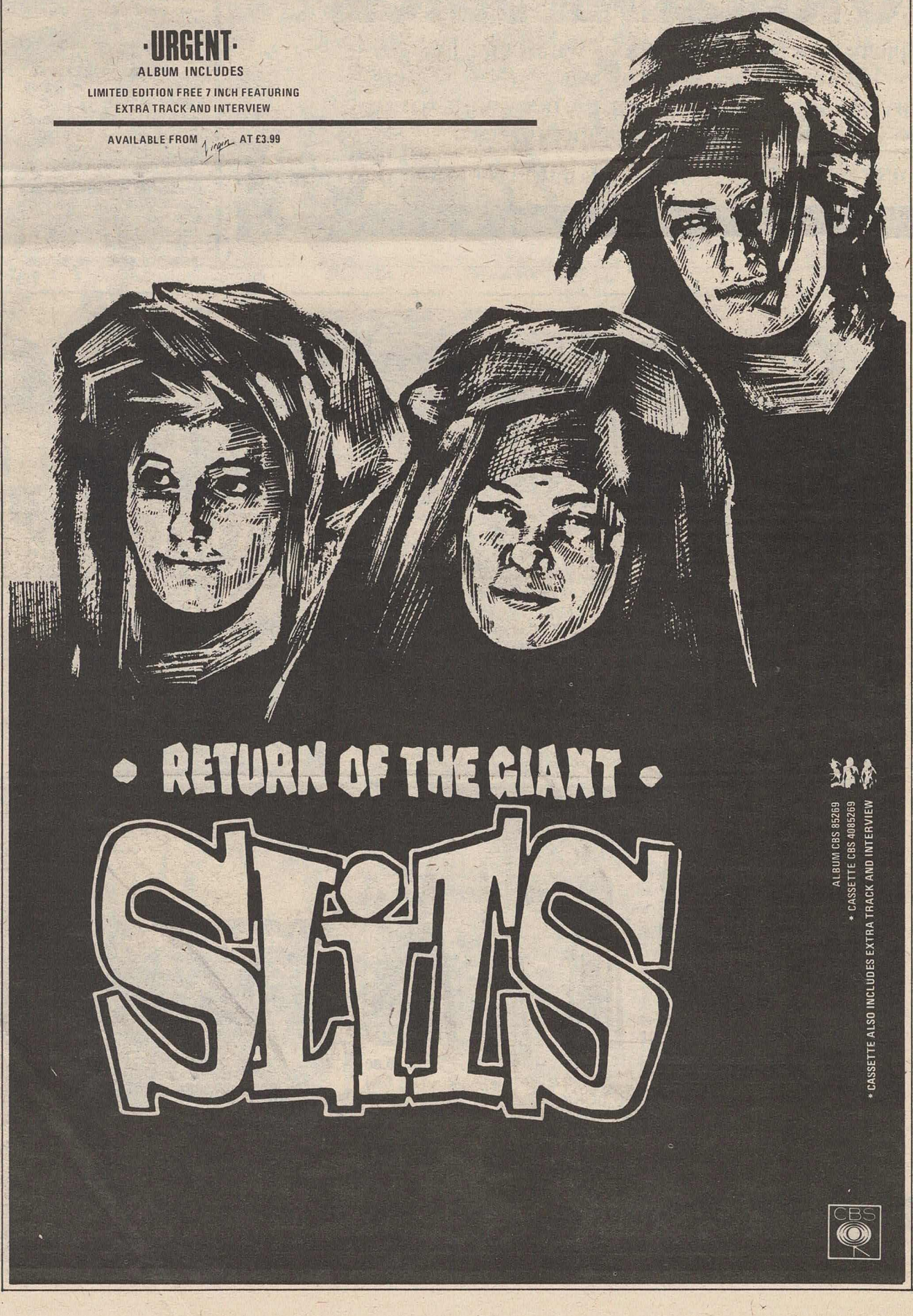

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TOUR NEWS

□ **ENIGMA return to London Hammersmith Palais on Thursday, November 12, for another 'I Love Music' show. Also on the bill are The HeeBeeGeeBees and Adrian Baker, back with Gidea Park after a US tour with The Beach Boys. All tickets are £3.**

JAM DROP A CLANGER

THE JAM have dropped a clanger by not giving their Fan Club members advance notice and priority booking facilities, as is the band's usual policy, for their London concerts in December. In a statement issued this week, they apologise to members and explain that the publication of the dates in last week's *NME* was "unintentional". It seems the dates should not have been released to the Press by Polydor Records before the Fan Club's October newsletter was available.

In an effort to remedy this oversight, and ensure that club members gain priority access to tickets, they suggest that members should enclose their membership cards with booking applications. That looks like a case of locking the stable door after the horse has bolted, because the promoters have already received sacks of mail orders — and it's a safe bet that a large number of these will be from club members who haven't enclosed membership cards!

Tammy trek

TAMMY WYNETTE returns to the UK next month for a concert tour, coinciding with the release by Epic of her new single, a revival of The Everly Brothers' hit 'Crying In The Rain'. Her dates are:

Edinburgh Playhouse (November 9), **Aberdeen** Capitol (10), **Bridlington** Spa Royal Hall (13), **Camberley** Lakeside Country Club (14), **Eastbourne** Congress (15), **Oxford** New Theatre (17), **Southport** Theatre (18), **Derby** Assembly Rooms (19), **London Wembley** Conference Centre (20), **St. Austell** Cornwall Coliseum (21), **Poole** Arts Centre (22), **Ipswich** Gaumont (24) and **Great Yarmouth** ABC (25) — two shows each night, except at Edinburgh, Bridlington, Camberley, St. Austell and Poole.

□ **THE PURPLE HEARTS have a Tuesday night residency throughout December — 8, 15, 22 and 29 — at the Chadwell Heath Electric Stadium (at the Greyhound), preceded by an appearance there on October 31. Other dates set include London Tooting Castle (October 27) and Ilford Palais (November 22).**

□ **THE THOMPSON TWINS, who recently completed their UK tour, have a one-off headliner at London Victoria The Venue on November 3.**

□ **ALVIN LEE and his band play their only UK concert this autumn at London Hammersmith Odeon on Thursday, November 17. Tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3.50 and £3.**

□ **VIC GODARD & SUBWAY SECT appear at the re-opening night of London's Club Left in Wardour Street on Thursday, October 29. This replaces their previously announced gig at the Marquee that evening.**

□ **GIRL have been confirmed as special guest artists in the one-off concert by ZZ Top at London Hammersmith Odeon next Monday (26).**

□ **LEVEL 42 have added three dates to their major UK tour, reported last week — at Manchester Placemate (November 3), Canterbury Kent University (18) and Reading University (21). But their show announced for Gravesend Woodville Hall on November 16 is now cancelled.**

□ **THE FALL and NICO** co-headline a five-hour concert (7pm-midnight) on November 6 at Birmingham Imperial Cinema. Eric Random & The Bedlamites will be backing Nico as well as playing their own set, and the bill is completed by Dr Filth. Admission is £2.50.

□ **THE MEMBERS, supported by Rio & The Robots and special surprise guests, play at London Mile End Queen Mary College on Saturday, October 31 — in a launching party for the newly established Tower Hamlets Unemployed Centre, which has the backing of the South East Region of the TUC. Production of dole cards guarantees admission at £1, otherwise it's £3. Advance tickets (£3 only) are available from the Unemployed Centre itself at 59 Bow Road, London E3.**

□ **HAIRCUT ONE HUNDRED support their current Arista single 'Favourite Shirts' at Kirklevington Country Club (tomorrow, Friday), Leeds Warehouse (Saturday), Hastings Downtown Saturdays (October 28), Hickstead Cincerella's (29), Bournemouth Exeter Bowl (30) and Birmingham Holy City Zoo (November 2).**

□ **BUCKS FIZZ headline their first major UK tour in December, with a new single titled 'The Land Of Make Believe' issued to coincide. Dates are Southport Theatre (5), Hanley Victoria Hall (6), Ipswich Gaumont (7), London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion (8), Poole Arts Centre (9), Grimsby Town Hall (11), Birmingham Odeon (12), Sheffield City Hall (14), Leicester De Montfort Hall (15), Margate Winter Gardens (16), Eastbourne Congress (17) and Brighton Dome (18), with more likely to be added. Tickets are on sale now and, in the main, are priced £4.50, £3.75 and £3.25 — though there are some slight variations, the most prominent being Grimsby (£4.75 only) and London (£5, £4 and £3).**

□ **JOHN HOLT** has switched his London show on November 8 from the Dominion Theatre to The Venue, Victoria — and in order to accommodate the expected overflow, he will play a second night there the following Sunday (15).

□ **ODYSSEY** have added Southampton Top Rank (Nobember 3), Poole Arts Centre (5), Reading Top Rank (6), London Victoria The Venue (7) and Brighton Sherry's (8) to their current UK tour.

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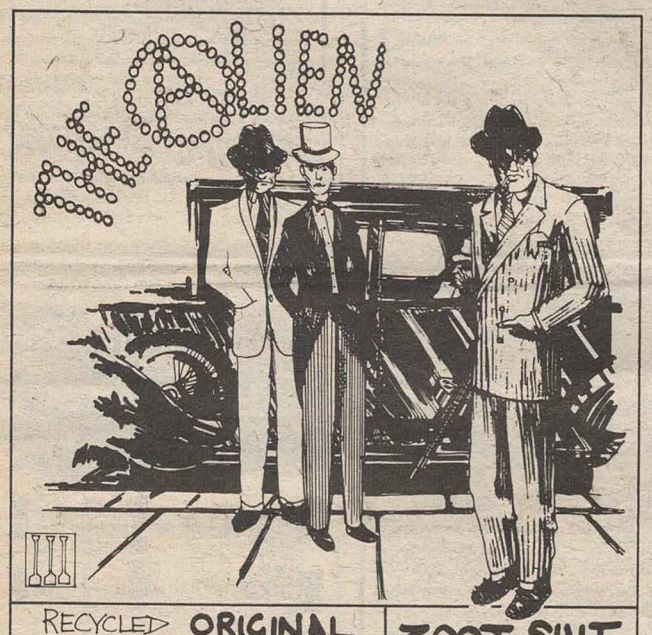

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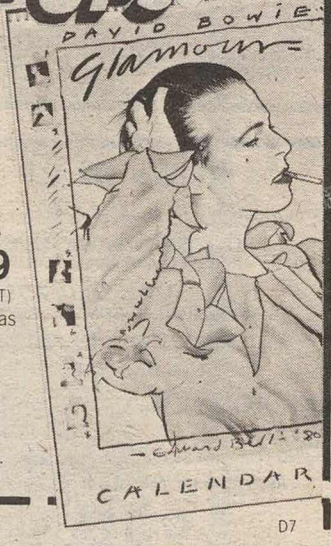

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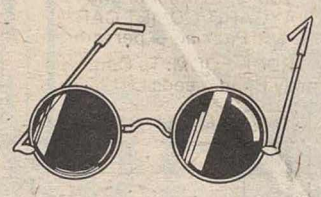

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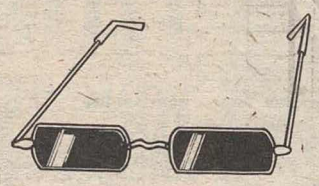

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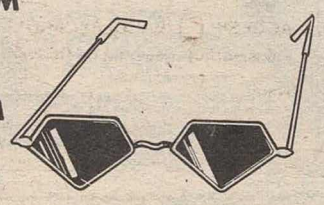

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RICHARDS

From page 18

To use your own words, was this another period of heavy education for you?
Oh yeah. It was interesting to play with such unique players especially since I'd never been on tour except with the Stones. I just wanted to get a different perspective of what it was like out there without Mick in front and Charlie at the back.
And did you miss them?
No, because I knew perfectly well what my position was gonna be. I just didn't think about it. I was just a totally New Barbarian for the duration. The shows were good and they were getting better and better. It was going to be a hot band.
Do you have any plans to repeat it, The New Barbarians?
I don't aim or look or expect to repeat it. It might happen, it might not. Nobody's got any plans to do it at the moment.
You and Mick both stuck to your original influences in many ways. You still listen to the old R&R'ers while Mick listens to the Isleys, Smokey and other black music.
I was as much a soul music fan. I listened to Otis and all the Motown stuff and a lot of very obscure soul music.
But you still listen to Chuck Berry, right?
Yeah sure. I've got everything great that he's done with me now. I carry it with me.
Somebody asked me the other day how it's possible after 20 years that you still listen to Chuck Berry for new ideas?
That's answered by, why do a certain number of new young bands wanna play and sound like the old Stones? The reason is the same. It's something that you're brought up with and lived with . . . it's part of your life. There is no reason to get rid of it. It's not something that you get sick of after a few hearings. That stuff is timeless. I mean Chuck Berry just happens to be the focal one for me because he is a guitar player, songwriter and a singer. I can do those three things as well, and it was the one I started off with. So that's the most obvious influence, but I mean I am a record producer as well. I'd listen to everything.
Like what?
A wide range from classical to The Specials.
So you will still admire Chuck Berry no matter what he does to you.
(Laughs.) Yeah that one. The last time I saw him he gave me a black eye. He didn't even recognize me. He turned round and punched me. Lovely guy. Chuck and I have an ongoing relationship. I went from behind him and grabbed him and said, Chuck it's Keith. He didn't even look at me and went *bang* straight in the eye. It was a good shot. I was amazed that I didn't fall down. My other reaction was, I'll get you for that . . . as he was walking away. But eventually I decided to put a note in his guitar saying, Thanks for the black-eye Chuck. See you again soon. Keith.

WHAT IS YOUR all time favourite Stones album?
I have to give a couple: 'Beggars Banquet' and 'Exile'.
You have just answered a typical comment by a Stones fan, by picking up two old albums instead of newer ones. What I mean is people say, for example, Well, 'Tattoo You' is a great album but it will never top 'Beggars Banquet' or 'Let It Bleed'. There is always a reference as to how better the old albums were. How do you react to comments like that?
Well, I don't listen to any of that. I don't take any notice of it because those people will be saying the same thing about this album in six or seven years.
But you more or less said that yourself.
Well, I can't exactly say 'Tattoo You' yet because it is too new for me as an album rather than just a collection of tracks as it has been for the past year. But if you read what people wrote and said about 'Exile', those same people that now hold it up as the classic R&R album of all times originally hated it. It got knocked from this side of the world to the other. So now, other people's opinions, as interested I am in them, don't affect me at all because there is only five people that know what the Stones should sound like and they're the ones who will be on that stage in a couple of hours, rehearsing.

Everybody has got their own idea of what the Stones are. Some say the Stones started with 'Satisfaction', others feel it's 'Brown Sugar'. We had a whole load of young kids that think 'Miss You' for them is when the Stones broke through their consciousness.
There have been lots of periods for the Stones . . . the R&B, the pop, the rock, the guitar solo period. Now it's different again in a way, although there's the old sound knocking around somewhere in there.
Now it's much more a band as the Stones were conceived. The original idea was never to split any instrument up to a solo point of view but the nature of the way Mick Taylor played, and he played so well that it was just different. I enjoyed it and we made some of our best records with that set-up too.

But now, with Ronnie and I playing together, it's the same way as when Brian and I used to play together when we started the band. The whole thing is to get those two guitars sounding like one as much as possible. That's the secret. The main idea behind the Stones is to create a sound and not listen to five musicians in separate boxes. We're there to create one sound out of five ingredients.
But even with that one can't really predict what's cooking for the next album, unlike with many R&R bands these days, although you did manage to puzzle and confuse your fans earlier on when you did that almost free-form 'Satanic Majesties' album.
(Laughs.) At that time we had been on the road for five years non-stop. We totally dried up after 'Between The Buttons'. Everybody was just exhausted. We took a year off and didn't tour anymore. Then along came LSD and it was really our first attempt at dealing with making a record, just arriving in the studio after a year off and saying now we've got to make a record, and Brian was tripping in one corner.

So suddenly there is a whole different situation and that was the result. In retrospect some of it ain't bad but some of it ain't good either but at least it held that period together. About a year after that we started touring again and got it back down to the original way of working and made 'Beggars Banquet'.
Brian had different tastes in music to you and Mick, right?
Elmore James and Coltrane but then we turned Brian on to people like Jimmy Read and Muddy Waters so he was kind of locked in a different angle to Mick and myself, and then when it came down to having to write pop songs it was another thing Brian had to learn because it was not within his field, you know.
You mentioned Muddy Waters. The track 'Black Limousine' reminds me a lot of 'Mannish Boy'.
Yeah, it's Chicago blues. That's the connection really. The inspiration and the sound is out and our Southside Chicago Blues which is what we started playing when we got the group going. That's what the Stones were. We were London's white imitation of Southside Chicago blues, and it worked.

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DRUMMER WANTED N. London/Herts area. Mike, Welwyn Garden 29590.

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THE BAD, The Worse and The Incredible. You can all phone me to make deafening noises. Any instruments. Sense of humour needed. Phone Luke, eves 520 5688. Keep trying!

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DENNY LAINE, Official fan club. For details send SAE to PO Box 29, Shepperton, Middlesex.

MARILYN MONROE. Write for details enclosing SAE to: Monroe Bureau, (Dept. N), Westcliffe, Kinfauns, Perth, Scotland, PH2 7JZ.

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES Fan Club. Send S.A.E. C/O: 18 Leamington Road Villas, London, W.11.

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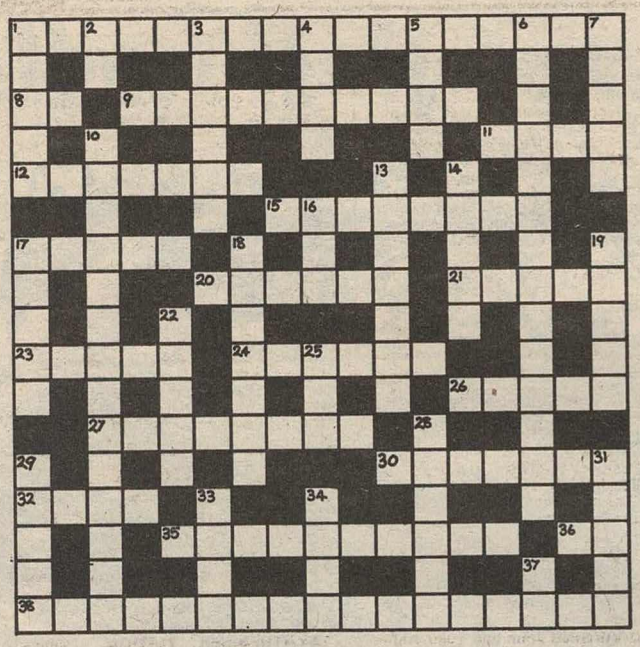


ACROSS

1 Band cause a stir in flix of punk and is in (4,2,4,7)
8 Long player (2)
9 Deceased campanologist for this Meatloaf album! (4,6)
11 Film about main tyrant (4)
12 Type of fiction that's based on fact? (7)
15 . . .in the kraut-band, in the ear-phone, in the tin and in the N.M.E. (2,3,3)
17 Manilow's, White's and Andrew's name found in the Railway Tavern (5)
20 The sound of tiny feet in between records? (6)
21 Tread carelessly but reckoned to be talented (5)
23 Mistakenly leads to recording contracts (5)
24 Spoilt ridges of funeral music (6)
26 Stupid group (5)
27 Passed away period cheaply in the studio (4,4)
30 Shares common experience to a confused stealer (7)
32 Heavy metal guitar work? (4)
35 Misrepresentation of the truth produced by an overblown amplifier (10)
36 Brief public address (1.1)
38 Get away from the U.S. capital to see a film (6,4,3,4)

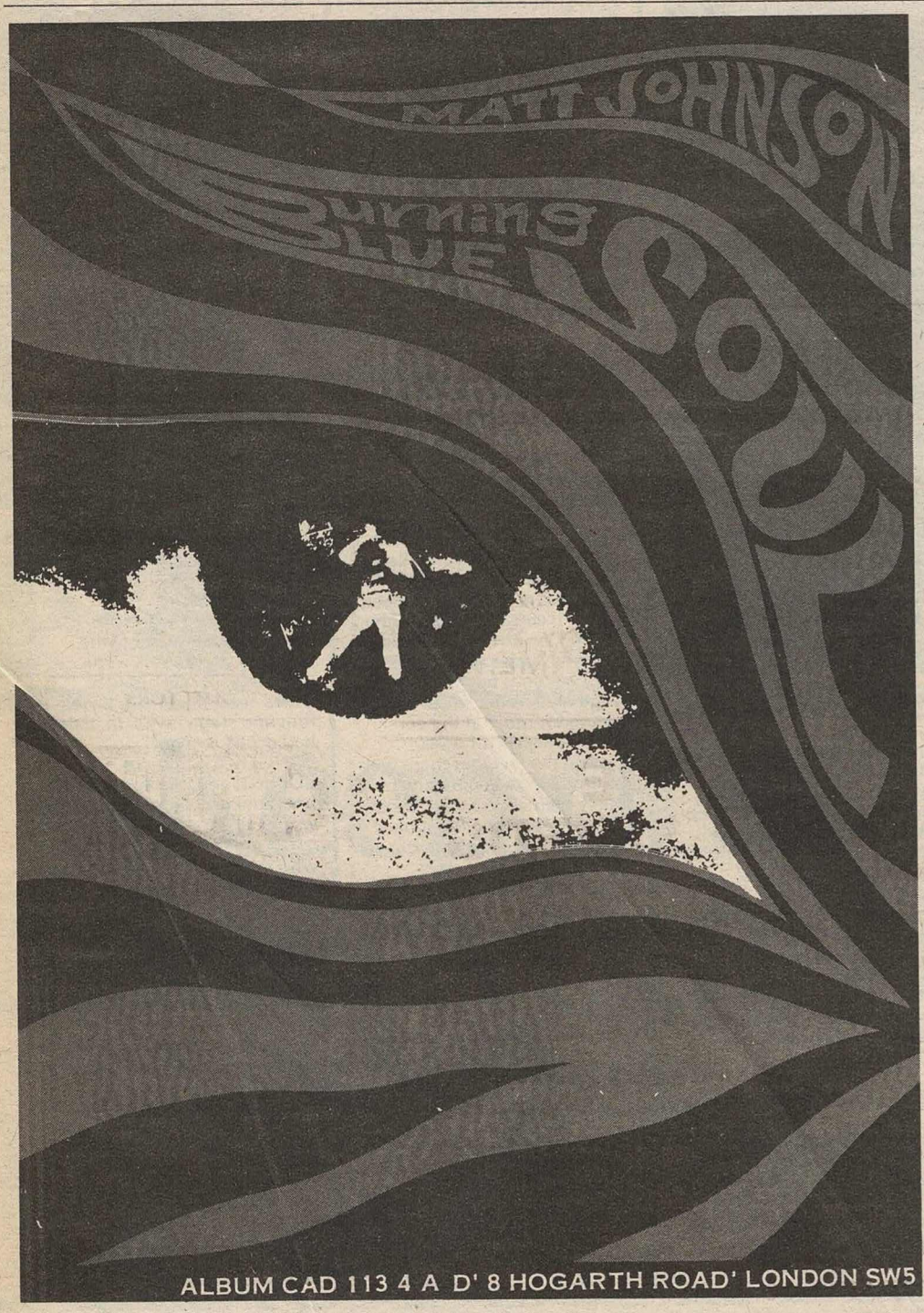
DOWN

1 Shoots for movies (5)
2 You two symbolise this outfit (2)
3 Homeland of E. Piaf, P. Bertrand, J-M Jarre (6)
4 Get down and pray for this young man, by the sound of it (4)
5 Christmas D.J.! (4)
6 First man and the workers to record Prince Charming (4,3,3,4)
7 Policeman with something vicious in his tail? (5)
10 Tear the P.A. stack and scatter in confusion on hearing this band (3,3,3,5)
13 Record got put on the map as it were! (7)
14 Buy drugs and write out music (5)
16 Can't be the nine o'clock news! (3)
17 Groups forbid the drug squad (5)
18 Traffic held up on the day of a Paul Weller gig (3,4)
19 Heroes like Billy? (5)
22 Film award that Wilde got! (5)
25 Type of shot on the side of a drum (3)
28 Want a Dylan album (6)
29 Slip on the guitar (5)
31 Pile of amplifiers (5)
33 Place for an open-air festival (4)
34 Note in the loo is a band's trademark (4)
37 What we say to bands like Yes? (2)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'News Of The World'; 9 Christopher Cross; 10 Four; 11 Yes; 12 Set; 13 Band; 16 Heep; 17 East; 18 Eve; 19 'Dreamer'; 21 Webb; 22 'YMCA'; 23 Zoo; 24 Child; 25 Rich; 26 Watch; 27 'Red'; 28 Only Ones; 32 CBS; 34 Stu; 36 David Soul; 37 Focus; 38 Ono.

DOWN: 1 'Nice 'n' Sleazy'; 2 'War Of The Worlds'; 3 'Obscured By Clouds'; 4 'Happy Birthday'; 5 Weedon; 6 Racey; 7 Doors; 8 'Ashes To Ashes'; 12 'Everyday'; 15 DJM; 20 Allman; 27 Relf; 29 Love; 30 Odds; 31 Eno; 33 Bono; 35 ELO.



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Jon Savage remembers the rhetoric of '76

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"These new riot police we're getting look terrific . . ."

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The doyen of sleeve designers profiled via a rare interview

MOOD SIX
. . . and the New Psychedelia; Gaudiness is king

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The artist as computer theorist and advanced mathematician

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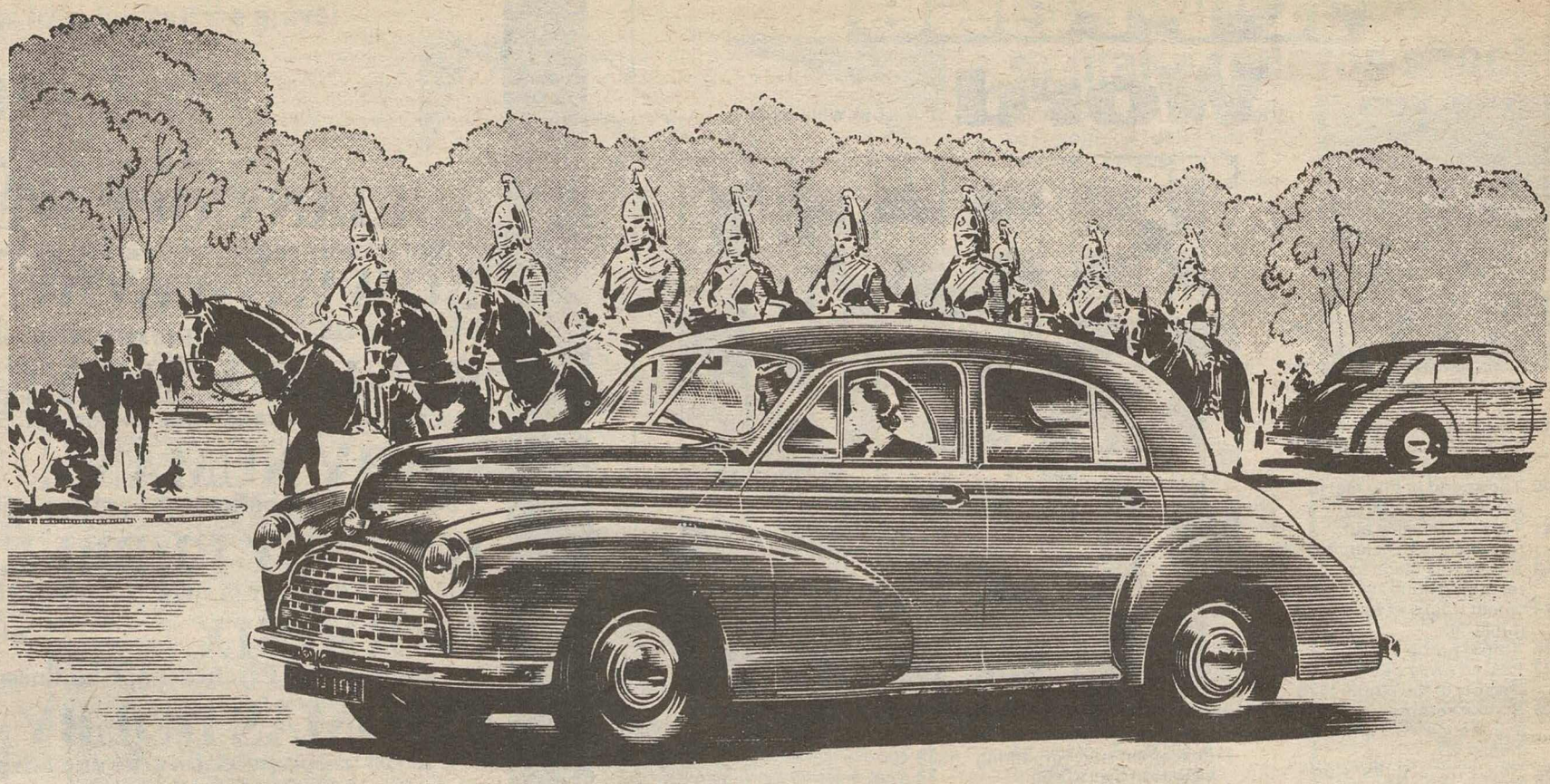

More letters about Cars and Artists

BLUES

At least you're now advertising a better class of car — but what about the Aston Martin Vantage at £39,999 . . . the BEST car in the world (and cheap at the price). Be patriotic, buy one today.
The Driver (scourge of the North Circular).
On the other hand: Be patriotic and run over Norman Tebbit today. — The normally oh so reserved I.P.

The pen is not mightier than the sword, but sometimes you . lot rattle a nib in a highly pernicious way. Penny Reel's review of Random Hold's 'The March' illustrated perfectly what irresponsive journalism can sink to. Not only does she negate all the groundwork that CND are doing, but she also makes it obvious that she's swallowed all the "inevitable" nuclear war shit, like the dummy this government would like to think she is. I will be on the CND march this 24th ('b' movie actors permitting.) I'd love to see you there too, Penny.
Austin Gardener, Enfield, Middlesex.
Penny Reel was correct in devoting the leading SINGLES review to conveying the point that the "lines are being drawn". But does the ambiguity lie in the review, in Random Hold's contribution to the debate or in RCA — who, along with several other major companies have direct financial involvement with the arms race? Or is it *NME* itself that is so concerned to fudge the issue, distract and divert? Get off the fence folks, stop mucking round with double entendre, we have just a couple of weeks to mobilise the biggest mass demonstration in British history.

Do you dare print this letter and urge readers to come along and JOIN the march on October 24th, to forget the finer points of stylistic pomp and ceremony and unite for just one afternoon against monetarism, militarism and mean-mouthed apologists of the status quo? Nothing is outside the arena of politics in a world which could be blown to shit any day. The fence is disintegrating. The lines are being drawn.
M Preece, 315 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1.
Penny is a "he" — although I don't know, maybe you're employing a positive sexist purgative lingo — and he was, I think (as were Random Hold, we think) directing his ire against men in uniform rather than people in unified protest. The fence is disintegrating. The washing is still wet. The lawn could stand another mowing, funny I . . . IP (courtesy Melancholics Anonymous.)

NME is read by more people than the other rags, so somebody answer me this. What is the difference between using extreme violence for political gain in Africa and using extreme violence for political gain in the UK? How can our elected government claim a great diplomatic victory in Rhodesia and then describe the idea of talking to 'men of violence' or 'terrorists' as wrong? We support political demands made by leaders of stateless armies and forget their crimes as long as the regime they oppose is not too close to home. Violence will become more popular as our society cuts the people's control of their own environment, as democratic control is weakened, apathy and violence grow.
Michael Stuart Stone, Bucknall, Stoke-on-Trent.
Thanks. I needed cheering up. — IP.

SMART ALECS

Ah! Winter poking chill fingers into holes best plugged prompts me to catch your ear, waxing poetic. Time soon, if patterns are as usual, for you to issue the Poll, in which we cast our die for those we favour. A trivial exercise, sure, but maybe one way for you to vjew which way the wind wends. So. Instead of all those silly categories quizzing on musicianly status, why not ask questions more in keeping with the NewLook ThrillPackedSummer FunDanceAlongaMarx profile you have been sketching these past months? For instance . . .
Favourite Sport
Most Exciting Religious Belief
Most Attractive Fish
Apt Couplet of the Year
Best Dead Act
Book
Magazine
even . . . Journalist

Just a few to jog the cells into the right key. I'm sure you should have no trouble in revising and stimulating things into a format more suitable for the times. I pause only to compliment your excellent, as always, graphic design . . . and query the inclusion of the excellent Lester Bangs in your file of Contributors (where's the written evidence? Where?)
Mark Curtly, Muswell Hill.
Winner of this week's Award for British Industry. You're right — the Best . . . "Guitar Keyboards Oboe Grimace Grappling Hook, etc." categories are the total antithesis of *NME* Editorial's everyweek attitude towards music — which at best tries to put Pop in more interesting or important contexts; it's an overhang from the Old Firm, supposedly decimated by Punk sulk and smash. It bores the flak out of most everyone here — so, we shall see what we shall see, shan't we? And as for Le Bangs — WHERE indeed? We'd love to hear from the ol' grizzly bear . . . — IP
What about us, sonny Jim? — Bob Edmands, John May, Max Bell, Julie Webb, Roger St Pierre, Tony Tyler, Michael Winner, etc.

SCREWBALLS

Yes I was there at the Marquee, the Hope and Anchor, the Moonlight Club and many other small clubs and pubs seeing this unknown group called Adam and The Ants. In those days Adam and The Ants used to get slagged by the music press, but I and many others still came back to all the regular gigs the "Ants" played in London. We were seeing a band who churned out some superb music like "Letter to Jordan" and "Plastic Surgery". During the show Jordan would come on and put everything she had to offer into alas only one song, and we kept coming back week in and week out as we could see a band who was not prepared to jump onto the bandwagon to try and become teeny bopper heroes.

Or so we all thought. Well, like the rest Adam, you seemed to feel being mobbed by 11-year-old girls, appearing in teeny bopper magazines like *Bravo* (German) is more important than the music. OK, you get to No 1 all over Europe but in yourself you must realise the nonsense you are recording now. I think if you were not on a major record company this kind of music would never get a pressing.

It was hearin' 'Prince Charming' a couple of weeks ago which prompted me to write, as even you must agree it should go into Kenny Everett's World's Worst Record Album. So, Adam Ant, teeny bopper hero of 1981 — what does it feel like to be in the league of The Osmonds and The Bay City Rollers?

By the way, whatever happened to Jordan (maybe a Supreme in disguise). Anything is possible these days.
Nigel Klarfeld, somewhere in Holland.
***I* slagged Adama and The Ants way back when! It was at the Roundhouse '78 and they were supporting X Ray Spex. I said Adam looked like a "penguin in bondage" and was quite disparaging otherwise. Jordan looked more like a Chicken Supreme than anything else *then;* now, I don't know. Anything *is* possible these days (hooray!) and personally, I look forward to seeing Crass at Number One for six consecutive weeks sometime soon. They've got a failsafe little number called 'Ugly, Sisters?, which . . . — IP**

Pic: Man Ray

Two artists contemplate the column you've got a hand in.

Seeing as how you already have sections of your paper devoted to TV and film, it seems to me you have missed something, Art. How about a portrait of the artist as an artist? Musicians and artists are not dissimilar in their attitudes, consumption of bitter, etc. As a paper for young people's views, you seem aware of most things but Art, the only young people's exhibitions you are likely to see are trendy hacks (eg, Japan's bass player, etc.). Especially in a visual world becoming increasingly (not becomingly) commercial — soft porn, custard-pie-in-the-face humour, plastic banana pens (ever been round Covent Garden?). Artists don't pose or dress like 3rd rate drag queens (sorry Adam.) The music scene is full full of more posey crap than any art college, but that's show biz, eh? Art is more than visual entertainment, and it can say as much about the state of things as any record after all, music isn't just aesthetic (ever tried dancing to Loudon Wainwright 111?)
Paul Gerdes.
PS: I'm not a Marxist or an intellectual so don't give me any crap about not using long words.
I think there's quite a worthy critique lurking furtively between the lines here — ie "musicians and artists are not dissimilar in their attitudes, consumption of bitter, etc." — and your definition of performance art is as good as any I've read — ie "soft porn, custard-pie-in-the-face humour . . . Covent Garden" — but who is this Art? You have us mixed up with the *Los Angeles Tribune,* perhaps? — IP

GENUINELY HURT HUMAN BEINGS

Re; Maureen Rice's enlightening review of the Raincoats gig. For a start — "Bring on the dancing girls" — they were there! The audience was full of them. But then, perhaps her cold ("I sneezed and it was over") impaired her sight in some way — it certainly affected her hearing, as not only did she think they were out of tune (they weren't) but she also failed to hear the cheering and yelling for more at the end, which went on for ages, despite the fact that there was no time for an encore. (If she'd really wanted to know "what people see in The Raincoats" she only had to ask anyone in the packed hall.)

As for wondering if "the novelty of serious girl bands" hasn't worn off . . . sigh, I despair, I really do. Seeing as she asks though — a lot of people who aren't stuck up their own salsas think "serious girl bands" are among the most important things happening musically at the moment. Certainly the most original and innovative. Why isn't this woman just pleased to see a woman's band taking their music and having it taken seriously for a change?
Carol Street, Kilburn.
Yes, and isn't it about time (approx 15 years) that the novelty of serious boy bands wore off? Mind you, that last Raincoats LP was too close to the Incredible String Band for comfort. Roll on the Doctor Strangely Strange revival, I say. — IP (If anyone has a spare copy of the *first* Vertigo sampler, ring . . .)

In reply to Nick and Tracey of the Birthday Party: . . . if you are relying on musical cliches then it is fitting, yes, that you should slag off the audience that had realised your excellence long before the more exhibitionist faction caught on. Fitting but disappointing; because what a drag it is for all of us to be shunted en masse into the "eggs with faces" category. Tsk, and me so horrorshow too.

However (and here's the rub) the big revelation is that these boys do not seem to be as non-conformist as they *apparently* desire the old audience to be — the terror, horror, fear, tension of the Birthday Party; Nick's voice — unearthly!? HYPE. Media terms I admit, but what a joke. Riot and stage invasion, being half drunk, are not DANGEROUS they're BORING, and it's bloody well not monster-like. I expect Nick would agree — but does it really mean that those of us who are rooted to the spot by a Birthday Party gig and whose way it is to be more introverted (filthy word?) help to make up a 'bad gig'? Are we (ie me) the *unacceptable* face

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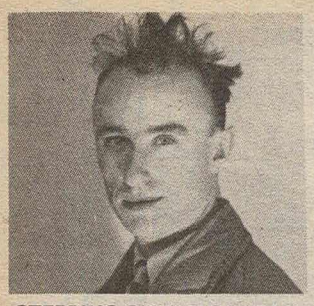


STEPPING ON THE GASBAG: IAN PENMAN

of 'madness'? Why say you want a strong reaction if you just mean you want one TYPE of strong reaction?

God, it's boring to be told how to react — from your media *or* your favourite band. Every last one of us is conditioned to the eyeballs, what the hell is the difference . . . who did it?

A "faceless egg" (with a Birthday Party t shirt) in the huff., London W2.

God, we never had this fuss over *Skippy* re-runs (cue rusty banjo and Perth Children's Choir . . .) — IP (courtesy Predictable Gratuitous Gasbag AntiAntipodean Remarks.)

Thanks very much for that constructive and very lavish review of Genesis' new album 'Abacab'. For an album which is No. 1 in the charts and likely to sell millions world-wide, you were really too generous. I am 16 (not nicely placed in mid-twenties) and enjoy immensely Genesis' music, as do millions of others. Genesis are not a political group, unlike the 'young' groups of today ie Crass, UB40, the Beat, etc. Genesis are about making good rock music, which after all the music industry should be about.

A very disgruntled Genesis fan, Dundee.

Isn't Phil Collins a good drummer? — IP (1982 Poll Results Co-Ordinator)

THE ARCHERS

I have just finished listening to the Ray Gosling portrait of Julie Burchill (on Radio 4). Julie, what happened!? You spoke of people talking themselves up a cul-de-sac; look in the mirror! You have fallen prey to the Descartes syndrome of trying to face the world from your armchair with an almost narcissistic pseudo-omnipotence. Oh sure, all old ex-punks of our age group have felt disillusioned since 1978 or thereabouts, and the present futurist craze is nothing more than Liberace at 78rpm, but is there any real reason to slide into the mindless swamp of paranoia and total negation? So dogmatic, so prudish and dare I say it, bourgeois! 100% destructive criticism blended in a savage alchemy with overpowering self-proclamation.

Save your bathchair acidity for the time when you can do nothing else, and the way your mental processes are working at present that time doesn't seem so far away. You are tottering on the edge of an abyss of persecution. Go see an analyst! — Preferably one who has read Rabelais.

Do you really think you are any more vital than the "town walkers" you deride? Everyone has to have their crutch — it's just a question of degree. Anyway, you probably relish the damp rot and woodworm in yours.

Spike, Cleethorpes, S Humberside.

If only Julie *was* a little more outgoing. *She* should be where the likes of bloody Richard Stilgoe are. — IP

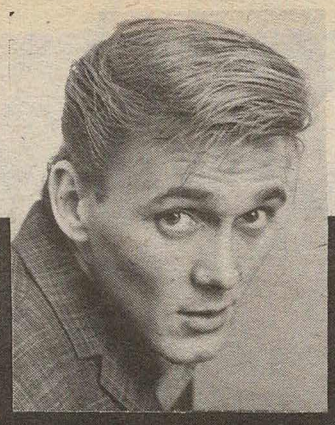
BLANKS

Whatever next, Mavis Riley gyrating to XTC's "Go 2" LP at Mike Baldwin's party! Does this mean Corrie becomes Respectable Street?!

Big Jack Whittle.

Re: photomontage by Miss "it can't be sexist if I did it" Moss *(10.10.81)*. Oh yes it can!

J.P. Canterbury, Kent



***FURY MEETS DURY.** When Billy Fury (left and right) was at his peak in 1961, Ian Dury was a mere lad of 47 — hence the look of awestruck wonder as he finally meets his hero face to face (well, give or take a few inches, anyhow). The occasion was a grand coming-out do that marked Fury's first disc in a decade, 'Be Mine Tonight'. While the legendary English rock'n'roller, lured out of quiet retirement, stood about looking more confused than legendary, assorted famous sorts besported themselves as that sort will. From Larry Parnes to Buster Bloodvessel, tributes were tributed and drinks were drunk. And this snap was snapped by Andy Phillips.*

T-ZERS

SO THERE I WAS, right, being chased dahn Lewisham High Street by these four 'undred skinheads right. I thought I lost 'em, but they cornered me by Chiesmans. Back against the wall as they slowly, step by step, closed in on me. Four 'undred of 'em — snarling, angry and all carrying hammers. *(Breathless public: So wadja do, Ted, wadja do?)* Well what could I do? Soon as they got close enough I just turned me hat back to front, gave a false name and slowly walked away. You don't out-fox old Power that easily — understand?

That preceding anecdote was true — but the rest of this wreckage? Well, read it partly in trust and try to pick the bones out as you go. People call me Woody Power, often Ted, and this is my property . . .

Our first visit to America finds us watching a shaking **Mick Jagger**. Seems **Mick** had a close call. "Yeah it came to over a tenner," said the pale Limey. Later on, US flat-foots apprehended a certain **Carole Tostenrude** — a *real* name — after she had been boasting about assassinating the rubber lipped vocalist. Fears were concreted when she was found sitting in the front row of the **Stones** Seattle concert nuzzling a maximum range Cartiers bazooka. Well, actually, that last part isn't quite true. Drug-addict Carole was, er, clean when frisked by a match-chewing dick but they nicked her anyhow for "uttering menaces". She was later charged with "threats, conspiracy and, worst of all, smoking in a designated non-smoking area". Who'd be a star. ("I would, I would!" — **Steve Strange**) . . .

Get Out? Hard line feminist outfit **Legs & Co** have been dropped from BBC's *Top Of The Pops* music show. After four years they've been bounced out because of "changing trends". Who'd be a dancer? ("Me! Me!" — **Steve Strange**) . . .

(FX: Phone rings.) Yeah what? "Hello I'm Jeremy and I just thought you might like to tell your readers that The Tangerine Temple Ball will be happening in Brighton this weekend." Tangerine Ball? Howdya like the nerve of these Liberals why I — "No, no. This will be the first true psychedelic happening. Not like the wishy-washy things that's been so far." (Power begins to smell a hoot in progress). OK bubu I'll buy it — what's going on? "Well we're going to go really close to the edge," continued the fey voice. "A happening." Happening eh? I went to a happening once. When I got there everyone was going home. Seems nothing had happened. "Well this one we're going to be really on the edge — that's where it's at." Can I quote you on that? I mean, 'where its at'. "Sure" said the voice. And this edge, that's uh, where it's at is it? "Well like yeah, y'know **Ken Kesey** said — "Oh no ya don't this has gone far enough. (FX: phone down).

This phone call actually took place. So, if you've nothing better to do down there on the coast why not saunter along the Pavilion Theatre to experience The Tangerine Temple Ball this weekend. Psychedelia is an incredibly misunderstood state, like, you know? . . .

THE WORLD'S greatest Record Store, Cheapo Cheapo's of Rupert Street, London W1, was in the dock last week. The charge: Buying and re-selling promotional LPs. (Y'know, those ones with Not For Sale embossed on the back that only geeks and pinheads think are rare). Anyway, the case has been hanging over the good staff at CCR for some months as well as sending many a greasy hack pale at the gills. Anyway, our trailer of 'in the dock' is a little strong seeing as how the case was thrown out and a 'verdict' of 'nothing wrong with flogging the odd duff free album' was returned. Yay! Let's hear it for British Justice! After the verdict, the betting shops around the West End were once again brimming with grinning journalists clutching handfuls of what might be described as 'bunce' . . .

Here's a good one: **Dead or Alive** have parted with guitarist **Mitch** and bass player **Sue. Wayne Hussey,** ex of **Pauline Murray's** group, is new guitarist but bassist is still open. (Sound of a nation snoring). Y'know I thought I'd got rid of all them when I did my famous 'Fabulous Stories' lying column of a fortnight ago, but no, some things like Gibraltar, love, the tides and those Christmas decorations hanging in The Jolly Gardners are eternal . . .

(FX: Phone ringing): Yeah what is it now? "Oh hello I'm phoning on behalf of the **David Bowie** fan club. It's about our second issue." *Second* issue? Sounds pretty shadey t'me — what gives with this so-called second issue? "Well people might be wondering where it is. See it's finished but — "I get it. Some mook just beat it with the mailing money huh? "No, not at all. It's all finished and all we're waiting for is David's approval." Why that heel, you'll be collecting benefit before he casts his mouldy eye over it. "Well he's very busy." We know. 'Acting' he calls it. I call it a crying shame. "Anyway it'll be out soon." OK babe, bye (phone down) . . .

Let's talk live. Everyone loves a live album. Nothing like those bulky twin sets to rake in a few more bob. (See Cheapo's Freed In Decision Reversal Shock Scandal). But to regular Pete 'punter' Public — who needs 'em? Dull screamy affairs with tarted up sound and disastrous covers of hit songs that generally involve some scat singing because either (A) The vocalist forgets the words so high are they on expensive drugs. Or (b) er . . . well I forget what (b) is but rest assured you'll be getting live albums soon by **The Police** and **Talking Heads** — featuring **David 'Budgie' Byrne**. . . .

Still with rotten albums, the streets of the capital will be lined with sleeping bags once again as buyers queue to snap up incoming 'retrospectives' of **Diana Ross** and **The Who,** two acts who slap out so many of these best ofs it's a wonder why they didn't attach elastic to the originals and bounce 'em in and out at will . . .

Bar Billiards: **Fingerprintz** guitarist **Char Burnz** was playing bar billiards the other week when a fight ensued around him and the net result was he wound up with two fingers bound up. Like broken. This causes the group to cancel their three upcoming Scottish dates and to be out of Acton for three weeks. No hold on, that's out of action. The name Char Burnz is believed to have been invented solely for its comic possibilities. Further! For overseas readers, the game bar billiards is a curious British public house pastime involving a hockey puck, six shrews, a length of army webbing, a compass and a plastic sauce dispenser in the shape of a large tomato. Whosoever breaks two fingers in the game's execution wins. Mr Burnz is current Midlands champion . . .

High Times At Mill: Newcastle is to be born of a new club. Called The Soul Kitchen it will operate out of the existing Casablanca Club. First date will be **The Fire Engines** plus films on the 27th of this month . . .

Conspiracy theorists maintain that the tree that killed **Marc Bolan** was but one of a specially trained strain of Larch originating from a tree sap-washing plant near Boisy Idaho. The Larches are taught to leap out at oncoming stars on hairpin bends. Said a spokesman: "These top knotches better watch out. Our organization has branches everywhere. Our bark is much worse than our bite and all our members are of sturdy timbre. We don't strike a victim until we have built up a comprehensive log on them but once we have — they're lumbered." The same spokesman talked of a secret fowl indoctrination centre in Maine where people are transformed into hens but eventually leave because their wages are little more than chicken-feed . . .

This has been Eddie — go steady . . .

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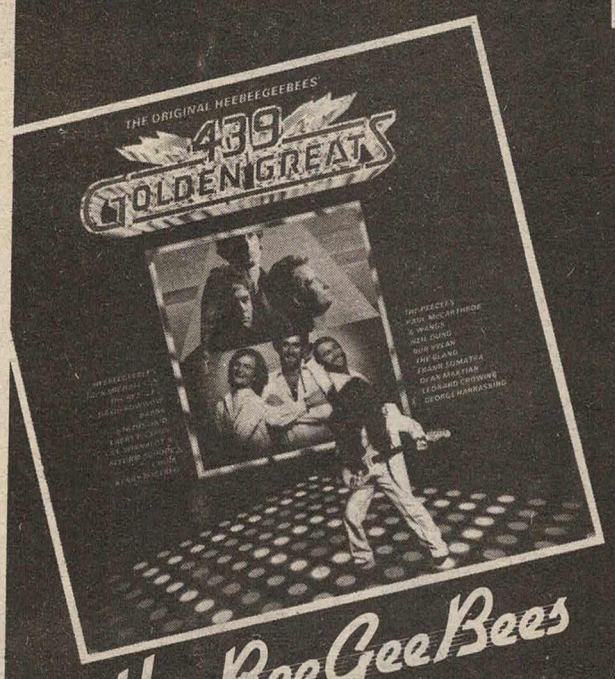
IS NOTHING SACRED?



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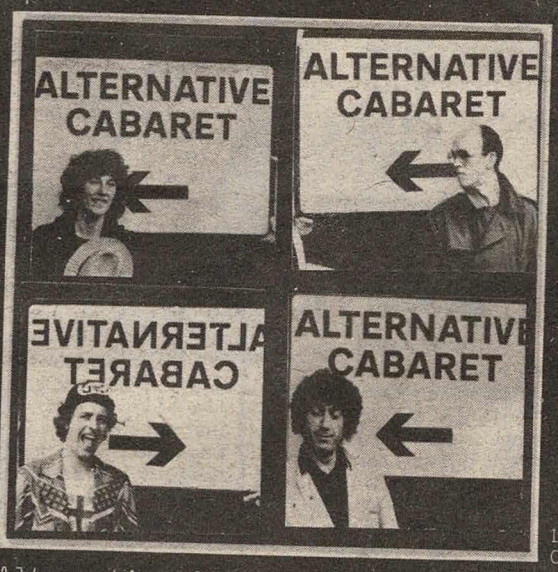

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LP: ORA 007
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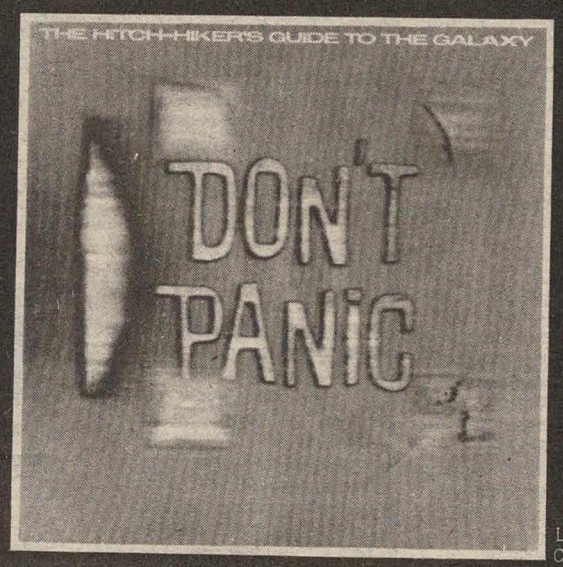
Alternative Cabaret

WARNING: Repeated listenings to this album can cause blindness, or at least deafness. Containing much that is objectionable, or at the very best in poor taste, it is nevertheless a laugh a groove. The album includes material first heard at London's infamous Comedy Store and features Tony Allen, Pauline Melville, Andy de la Tour and Jim Barclay.



LP: ORA 42
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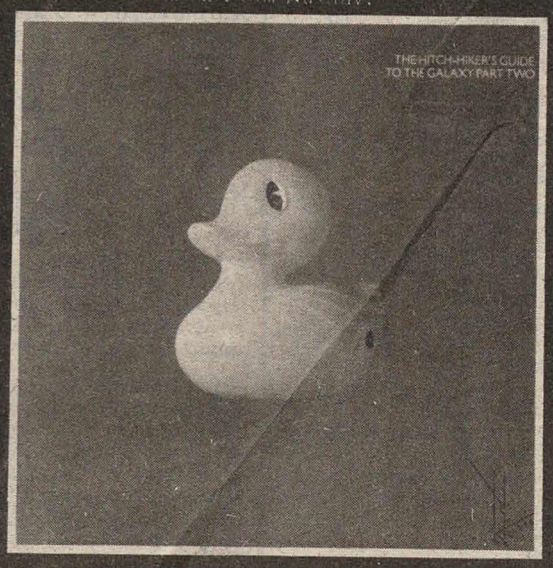
The Hitch-Hiker's Guide To The Galaxy

by Douglas Adams

This double album represents the first four episodes of the BBC radio and television series and comprises most of the material in the best-selling Pan Paperback.



LP: ORA 54
Cassette: TORA 54

The Restaurant At The End Of The Universe

by Douglas Adams

This single album covers the material in the last two episodes of the BBC television series, and incorporates new material not heard in the radio series. The paperback version of the same title is still a best-seller in the UK.

ORIGINAL RECORDS

Produced by Geoffrey Perkins. Original radio cast includes Peter Jones, Mark Wing-Davey, Stephen Moore and Simon Jones.

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